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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS
IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL. II

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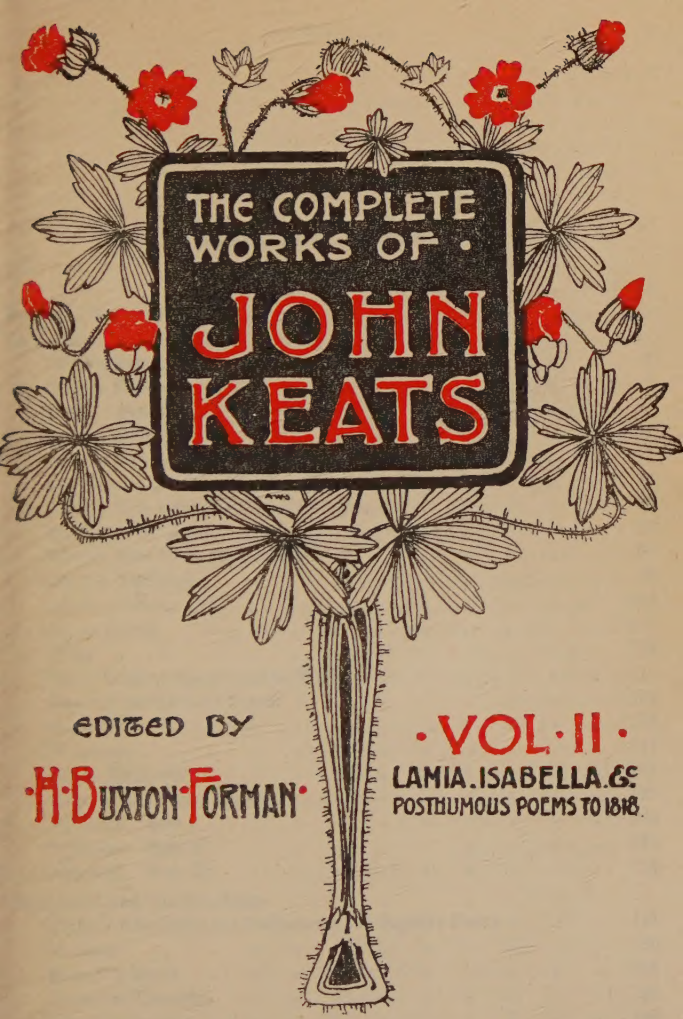
EDITED BY

H. BUXTON FORMAN

VOL. II

LAMIA. ISABELLA. &c.
POSTHUMOUS POEMS TO 1818

GOWANS & GRAY · GLASGOW
JAN. 1ST · 1901

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THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF

JOHN KEATS

EDITED BY
H. BUXTON FORMAN

VOL. II.
LAMIA, ISABELLA, &c.
POSSESSIONS FOR EVER

LONDON
GOWANS & GRAY, GLASGOW
1901

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

	Page
Preface to Volume II by the Editor	ix
Lamia, Isabella, &c. [published in 1820]	
Editor's Note before Lamia, Isabella, &c.	3
Editor's Note before Lamia	7
Lamia. Part I	9
Lamia. Part II	21
Editor's Note before Isabella	35
Isabella; or, the Pot of Basil. A Story from Boccaccio	37
Editor's Note before the Eve of St Agnes	61
The Eve of St. Agnes	63
Editor's Note before the Odes, &c.	95
Ode to a Nightingale	99
Ode on a Grecian Urn	100
Ode to Psyche	106
Fancy	109
Ode ["Bards of Passion and of Mirth"]	112
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	114
Robin Hood. To a Friend	116
To Autumn	119
Ode on Melancholy	121
Editor's Note before Hyperion	125
Hyperion. Book I	129
Hyperion. Book II	143
Hyperion. Book III	154
Posthumous and Fugitive Poems	
Editor's Note before the Posthumous and Fugitive Poems	161
On Death	165
Sonnet to Byron	165
Sonnet to Chatterton	166
Sonnet to Spenser	166
Women, Wine and Snuff	167
Ode to Apollo	167
Sonnet to a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown	169
Hymn to Apollo	169

Posthumous and Fugitive Poems Page

Sonnet ["As from the darkening gloom"] 170
Stanzas to Miss Wylie 172
Sonnet ["Oh how I love, on a fair summer's eve"] 173
Sonnet ["Before he went to feed with owls and bats"] . . . 173
Sonnet written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition 174
Sonnet ["After dark vapors have oppress'd our plains"] . . . 174
Sonnet written at the end of The Floure and the Lefe . . . 175
Sonnet to Haydon with the following 177
Sonnet on seeing the Elgin Marbles 178
Sonnet on a Picture of Leander 178
To —— ["Think not of it, sweet one, so;—"] 179
Lines ["Unfelt, unheard, unseen,"] 181
Sonnet on the Sea 182
Sonnet on Leigh Hunt's Poem The Story of Rimini 183
On Oxford: a Parody 184
The Poet: a Fragment 185
Modern Love 185
Fragment of "The Castle Builder" 186
A Song of Opposites ["Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow,"] . . 187
Sonnet to a Cat 189
Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair 189
Sonnet on sitting down to read King Lear once again. . . . 191
Sonnet ["When I have fears that I may cease to be"] . . . 192
Sharing Eve's Apple. 193
A Draught of Sunshine ["Hence, Burgundy, Claret, and Port,"] . . 194
Sonnet to the Nile 195
Sonnet to a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxhall . . . 197
Sonnet ["Blue! 'Tis the life of Heaven,"] 198
Sonnet to John Hamilton Reynolds 199
What the Thrush said: Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds 200
Sonnet—The Human Seasons 201
Extracts from an Opera
"O! were I one of the Olympian twelve,". 202
Daisy's Song 202
Folly's Song 203
Song ["On Stranger lighted from his steed"] 203
"Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!" 204
Faery Song ["Shed no tear—O shed no tear!"] 204
Faery Song ["Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!"] 205
Sonnet to Homer 205
Song ["Spirit here that reignest!"] 206
Teignmouth: "Some Doggerel," sent in a Letter to B. R. Haydon . 207
The Devon Maid: Stanzas sent in a Letter to B. R. Haydon . . 210

Posthumous and Fugitive Poems Page

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds 212
Dawlish Fair 215
Fragment of an Ode to Maia, written on May Day 1818 . . . 215
Acrostic: Georgiana Augusta Keats 216
Sonnet on Visiting the Tomb of Burns 217
Meg Merrilies 218
A Song about Myself 220
A Galloway Song 223
Sonnet to Ailsa Rock 224
Sonnet written in the Cottage where Burns was born . . . 225
Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns's Country . 226
The Gadfly 229
Sonnet on hearing the Bag-pipe and seeing The Stranger played at Inverary 231
Staffa 232
Sonnet written upon the Top of Ben Nevis 234
Ben Nevis: a Dialogue 235
Translation from a Sonnet of Ronsard 238
A Prophecy: to George Keats in America 239
Stanzas ["In a drear-nighted December"] 241
Spenserian Stanza written at the Close of Canto II, Book v, of The Faerie Queene 242
List of Words altered by the Editor so as to consist with Keats's rule or practice 243

PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

The most important sources of new readings and cancelled passages in the sent volume are George Keats's little book of holographs and transcripts in British Museum and Richard Woodhouse's Common-place book of transcripts ntioned at pages xii-xiv of the Preface to Volume I of this edition.

Why it has been suggested that the poems in George Keats's book not in the tograph of the poet are in that of his sister-in-law, it is difficult to imagine. Apart n the easily verifiable fact that all but one of them are in George Keats's ting, it is obvious on internal evidence that the hand is that of a man, and of t particular man who signed his name as George Keats on the first page. The k contains three holograph poems of Keats, and nine poems transcribed by rge from the poet's manuscripts. From the fact that he put the date 1820 ler his signature, it is not very unsafe to deduce that, during the three weeks ich the brothers passed together in January of that year, George got together he could of John's unpublished work, taking such holographs as were available, copying from his brother's or Brown's book when no detached copies were at d. From the almost rustic appearance of the little volume, I judge that he the papers bound together in Kentucky on his return. The binding is of ng brown leather (cowhide, I should say), roughly worked; and the book opens ly. The contents have already been described in the Preface to Volume I. emains to say that the loose papers have now been fastened in at the end he book, that the Egerton arms have been stamped upon the original rough er, and that the book is officially known as Egerton Manuscript 2780.

Woodhouse's book of transcripts has been called a Common-place book because it pens that he used for his purpose a book published in 1811 by Taylor and sey for use as an ordinary Common-place book. This publication was a rto volume of blank paper with a printed introduction, bound in brown grained ; and it was entitled 'The Literary Diary; or, Improved Common-place Book.' preliminary matter consists of an explanatory treatise, an abridgment of the rifodina' of Drexelius by Bishop Horne, and an "Index, formed with some ations, on the celebrated plan of Mr. Locke." All this machinery was of se wasted in the circumstances of the case; but the book is of good paper, and odhouse produced very workmanlike copies, concerning which much detailed rmation is scattered through the foot-notes to the present volume. The mon-place book contains transcripts of no fewer than thirty-two minor poems Keats, besides those of 'Isabella,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' and 'Hyperion.'

H. B. F.

ecember 1900.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

in explanation of the different types employed.

der to prevent a difficulty that sometimes arises of distinguishing between the or and the editor, especially when author's and editor's notes to a text both , the following plan has been adopted. The text of the author and its variants been printed throughout in 'old style' type, while all notes &c. added by the r have been set in 'condensed' type. It is hoped that this innovation will be l of no small service to the general reader as well as to the student.

B.—It is a matter of doubt whether some of the titles to the Posthumous Fugitive Poems are Keats's or not. A statement with regard to these will be in Vol. III.

LAMIA, ISABELLA,
&c.

Of Keats's third and last book, issued in the summer of 1820, the title-page reads thus:

LAMIA,

ISABELLA,

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN KEATS,

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
FLEET-STREET.
1820.

t is a duodecimo, put up in stout drab boards similar to those of 'Endymion,' ith a back-label 'Lamia, Isabella, &c. 7s. 6d.' It consists of half-title, reading Lamia, Isabella; &c.,' with imprint on verso, "London: Printed by Thomas avison, Whitefriars," title-page, Advertizement, and Contents, and pages 1 to 99 including the half-titles to 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' the iscellaneous Poems, and 'Hyperion.' There are head-lines in Roman capitals inning throughout each section, recto and verso alike, (1) 'Lamia,' (2) 'Isabella,' 3) 'Eve of St. Agnes,' (4) 'Poems,' and (5) 'Hyperion.' The pages are umbered in the usual way with Arabic figures; and in 'Lamia' and 'Hyperion' he Parts and Books are marked at the inner side of the head-line in smaller oman capitals. On the verso of page 199, the imprint of Davison is repeated; nd there are eight pages of Taylor and Hessey's advertizements, beginning with he of 'Endymion.' A large part of the contents of the volume still exists in the oet's manuscript; and Professor Sidney Colvin possesses Richard Woodhouse's Manuscript Keats Common-place book, the contents of which bear largely on the

poems in the 1820 volume. In the first place, the following title for it is sketched in pencil on a blank page of the manuscript book:

LAMIA

Hyperion, a Fragment,

ISABELLA

ST. AGNES' EVE,

and other poems.

Each manuscript that I have seen will be found referred to in its place.

The Advertizement prefixed to the published volume appears to have been supplied by the publishers. It is dated "Fleet-Street, June 26, 1820," and reads as follows:—

"If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of HYPERION, the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with ENDYMION, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding."

In a copy which recently came into the hands of Canon Ainger, Keats has drawn his pen through and through this advertizement, writing at the head, "I had no part in this; I was ill at the time." The statement about 'Endymion' he has bracketed off from the rest; and beneath it he has written "This is a lie!"

In connexion with this unusual vehemence of expression, it is but fair to mention that the Woodhouse Common-place book, used by the publishers when considering which of Keats's unpublished poems they would issue in 1820, records a vote against 'Hyperion'; and the inference is that they were induced by Keats's friends to publish the fragment after all.

The poems which this 1820 volume contains are

Lamia	Ode ["Bards of Passion"]
Isabella	Lines on the Mermaid Tavern
The Eve of St. Agnes	Robin Hood
Ode to a Nightingale	To Autumn
Ode on a Grecian Urn	Ode on Melancholy
Ode to Psyche	Hyperion, a Fragment
Fancy	

Leigh Hunt reviewed the book in 'The Indicator' for the 2nd and 9th of August 1820: some of his observations on it are excellent. The whole of them were reprinted in 1883 as an Appendix to the second volume of the Library edition of Keats's Works.

H. B. F.

LAMIA.

On the 12th of July 1819 Keats wrote to Reynolds that he had "proceeded etty well with 'Lamia,' finishing the first part, which consists of about ar hundred lines." He adds, "I have great hopes of success, because I make e of my judgment more deliberately than I yet have done; but in case of lure with the world, I shall find my content." Lord Houghton records, on the thority of Charles Armitage Brown, that Keats wrote it "with great care, after uch study of Dryden's versification." In August Keats wrote to Bailey from inchester mentioning the "half-finished" 'Lamia' among recent work. On e 5th of September 1819 he wrote to Taylor that he had finished 'Lamia' since ishing "the tragedy" ('Otho the Great'). The manuscript from which amia' was printed consists of twenty-six leaves, foolscap folio, generally ritten upon one side only. It is a carefully finished manuscript, finally revised the press. The extract from Burton does not figure in it; but there is the lowing foot-note on page 1:—"The ground work of this story will be found Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' *Part* 3. *Sect.* 3. *Memb.* 1*st Subs.* 1*st.*" was lent to me for use in connexion with the Library edition of Keats, having mained in the Taylor family; and it was disposed of by public auction at the me time as the manuscript of 'Endymion,' namely in 1897. (See page 66 of e first volume in the present edition of Keats's works.)

The late Francis Turner Palgrave assigned a very high place to 'Lamia' among eats's poems. In his Golden Treasury selection he says:—

"The clear, close narration, and the metre of *Lamia*, reveal at once the fluence of Dryden's *Tales*: Keats here freely admits the Alexandrine, and the uplet-structure is much more marked than in *Endymion* or the *Epistles*: ule he has admirably found and sustained the balance between a blank-verse eatment of the 'Heroic' and the epigrammatic form carried to perfection by pe. A little of the early mannerism remains: but those overdaring strokes of aginative diction, those epithets jarringly bold or familiar, which we find in the lumes of 1817 and 1818, have here given place to the secure and lucid touches masterly art. Details no longer urge themselves forward in lavish and wildering profusion: the whole is supreme over the parts, every word in its ace, and yielding its effect in fulness. The rhyme, in *Endymion* often forced, managed with an 'opulent ease,' a Spenserian fluency. *Lamia* leaves on my an echo like the delicate richness of Vergil's hexameter in the *Eclogues*: e note of his magical inner sweetness is, in some degree, reached upon a different trument. I offer this as an illustration, without wishing to press far the rallel between the two great Poets; yet we are reminded of Vergil's grand style the exquisite skill with which Lamia's love-song... like that of Silenus in logue VI, is brought in without breaking the current and continuity of the tre."

The reference given to the passage thus compared points to lines 296-300 of rt I:

> And as he from one trance was wakening
> Into another, she began to sing,
> Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every thing,
> A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
> While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.

is in the passage following, in lines 301 to 321, that the theme of Lamia's song eally so exquisitely narrated—the song itself not given, but the narrator stating her in the third person what it was that she sang. And this is exactly what gil did in that most lovely Eclogue in dealing with the story of the trapping Silenus after a debauch and how he was made to sing. The fact that Scylla nes into his song and is one of the personages of 'Endymion' lends itself to the position that Keats had really profited by this wonderful lesson in method.

Palgrave says, very happily, that "*Lamia* is truly Greek in its direct lucidity of phrase, in its touches fresh from Nature, in its descriptive details subordinated to serious human interest. It is Greek also, (though of a lower phase), in its simple sensuousness, which indeed, at times, though rarely, ... passes the line of taste ... Some writers of modern date have gained the praise of being Greek by linguistic turns, quaint archaeological accuracy, or baldness supposed statuesque:—Keats cares for none of these things; so far as he is Greek, he is so by birthright: yet, as mere truthful description, nothing, probably, can be found more true to Hellenic life than such a picture as that ... of Corinth at night-fall." (See lines 350 to 361 of Part I.) Palgrave adds:—

"*Lamia* is, however, essentially 'romantic' rather than 'classical,'—as the *Eve of St. Agnes* is a frank piece of mediaeval legend.

"Poetry more absolutely and triumphantly poetical than these two tales dis-play, I know in no literature: if the estimate may be hazarded, they appear to me emphatically the masterpieces among the Poet's longer work."

One need not dispute a claim so well sustained; but it seems to me that in exalting 'Lamia' and 'The Eve of St. Agnes' above 'Isabella' and 'Hyperion,' there is danger of giving too much weight to the treatment and not enough to the substance of the several works.

H. B. F.

LAMIA.

PART I.

UPON a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before king Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,

4. The manuscript shows a cancelled reading, 'sandals' for 'mantle'. In Ovid's Metamorphoses, as rendered by George Sandys, the following striking parallel appears (Book I, lines 192-5):—

> Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyres, Faunes,
> Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountaines, Woods and Lawnes
> (On whom since yet we please not to bestow
> Cælestiall dwellings) must subsist below.

At page 179 of the first volume of this edition of Keats reasons are given for the suspicion that he read Ovid in Sandys's version; and the foregoing lines seem to support that view somewhat strongly. Moreover, in the sixth Book we have the story of the peasants of Lycia changed to frogs for their cruelty to Latona, whose altar in the middle of a Lake induces Ovid's narrator to ask his Lycian guide a question (lines 320-1):—

> Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune, therein reside,
> Or rurall God. The Lycian thus reply'd.

and in his reply we find Latona, daughter of Cœus the Titan, called Titania, a name suggestive of fairy-land to any English imagination, and sufficient to account for the presence of 'King Oberon' in line 3.

15. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'And at whose feet'.

And in those meads where sometime she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lilly clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.

From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepar'd her secret bed:
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!
"When move in a sweet body fit for life,
"And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
"Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!"
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Strip'd like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Ey'd like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,

48. Originally, 'Cerulean-spotted'. Leigh Hunt, in his review of the 'Lamia' volume in 'The Indicator,' says of this passage—"The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word: the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem proportioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose sight of them in this gorgeousness, the 'woman's mouth' fills us at once with shuddering and compassion."

She seem'd, at once, some penanc'd lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey.

"Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
"I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
"I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
"Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
"The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
"The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chaunting clear,
"Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
"Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
"I dreamt I saw thee, rob'd in purple flakes,
"Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
"And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean dart,
"Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
"Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?"
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
"Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!
"Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
"Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
"Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
"Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet, thou hast said,"
Return'd the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
"And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
"Free as the air, invisibly, she strays

69. The manuscript reads 'silver' for 'splendid'.
78. In the manuscript—

And, swiftly as a mission'd phœbean dart,

reading which shifts the accent from the second to the first syllable of the word 'Phœbean'.
93. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'Superb of heart!'

"About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
"She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
"Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet;
"From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
"She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
"And by my power is her beauty veil'd
"To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
"By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
"Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs.
"Pale grew her immortality, for woe
"Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
"I took compassion on her, bade her steep
"Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
"Her loveliness invisible, yet free
"To wander as she loves, in liberty.
"Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
"If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then, once again, the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.
Ravish'd, she lifted her Circean head,
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-lisping said,
"I was a woman, let me have once more
"A woman's shape, and charming as before.
"I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
"Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.
"Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,
"And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now."
The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
She breath'd upon his eyes, and swift was seen
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green.
It was no dream; or say a dream it was,
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd;
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd

104. The manuscript has 'wox' in place of 'grew'.
106. In the manuscript, 'bad', not 'bade' as in the printed text.
114-16. There is an Alexandrine here in the manuscript—

Warm, tremulous, devout, bright-ton'd, psalterian.

And the next line is—

Ravish'd she lifted up her circean head,

a reading which, like that of line 78, shifts backwards the accent on the last word but one. Line 116 begins with 'Blush d to live damask'.
123. The manuscript reads 'sunk' for 'sank'.

To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lythe Caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,
And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain
Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour:
But the God fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids open'd bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloom'd, and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessed woods they flew;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflam'd throughout her train,
She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain:
A deep volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
Eclips'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
So that, in moments few, she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shone her crown; that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,

32. The manuscript reads 'langrous arm'.
42. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'And she like flowers...'.
55-8. The manuscript reads 'vulcanian', the first edition 'volcanian'. The nuscript seems the likelier to accord with the poet's intention, for this old iography is characteristic of the vocabulary of 'Lamia', as introducing con-uously the mythic personal origin of the common noun 'volcano' or 'vulcano'.
line 158 the old word 'brede' is clearly used in its sense of 'embroidery'.
npare Ode to a Grecian Urn.
67-8. The manuscript reads—

And her new voice, softluting in the air
Cried "Lycius! gentle Lycius, where, ah where!"

Cry'd, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!"—Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd: Crete's forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?
She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore;
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
And of that other ridge whose barren back
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escap'd from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain;
Define their pettish limits, and estrange
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange;
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart

171-2. In the manuscript, according to a good practical method Keats had in such cases, the note of interrogation is after 'Lamia', and a full-stop a 'exquisite'.

173-4. The manuscript reads

She fled into that valley they must pass
Who go from Corinth out to Cencreas,

another instance of change for the sake of altering the accent. There is ye another instance in line 176, which stands thus in the manuscript—

The rugged paps of little Perea's rills,

though here there is an additional and perhaps stronger reason for the change.

182. See note to 'Endymion,' Book I, line 248.

185. The manuscript has three lines in place of this one—

Ah! never heard of, delight never known
Save of one happy mortal! only one,—
Lycius the happy: for she was a Maid...

192. In the manuscript, 'her' for 'its'.

Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment.

Why this fair creature chose so faerily
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,
Of all she list, strange or magnificent:
How, ever, where she will'd, her spirit went;
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
Stretch'd out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine;
Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine
Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line.
And sometimes into cities she would send
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;
And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,
She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
Charioting foremost in the envious race,
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.
Now on the moth-time of that evening dim
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow
In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare.
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;
For by some freakful chance he made retire
From his companions, and set forth to walk,
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
Over the solitary hills he fared,

196. The manuscript reads 'Their' for 'Its'.
198. Compare with this line Tennyson's now constantly quoted phrase, *sweet girl-graduates*, in the Prologue to 'The Princess.'
212. The words 'far Piazzian line' were written in the first instance; but 'far' was struck out in favour of 'long'. As 'far' stands in the first edition, I presume Keats restored it on reconsideration.
225. Originally, 'In harbour Cencreas', altered with the same result as regards the accent as in line 174.

Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star appeared
His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near—
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
His silent sandals swept the mossy green ;
So neighbour'd to him, and yet so unseen
She stood : he pass'd, shut up in mysteries,
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes
Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd—syllabling thus, "Ah, Lycius bright,
"And will you leave me on the hills alone?
"Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."
He did ; not with cold wonder fearingly,
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice ;
For so delicious were the words she sung,
It seem'd he had lov'd them a whole summer long :
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore ;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure :
"Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see
"Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
"For pity do not this sad heart belie—
"Even as thou vanishest so shall I die.
"Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
"To thy far wishes will thy streams obey :
"Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
"Alone they can drink up the morning rain :
"Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
"Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
"Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
"So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine
"Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
"Thy memory will waste me to a shade :—
"For pity do not melt!"—"If I should stay,"

236. The manuscript reads 'platonian shades'.

260. After this line, the manuscript has an additional one, an Alexandrine—

Thou to Elysium gone, here for the vultures I.

The suppositions of Lycius as to who the fair apparition may be recall curiously the surmises of Endymion concerning his mistress's identity. See Book II lines 689-96.

270. 'Thy memory', the reading of the first edition, is also the original reading of the manuscript, where however the words are altered to 'Thei memories'.

Said Lamia, "here, upon this floor of clay,
"And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough,
"What canst thou say or do of charm enough
"To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
"Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
"Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
"Empty of immortality and bliss!
"Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
"That finer spirits cannot breathe below
"In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
"What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
"My essence? What serener palaces,
"Where I may all my many senses please,
"And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
"It cannot be—Adieu!" So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose
The amorous promise of her lone complain,
Swoon'd, murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
The cruel lady, without any show
Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:
And as he from one trance was wakening
Into another, she began to sing,
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every thing,
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.
And then she whisper'd in such trembling tone,
As those who, safe together met alone
For the first time through many anguish'd days,
Use other speech than looks; bidding him raise
His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,
For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
She dwelt but half retir'd, and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent

272. In the manuscript the word 'here' does not occur in this line.
287. Alternative readings of the manuscript, 'Tip-toe with white spread ms', and 'On tiptoe with white arms'.
303. The manuscript reads 'though' for 'through'.
308. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'Than throbbed in his'.

Without the aid of love; yet in content
Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by,
Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
And every word she spake entic'd him on
To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Faeries, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia judg'd, and judg'd aright,
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty gave,
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet,
If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized.
They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,

320. The manuscript reads 'of which' in place of 'whereof'.
322. In the manuscript—

Lycius from death woke into an amaze...

328. Palgrave rightly points to this passage as one which "passes the line taste: whilst here also the *Peris* and *Adam* touch a dissonant note."
349. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'never car'd to know'.

Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,
Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
Companion'd or alone ; while many a light
Flar'd, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the cornic'd shade
Of some arch'd temple door, or dusky colonnade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,
Her fingers he press'd hard, as one came near
With curl'd gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
Slow-stepp'd, and rob'd in philosophic gown :
Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,
Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
While hurried Lamia trembled : "Ah," said he,
"Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
"Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?"—
"I'm wearied," said fair Lamia : "tell me who
"Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
"His features :—Lycius ! wherefore did you blind
"Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius reply'd,
"'Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide
"And good instructor ; but to-night he seems
"The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams."

While yet he spake they had arriv'd before
A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water ; for so new,
And so unsully'd was the marble's hue,

363. The manuscript reads—

And pressing hard her fingers, one came near...

371-3. The manuscript has 'pray who' and 'why did you so blind...'.
377. The closing inverted commas, wanting in the first edition, appear in the manuscript.
379. The manuscript reads—

A royal-squared lofty portal door.

383. This line was originally written thus—

And so unsullid was the marble's hue,

afterwards altered to

And so unsullid did the marble shew,

either Keats or his publisher gave the preference to the first reading, which never appeared in the first edition with a blemish : the apostrophe and *s* taken for the sake of the second reading were not put in again in reverting to the first.

So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine
Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Æolian
Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span
Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown
Some time to any, but those two alone,
And a few Persian mutes, who that same year
Were seen about the markets: none knew where
They could inhabit; the most curious
Were foil'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house:
And but the flitter-winged verse must tell,
For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel,
'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus,
Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

386. The manuscript reads 'œolian'; the first edition 'Æolian'.
393. Originally written—

Who watch'd to maze them home to their house:

but altered to—

Were foil'd, Who watch'd to maze them to their house:

and left standing so in the manuscript.
396. In the manuscript, 'close' stands cancelled at the end of this line, 'leav them thus' being substituted.

PART II.

LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast:—
That is a doubtful tale from faery land,
Hard for the non-elect to understand.
Had Lycius liv'd to hand his story down,
He might have given the moral a fresh frown,
Or clench'd it quite: but too short was their bliss
To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice hiss.
Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

For all this came a ruin: side by side
They were enthroned, in the even tide,
Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
Whose airy texture, from a golden string,
Floated into the room, and let appear
Unveil'd the summer heaven, blue and clear,
Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed,
Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed,
Saving a tythe which love still open kept,
That they might see each other while they almost slept;
When from the slope side of a suburb hill,

10. The manuscript reads 'makes' for 'make'.
26. In the Keats collection of the late Lord Houghton are two leaves from a ft of Part II of 'Lamia'. One page of this fragment begins with line 26, and ls with line 49. Between these lines there is a cancelled reading of line namely,

But left a thought at work in Lycius' head.

lines 30 to 33 there are the following readings:

For the first time since that had been his...

For the first time since he had harbour'd in
That { happy Palace...
purple-lined Palace...

Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,
But left a thought, a buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn.
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want
Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mus'd beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell.
"Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whisper'd he:
"Why do you think?" return'd she tenderly:
"You have deserted me;—where am I now?
"Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow:
"No, no, you have dismiss'd me; and I go
"From your breast houseless: aye, it must be so."
He answer'd, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirror'd small in paradise,
"My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
"Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
"While I am striving how to fill my heart

For the first time since he soft-harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin
Not...
His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourne
Into the world...
Into { the / a } busy world almost foresworn.

In line 34 'Lamia' appears instead of 'The Lady'; and line 37 originally bega with the words 'Of joys devote to him'. In line 39 we read 'a minute thought' instead of 'a moment's thought'; and line 40 stands

Why do you sigh, fair Lamia? said he.

Line 42 has two cancellings, thus—

You have deserted me; { I am a... / you mould...

and line 47 appears thus—

Wherein he saw himself in Paradise—...

45. In the finished manuscript, this speech has another couplet—

Too fond was I believing, fancy fed
In high deliriums, and blossoms never shed!

49. Keats adopted here, in the manuscript, a pointing noticed before: he place the note of interrogation at the end of this line, a semi-colon at the end of line 5 and a full-stop at the end of line 54. The pointing of the text is from the fir edition.

"With deeper crimson, and a double smart?
"How to entangle, trammel up and snare
"Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there
"Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
"Aye, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes.
"My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then!
"What mortal hath a prize, that other men
"May be confounded and abash'd withal,
"But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestical,
"And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
"Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
"Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
"While through the thronged streets your bridal car
"Wheels round its dazzling spokes."—The lady's cheek
Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and meek,
Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
Beseeching him, the while his hand she wrung,
To change his purpose. He thereat was stung,
Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim
Her wild and timid nature to his aim:
Besides, for all his love, in self despite,
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new.
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell.
Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she
Was none. She burnt, she lov'd the tyranny,

53. In the manuscript—

Thy soul in mine, and labyrinth thee there...

67. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'at his purpose' for 'at his words'.

81. In the manuscript, instead of lines 82 to 105, the following originally stood:

Became herself a flame—'twas worth an age
Of minor joys to revel in such rage.
She was persuaded, and she fixt the hour
When he should make a Bride of his fair Paramour.
After the hot[t]est day comes languidest
The colour'd Eve, half-hidden in the west;
So they both look'd, so spake, if breathed sound,
That almost silence is, hath ever found
Compare with nature's quiet. Which lov'd most,
Which had the weakest, strongest, heart so lost,
So ruin'd, wreck'd, destroy'd: for certes they
Scarcely could tell they could not guess
Whether 'twas misery or happiness.

And, all subdu'd, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his paramour.
Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth,
"Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth, 85

Spells are but made to break. Whisper'd the Youth
"Sure some sweet name thou hast; though by my truth
"I had not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
"Not mortal but of heavenly progeny,
"As still I do. Hast any mortal name?
"Fit silver appellation for this dazzling frame?
"Or friends, or kinsfolks on the citied Earth,
"To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?"
"I have no friends," said Lamia "as you list
"Intreat your many guests." Then all was wist
She fell asleep, and Lycius to the Shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

The passage beginning at

After the hottest day comes languidest

occurs also on one of the leaves in the Houghton collection and shows some variations, as

The colour'd eve, half-lidded in the west—

and again

for certes they
Scarcely could tell if this was misery.

In the next line the Houghton fragment has the cancelled reading, 'said then the youth' for 'whisper'd the youth', and a little lower down 'As now I do' stands rejected in favour of 'As still I do'. There is also a further variation of line 89, namely

Of fit sound for this soft ethereal frame.

Lamia's avowal that she had no friends is followed by several cancellings:

"I have no friends" said Lamia as you list
Seeing it must be...
Do with your own...
Intreat your many guests. Then all was was [*sic*] wist
She fell asleep, and Lycius to the shade
Of sleep sunk with her { when / dreaming } his fancy stray'd
Into a dream...
Of sleep went...
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

Before this was all struck out and remodelled according to the text, Keats cancelled in the finished manuscript from 'as you list', and wrote in

no not one;
My presence in wide Corinth is unknown;

and the next six lines as in the text, adding—

With any pleasure on me, summon not
Old Apollonius. Lycius ignorant what
Strange thought had led her to an end so blank,

and so on as in the text, lines 103-5.

83. In the rewritten version there is the cancelled reading—

When he should to the bridal lead his Paramour.

"I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
"Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
"As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
"Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
"Or friends or kinsfolk on the cited earth,
"To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?"
"I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not one;
"My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:
"My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
"Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
"Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
"And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
"Even as you list invite your many guests;
"But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
"With any pleasure on me, do not bid
"Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid."
Lycius, perplex'd at words so blind and blank,
Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil'd, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants: but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone,
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin)
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone

89-90. In writing these two lines the second time, Keats inserted the word lver' before 'appellation', and put 'kinsfolks' again.
101. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'from his eye' in place of 'from him'.
112. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'being' for 'was'.
121. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'high-lamp'd' for 'glowing'.
122-4. Hunt notes in 'The Indicator'—"This is the very quintessence of the antic." The passage occurs in the Houghton fragments, but opens with the nsposed words—

A haunting music lone perhaps and sole...

Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honor of the bride :
Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branch'd one to one
All down the aisled place ; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall.
So canopy'd, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently pac'd about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper pannels ; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.

There was also some hesitation as to what line 125 should be.

The carved cedar...
Sweet cedar carv'd there...
Fresh Carved Cedar { spread a / mimicking a glade

appear successively. There is a rejected reading for line 129—

On either side a forest they...

and another of line 130—

All down the aisled-place—far as the eye could view.

133. Cancelled readings of the finished manuscript 'Teeming a perfume', an 'Teeming wing'd odours'.

134-7. In the Houghton fragments, in line 134 'silverly' occurs in place 'silently'; line 135 is wanting; and line 137 stands as follows—

The splendid finish of each nook and niche.

138. Rejected reading of the finished manuscript 'wainscoated' for 'marble plain'.

140. The Houghton fragment reads thus—

Forth { creeping / tenderer } imagery of { slighter / smaller } trees.

141-4. In the Houghton fragment, in line 141 'smallest' is cancelled in favo of 'in small,' and between that and line 142 occurs the following passage :

And so till she was sated—then came down
Soft ligh[t]ing { on her head / o'er her Brows } a brilliant crown
Wreathed turban-{ wise / like } of tender wannish fire
And sprinkled o'er with stars like Ariadne's tiar.

The close of line 144 shows no fewer than four readings rejected in favour 'revels rude', namely 'woeful time', 'woeful day', 'time of woe', and 'da of woe', each of which, preferable in itself to the reading adopted, must have h to give place on account of the exigencies of rhyme.

Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The day appear'd, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloister'd hours,
And show to common eyes these secret bowers?
The herd approach'd; each guest, with busy brain,
Arriving at the portal, gaz'd amain,
And enter'd marveling: for they knew the street,
Remember'd it from childhood all complete
Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen
That royal porch, that high-built fair demesne;
So in they hurried all, maz'd, curious and keen:
Save one, who look'd thereon with eye severe,
And with calm-planted steps walk'd in austere;
'Twas Apollonius: something too he laugh'd,
As though some knotty problem, that had daft
His patient thought, had now begun to thaw,
And solve and melt:—'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. "'Tis no common rule,
"Lycius," said he, "for uninvited guest
"To force himself upon you, and infest
"With an unbidden presence the bright throng
"Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong,
"And you forgive me." Lycius blush'd, and led
The old man through the inner doors broad-spread;
With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.

46-7. Of this next couplet the received text is a great improvement on the ghton draft, which reads

The day came soon and all the gossip-rout
O sensless Lycius Dolt! Fool! Madman! Lout!

he finished manuscript also the words 'came soon' occur, but are struck out avour of 'appear'd'.

50. The manuscript reads 'The Herd arriv'd', the word 'arriv'd' being tituted for 'came and'.

52. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'wondring' for 'marveling'.

63-72. This passage was an afterthought. The line following 162 in the nscript in the first instance was

Of wealthy Lustre was the Banquet room,

this is cancelled, and lines 163-72 are interpolated, first on the back of the eding page of the manuscript, and then rewritten on a separate leaf.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Fill'd with pervading brilliance and perfume:
Before each lucid pannel fuming stood
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
Whose slender feet wide-swerv'd upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous.
Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats inspher'd,
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Come from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a God.

When in an antichamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd,
By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour'd on his hair, they all mov'd to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order plac'd
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could spring

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;

174. Cancelled reading of the manuscript—

Fill'd with light, music, jewels, gold, perfume.

177. The manuscript has 'slender' in lieu of 'sacred', and in the next lin
'tripple' instead of 'slender'.

191-8. This passage occurs in the Houghton fragment with cancellings, thus—

When in an antichamber every guest
With fragrant oils his...

When in an antichamber every guest
Tended by ministering slaves his...

When in an antichamber every guest
Had { felt / had } the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd.

195-6. In the Houghton fragment occurs the rejected reading,

they all to banquet came
In white robes hymeneal.

But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments :—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendour of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange ; for merry wine, sweet wine,
Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height ;
Flush'd were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright :
Garlands of every green, and every scent
From vales deflower'd, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osier'd gold were brought
High as the handles heap'd, to suit the thought
Of every guest ; that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillow'd at his ease.

What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?
What for the sage, old Apollonius?
Upon her aching forehead be there hung
The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue ;
And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him
The thyrsus, that his watching eyes may swim
Into forgetfulness ; and, for the sage,
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven :
We know her woof, her texture ; she is given

203. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'Sicilian vintage'.
218-19. Cancelled reading of the manuscript—

> High as the handles heap'd, of every sort
> Of fragrant wreath, that each as he did please...

226. In the manuscript, 'Thyrsis'.
231. In the Autobiography of Haydon, as edited by the late Mr. Tom Taylor, read at page 354 of Volume I (edition of 1853) that Keats and Lamb, at one he meetings at Haydon's house, agreed that Newton "had destroyed all the try of the rainbow, by reducing it to the prismatic colours". This meeting was t Haydon calls "the immortal dinner" of the 28th of December 1817; so that idea appears to have persisted in Keats's mind. No doubt Hunt had this passage cially in view when he made the following observations in 'The Indicator' :—

> Mr. Keats has departed as much from common-place in the character and al of this story, as he has in the poetry of it. He would see fair play to the ent, and makes the power of the philosopher an ill-natured and disturbing g. Lamia though liable to be turned into painful shapes had a soul of anity; and the poet does not see why she should not have her pleasures rdingly, merely because a philosopher saw that she was not a mathematical

In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
Scarce saw in all the room another face,
Till, checking his love trance, a cup he took
Full brimm'd, and opposite sent forth a look
'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance
From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
And pledge him. The bald-head philosopher
Had fix'd his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride.
Lycius then press'd her hand, with devout touch,
As pale it lay upon the rosy couch:
'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins;
Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains
Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.
"Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start?
"Know'st thou that man?" Poor Lamia answer'd not.
He gaz'd into her eyes, and not a jot
Own'd they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
More, more he gaz'd: his human senses reel:

truth. This is fine and good. It is vindicating the greater philosophy of poetr
At the same time, we wish that for the purpose of his story he had not appear
to give into the common-place of supposing that Apollonius's sophistry mu
always prevail, and that modern experiment has done a deadly thing to poetry
discovering the nature of the rainbow, the air, &c.: that is to say, that the kno
ledge of natural history and physics, by shewing us the nature of things, do
away the imaginations that once adorned them. This is a condescension to
learned vulgarism, which so excellent a poet as Mr. Keats ought not to ha
made. The world will always have fine poetry, so long as it has events, passio
affections, and a philosophy that sees deeper than this philosophy. There will
a poetry of the heart, as long as there are tears and smiles: there will be a poet
of the imagination as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery."

237. Cancelled readings of the manuscript, 'Destroy' for 'Unweave', a
'once' for 'erewhile'.

239. The manuscript reads 'By whom'.

243. Cancelled reading, 'ensure' for 'beseech'.

246-7. The manuscript reads—

Had got his eye, without a twinkle or stir,
Fix'd on the alarmed Beauty of his Bride.

254-5. In the manuscript,

Wherefore dost so start?
Dost know that Man?

Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs ;
There was no recognition in those orbs.
"Lamia!" he cry'd—and no soft-ton'd reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry
Grew hush ; the stately music no more breathes ;
The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased ;
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
"Lamia!" he shriek'd ; and nothing but the shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
"Begone, foul dream!" he cry'd, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spac'd temples ; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek ; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision :—all was blight ;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
"Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man!
"Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban
"Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
"Here represent their shadowy presences,
"May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
"Of painful blindness ; leaving thee forlorn,
"In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
"Of conscience, for their long offended might,
"For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
"Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
"Corinthians! look upon that grey-beard wretch!
"Mark how, possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch
"Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
"My sweet bride withers at their potency."
"Fool!" said the sophist, in an under-tone
Gruff with contempt ; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost,
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
"Fool! Fool!" repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor mov'd ; "from every ill

260. Cancelled reading, 'is' for 'was'.
293-4. In the manuscript—

From Lycius answer'd, as he sunk supine
Upon the couch where Lamia's beauties pine.

296. In the manuscript—

"from every ill
That youth might suffer have I shielded thee
Up to this very hour, and shall I see
Thee married to a Serpent? Pray you Mark,
Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!"

"Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day,
"And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?"
Then Lamia breath'd death breath; the sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motion'd him to be silent; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No!
"A serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.

302. Cancelled reading, 'motion' for 'meaning'.

311. The following extract is appended in Keats's edition as a note to the las line of 'Lamia':—

"Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorabl instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas an Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, whic taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs c Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarr with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as neve any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. Th young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderat his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his grea content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guest came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to b a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gol described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw he self descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he woul not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in i vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it wa done in the midst of Greece."

Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' *Part* 3. *Sect.* *Memb.* 1. *Subs.* 1.

ISABELLA;

OR,

THE POT OF BASIL.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

n a letter from Teignmouth to Reynolds dated the 27th of April 1818, Keats . "I have written for my folio Shakspeare, in which there are the first few zas of my 'Pot of Basil.' I have the rest here, finished, and will copy the e out fair shortly, and George will bring it you. The compliment is paid by o Boccace, whether we publish or no..." The folio Shakspeare, now in Sir rles Dilke's hands, contains no stanzas of 'Isabella,' so it is to be presumed were only loose in the book. Again on the 3rd of May 1818, Keats writes eynolds, "I have written to George for the first stanzas of my 'Isabel'. I have them soon, and will copy the whole out for you." And, in a letter to ey dated the 10th of June, he says, "I want to read you my 'Pot of Basil'." ll points to the recent completion of the poem; and Lord Houghton records on authority of Brown that it was only just completed when the friends started on r Scotch tour in June. On the 14th of February 1819, he promised to send the n out to his brother George, with other recent work. It is necessary to be icular about this point, because Leigh Hunt when reviewing the 1820 volume, e the unaccountable statement that the poems in this volume "were almost written four years ago, when the author was but twenty." The allusion to accio, Lord Houghton explains by telling us that Keats and Reynolds projected lume of tales versified from that author.

o doubt Keats fulfilled his promise to send the manuscript of 'Isabella' to nolds before he started on his Scotch tour with Brown. After his return ppears to have met his friend and discussed the poem with him; for, in a r dated "Wedn. morn." and post-marked "Oct. 14", Reynolds speaks of ng seen Keats "yesterday". The contents of the letter point to the Autumn 818; and, though the year-date of the post-mark was torn off (with a few words he text) in opening the sealed letter, the almanac tells us that the 14th of ber was a Wednesday in 1818. The holograph is said to be in the possession Mr. W. H. Arnold of New York, who allowed the letter to appear in 'The tury Magazine' for October 1895, where it reads thus :—

y dear Keats : I was most delighted at seeing you yesterday, for I hardly w how I was to meet with you, situated as you are and confined as I am. I I could have stayed longer with you. As to the poem, I am of all things ous that you should publish it, for its completeness will be a full answer to all ignorant malevolence of cold, lying Scotchmen and stupid Englishmen. The weening struggle to oppress you only shows the world that so much of endea- cannot be directed to nothing. Men do not set their muscles and strain their ws to break a straw. I am confident, Keats, that the "Pot of Basil" hath that licity and quiet pathos which are of sure sovereignty over all hearts. I must that it would delight me to have you prove yourself to the world what we y you to be—to have you annul the "Quarterly Review" by the best of all ers. When I see you I will give you the Poem, and pray look it over with eye to the *littlenesses* which the world are so fond of excepting to (though I ess, with that word altered which I mentioned, I see nothing that can be led at). And let us have the Tale put forth, now that an interest is aroused. or two of your sonnets you might print, I am sure. And I know that I may est to you which, because you can decide as you like after[ward. You] will mber that we were [to print?] together. I give over all intention, and you t to be alone. I can never write anything now—my mind is taken the other

But I shall set my heart on having you high, as you ought to be. Do *you* ame, and I shall have it in being your affectionate and steady friend. There one I am more interested in, and there is no one that I have more pleasure mmunicating my own happiness to. You will gratify me much by letting me whenever you have leisure, copies of what you write; for *more than myself* a sincere interest in you. When shall I see you, and when shall I go with o Severn's?

Your ever affectionate

n. morn. J. H. REYNOLDS.

Two of the tales from Boccaccio versified by Reynolds were published in 'T Garden of Florence,' &c. (1821). In view of the unachieved scheme of jo authorship, the following sentences from the Preface to Reynolds's volume sho stand associated with his letter and with 'Isabella':—

"The stories from Boccaccio (The Garden of Florence, and The Ladye Provence) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, inten to have been written by a friend;—but illness on his part, and distracting enga ments on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time; and De now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it for ever! He, who is gone, was on the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder perhaps to than to others. His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly beli have done the world some service, had his life been spared—but he was of sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, that is to me now the most pathetic poem in existence!"

In the British Museum is preserved a small volume of Keats holographs transcripts, including the holograph of 'Isabella'—called simply 'THE POT BASIL'—probably the one sent to Reynolds and duly returned by him. Mr. R. Potts possesses what would seem to be two fragments of the original draft. T manuscript is of Stanzas xxx to xl, exclusive of Stanza xxxii; two leaves, shorter than the other by the length of a stanza, written upon both sides of paper, and probably having lost stanza xxxii with stanza xxix at the back of it a stroke of those generous scissars wherewith manuscripts of Keats were tributed by Severn, formerly the owner of these fragments.

In the Woodhouse common-place book mentioned in the preface to this edi (Volume I, page xii) is a transcript from an autograph manuscript of 'Isabel with notes and corrections, some in the poet's writing and some in other ha writings. It would be almost safe to assume that any variation of Woodhou version from the printed text is a genuine reading incidental to the stage of composition which had been reached when the holograph was transcribed; bu a matter of fact the transcript was made from the very holograph now in Museum. At the close of the Woodhouse transcript are inscribed the wo "Written at Teignmouth in the Spring of 1818 at the suggestion of J. H. Leigh Hunt in his 'Indicator' review refrained from analysing the story at len *more suo*, on the ground that the public had "lately been familiarized with i the 'Sicilian Story' of Mr. Barry Cornwall."

Tempora mutantur! In 1820 Hunt appeals to Procter's poem to stand in stead for the tale of Isabella. Now the book containing that and other po by Bryan Waller Procter is read perhaps by a few students for purposes of c parison with Keats's 'Pot of Basil,' and found to be still interesting for itself— so much as an example of the way to tell the story of Boccaccio in verse, as qualities of the author's own.

H. B. F

ISABELLA;

OR,

THE POT OF BASIL.

I.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;

n the British Museum holograph and the Woodhouse transcript, line 6 thus—

It soothed each to be each other by.

In line 6 the Museum holograph shows the cancelled reading 'sigh' for '.

The word 'falcon' is spelt 'Faulcon' in the holograph.

And constant as her vespers would he watch,
  Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
  Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
  "To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
"O may I never see another night,
  "Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V.

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
  Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
  By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
  "And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
"If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
"And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

VI.

So said he one fair morning, and all day
  His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
  For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away—
  Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

IV. After 'paler' in line 2 in the holograph, 'than' is struck out and
6 reads

Lorenzo, if thy tongue speak not love's tune.

This reading of course recurs in the Woodhouse transcript, but in it 'lips breat
is written, as a correction, for 'tongue speak'.

VI. Opposite the close of this stanza, in the Woodhouse transcript, Keats
written in pencil "Stop this as you please."

VII.

So once more he had wak'd and anguished
A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high ;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flush'd ; so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.

"O Isabella, I can half perceive
"That I may speak my grief into thine ear ;
"If thou didst ever anything believe,
"Believe how I love thee, believe how near
"My soul is to its doom : I would not grieve
"Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
"Thine eyes by gazing ; but I cannot live
"Another night, and not my passion shrive.

II. The word 'said' stands cancelled before 'lisped' in the holograph, in h, as in the transcript, the stanza closes with a different couplet from that of text and is followed by a stanza ultimately rejected. The change is among s's master-strokes of cunning craftsmanship : here are the ten cancelled lines :—

"Lorenzo, I would clip my ringlet hair
To make thee laugh again and debonnair."

"Then should I be," said he, "full deified ;
And yet I would not have it, clip it not :
For, lady, I do love it where 'tis tied
About the neck I dote on, and that spot
That anxious dimple it doth take a pride
To play about—Aye lady, I have got
Its shadow in my heart and every sweet
Its mistress owns there summed all complete.

nother hand-writing, on the blank page opposite this passage in the holograph, d the verses—

Lorenzo in the twilight Morn was wont
To rouse the clamorous Kennel to the Hunt ;

And then his cheek inherited the Ray
Of the outpouring Sun ; and ere the Horn
Could call the Hunters to the Chace away
His voice more softly woke me : Many a Morn
From sweetest Dreams it drew me to a Day
More sweet ; but now Lorenzo holds in scorn
His Health ; and all those bygone Joys are Dreams
To me—to him, I mean—so chang'd he seems.

III. The holograph reads 'Thine' for 'Thy' in line 6 and 'Those' for ine' in line 7 ; and on the opposite page is the pencilled variant

Thine Eye by gazing, nor shd. thy hand fear
Unwelcome pressing ; but I cannot live.

IX.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
"Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
"And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
"In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

IX. In the holograph, notes of exclamation close lines 1 and 2.
X. The holograph reads 'all close' for 'more close' in line 3 and 'Sun' for 'Sang' in line 6.
XI. In line 3 'evens' is cancelled in favour of 'eves' in the holograph.

XIII.

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress,
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud quiver'd loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-or'd driftings of the flood.

XV.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

XIII. The holograph reads 'the truth' in line 6.

XIV. The reading "many once proud-quiver'd loins" of the published text, h its intrusive hyphen, has no support from either manuscript; and the disappear- e of the hyphen leaves the sense "many loins once proud, now quivered" (for vering), which is characteristic of Keats, though not strictly defensible. The thet *proud-quiver'd*, as an equivalent to *bearing proud quivers* (*of rows*), never commended itself to me as what Keats had in mind.

XV. It is clear that the study of Dryden went further in influencing Keats than hown in 'Lamia.' Here is a vivid reminiscence of 'Annus Mirabilis,' in the rd quatrain of which, alluding to the Dutch, Dryden says—

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew:
For them the *Idumæan* Balm did sweat,
And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forrests grew.

en the position of the accent in Ceylon is the same, though modern usage places on the second syllable. There are two curious spellings in the holograph, eath' in line 5 and 'peal' in line 8.

XVI.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII.

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Pal'd in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII.

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XVII. In the holograph, in line 7, the compound word 'stray-away' has n hyphen. This stanza is followed by a stanza very wisely cancelled:

Two young Orlandos far away they seem'd,
But on a near inspect their vapid Miens—
Very alike,—at once themselves redeem'd
From all suspicion of Romantic spleens—
No fault of theirs, for their good Mother dream'd
In the longing time of Units in their teens
Of proudly bas'd addition and of net—
And both their backs were mark'd with tare and tret.

XVIII. In line 8 the holograph reads 'a hunted hare'.

XIX.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lillies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XIX. In the holograph line 1 reads—

O eloquent Boccace of green Arno!

nd the final couplet has but an assonance in lieu of a rhyme—

For venturing one word unseemly mean,
In such a place, on such a daring theme.

or these three lines the published version stands substituted in Keats's writing in
e Woodhouse transcript.

XX. In the holograph the closing couplet was written as published; but
eats substituted for the first line of it, in the Woodhouse transcript,

Thy Muse's Vicar in the english tongue;

d afterwards rejected that for the original reading.

XXI. The word 'forest' in line 8, is cancelled for 'olive' in the holograph.

XXII.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
"Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
"Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
"Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV.

"To-day we purpose, aye, this hour we mount
"To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
"Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
"His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft

XXIV. Hunt cites the "exquisite metaphor" of lines 3 and 4 as an instance in which Keats "over-informs the occasion or the speaker." But I doubt whether it is fair to class this kind of "over-informing" as an error. If people of this kind are to be denied one element of poetry, they must be denied another; and it is scarcely more strange to find the vile brethren of Isabella talking in metaphor than to find them talking in rhyme and metre. For the rest, a commonplace Italian, even a villainous Italian, feels so intensely the sunlight of his land, that we need not object to the metaphor even on dramatic grounds. The holograph reads 'pry'thee' for 'pray thee' in line 3 and 'courteous' for 'courteously' in line 5. Woodhouse also has 'courteous'.

XXV. In this stanza the holograph reads 'footsteps' for 'footstep' in line 4, and has, in place of lines 7 and 8, the unfinished couplet

If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
"Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
"Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
"I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
"Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
"Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
"Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye!" said she:—
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,

And looking up he saw her smiling through
A little in-door Lattice ——

here 'laughing' has been cancelled for 'smiling'. In the transcript Woodhouse ft a blank for the couplet Keats inserted

When, looking up, he saw her features fair
Smile through an indoor lattice, debonair.

omeone, probably Taylor, took exception to this, and suggested

When lo an indoor lattice met his view,
And her fair features smiling playful through.

eats, ever modest with his friends, altered his own couplet to that of the text. *propos* of the word *debonair*, he added the note—"As I have used this word efore in the poem you may use your judgement between your lines and mine.—I ink my last alteration will do." This would seem to indicate that, at that stage the proceedings, he had not thought of altering the couplet of stanza vii and riking out the original stanza viii.

XXVI. The holograph shows a clerical error in line 7, 'I soon' for 'I'll soon'.

XXVII. Hunt says of line 1—"The following masterly anticipation of his end, nveyed in a single word, has been justly admired:—" I do not know to what blished admiration this remark has reference, or whether to anything in print all. The holograph reads 'straightened' for 'straiten'd' in line 3; and in ne 5 'Pale' stands cancelled in favour of 'Sick'.

Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring "Where? O where?"

XXXI.

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast;

XXVIII. In line 4 of this stanza the holograph manuscript has 'a peace' for 'at peace', and in line 6 'River' for 'water'.

XXX. The manuscript fragment and the holograph read 'wept' for 'weeps' in line 1; and line 5 stands thus in the fragment:

What might have been too plainly did she see...

XXXI. In lines 2 and 3 the manuscript fragment shows the cancelled reading—

Its fiery vigil in her native Mind
For joy escap'd she mourn'd—

She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
  Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
  Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdu'd,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
  The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
  Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
  To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
  She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
  Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
  Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

hile in lines 7 and 8 there is the rejected reading—

Passions not to be subdued
Exalting her to patient Fortitude...

d again

A yearning for her Love.

line 5 of the stanza in the holograph, 'throng' is substituted for 'richer zest', hich had been written in error.

XXII. The holograph has a comma at 'eves'.

XXIII. In line 4 the manuscript fragment reads 'bind' for 'keep'; and in e 5 'Month after Month' for 'Time after time': this reading recurs in the lograph. In line 6, 'heavy' is cancelled between 'Came' and 'on' in the gment. For *Hinnom's Vale* see the Second Book of the Chronicles of the ngs of Israel, Chapter xxviii, verse 3: "Moreover he burnt incense in the valley the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of e heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel." Pre-mably through inadvertence, Keats wrote 'Himmon's' for 'Hinnom's' in e holograph.

XXXIV.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pal
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV.

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.

XXXVI.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:

XXXIV. The holograph reads 'drank' for 'drunk' in line 3. The fragme shows a cancelled reading of line 4—

Which saves the sick some moments from the Pall.

XXXV. In line 1 the manuscript fragment reads 'heavy' for 'drowsy'; a I cannot but think this application of the same adjective to *ignorance* and *gloom* in the same page was a printer's or copyist's error. In line 3, 'His' h been struck out in favour of 'The'; and lines 4 to 7 originally read—

Had marr'd his glossy hair, that once could shoot
Bright gold into the Sun, and stamp'd his doom
Upon his soiled lips, and took the mellow Lute
From his deep voice, and down past his loamed ears...

But the readings 'put cold doom', and 'taken the soft Lute' were aft wards substituted; and the redundant words 'soiled' and 'down' were stru out. In the holograph there is a cancelled word, probably 'shot', before 'shoo in line 4; and in line 6 a copyist's error, 'past his loamed ears' stands correct by the substitution of 'taken the soft Lute'. The writing is not quite clear line 7; but it is just possible (as also in line 4 of stanza lxii) that the w printed 'lorn' is in the holograph 'low'. Compare 'deep' of Potts manuscri

XXXVI. In line 1 the fragment shows the cancelled reading 'Strange was t sound'; and 'poor' for 'pale' stands in the fragment and the holograph ma script. Line 5 of the fragment opens with 'Passion there was in it', and open with 'And there was Love in it'. Line 7 begins with 'But' in b fragment and complete manuscript.

Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.

XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
"Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
"And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
"Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
"Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
"Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
"Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
"And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
"Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
"Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
"While little sounds of life are round me knelling,

XXVII. The fragment reads 'fears' in line 2.
XXVIII. In line 6, instead of 'river', the Potts manuscript reads 'Ano' (for
); and the final couplet in both fragment and holograph is—

Go shed a tear upon my hether bloom
And I shall turn a diamond in my tomb.

bly 'I' should be 'it'; but 'I' is very plainly written, in both manuscripts.
e other hand the Woodhouse copy revised by Keats reads 'it'.
XXIX. In the Potts manuscript is a cancelled opening for line 3, 'I moan
'; line 5 begins with 'While' instead of 'And', and the couplet was first
hed in thus—

Paining me through—those sounds to me grow strange
And thou art far beyond them...

he reading of the text is supplied. In copying the stanza into the Museum
raph Keats wrote line 7 as the fifth line and struck it out again, put a semi-
at the end of line 2, and a comma after 'Alone' in line 3, began line 5 with
ile', and put semicolons after 'telling' in line 6 and 'through' in line 7.

"And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
"And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
"Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
"And thou art distant in Humanity.

XL.

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
"And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
"Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
"That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
"A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
"To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;
"Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
"A greater love through all my essence steal."

XLI.

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!"—dissolv'd and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake;

XLII.

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
"I thought the worst was simple misery;
"I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
"Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die;
"But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!
"Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:
"I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
"And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XL. After 'what was', in line 1, the words 'and now' are cancelled in Potts manuscript, in which line 2 reads 'rave' for 'rage' and 'shadows' 'spirits', and line 3 stands thus—

Though I forget what Pleasure was a kiss...

In the holograph line 2 shows a cancelled reading, 'weep', for 'rage'; and lin stands thus—

Though I forget the heaven of a Kiss...

In the Woodhouse copy 'heaven of a kiss' is cancelled in favour of 'taste earthly bliss'.

XLII. The holograph reads 'thou has' in line 6.

XLIII.

When the full morning came, she had devised
How she might secret to the forest hie;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsurmised,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

XLIV.

See, as they creep along the river side,
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knife.—"What feverous hectic flame
"Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
"That thou should'st smile again?"—The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLV.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

XLVI.

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;

XLIII. The holograph reads 'herse' for 'hearse' in line 8.
XLIV. In line 3, the holograph and transcript read 'campaign' for 'champaign'; and in line 6 the holograph reads 'dost' for 'should'st'.
XLV. In line 7 the holograph reads 'that' for 'this'.
XLVI. Hunt describes stanzas xlvi to xlviii as "the core of the story", and ...tes attention to their "fervid misery". It is a curious coincidence that ...orrowing for his 'Indicator' an apt phrase from his 'Examiner' he was also ...owing from another poet-friend. The expression *the core of the story*, not ...gether a commonplace phrase, is to be found in Shelley's paper on 'Mandeville,' ...ch had appeared in 'The Examiner' for the 28th of December 1817.

Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
  Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well ;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
  Like to a native lilly of the dell :
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
  Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
  And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
  Those dainties made to still an infant's cries :
Then 'gan she work again ; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
  Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
  And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,

XLVII. Lines 5 and 6 were written as in the text both in the holograph and the Woodhouse transcript—

And freezes utterly unto the bone
  Those dainties made to still an infant's cries ;

In the transcript Keats struck out line 6 and substituted 'Love's sighful thron for 'unto the bone', without completing the revision; but the original readi is marked by another hand for restoration. In line 8 the holograph sho 'through' cancelled for 'throw'. The sixth line has been a topic of censu but I think wrongly. Taken in itself apart from the poem, it might be held be an inopportune description; but in the context of this most tragic and pathe story, it has to me a surpassing fitness—a fitness astonishing in the work o youth of Keats's age in 1818. The idea of maternity thus connected as it w by chance with the image of this widowed girl on the borders of insan emphasizes in the most beautiful way the helpless misery of a life wrecked the wickedness of others, and throws into ghastly contrast the joy of what sho have been and the agony of what was.

XLVIII. Line 6 of this stanza originally stood in the holograph thus—

Three hours were they at this travel sore;

and in the Woodhouse copy thus—

Three hoürs were they at this travail sore ;

this is altered in Keats's hand to

Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore ;

presumably because someone objected to 'hours' being made to do duty for syllables, and failed to observe that 'labour'd' and 'labouring' both came i the stanza as revised. The reading *Three hours beheld them* was suggested

And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX.

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethron'd.

LI.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell

her hand, in pencil, on the holograph; and *weep or rave* was also suggested 'stamp and rave' in line 8. Hunt observes here—"It is curious to see the simple pathos of Boccaccio, or (which is the same thing) the simple nsity of the heroine's feelings, suffices our author more and more, as he gets to end of his story. And he has related it as happily, as if he had never written poetry but that of the heart."

. This stanza opened thus in the holograph—

With duller sliver than the Persean sword
They cut away—no foul Medusa's head
But one's...

was transferred to the Woodhouse copy; and the published reading was substituted in Keats's writing, save the elimination of the possessive *s* from last word. The sixth line of the stanza in both holograph and transcript is

If ever any piece of Love was dead,...

I. In line 5 of this stanza the holograph has 'single' for 'fringed'.

Pointed each fringed lash ; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away :—and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and wept.

LII.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up ; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not : but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence ; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view :
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LII In line 4 the holograph reads 'Though' for 'Through'.
LIII. The holograph reads 'the sun' for 'and sun' in the first line.
LIV. In line 6 the holograph reads 'mouldring' for 'mouldering': on blank page opposite another hand than Keats's has suggested in pencil the read *And from the mouldering.* Whether the "savage and tartarly" assailant Keats's day availed themselves of the word 'leafits' in the 8th line for accusation of word-coining, I do not know; but as far as I have been able ascertain this diminutive of 'leaf' is peculiar to the present passage.

LV.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Baälites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean

VII. The holograph manuscript has 'Of' for 'From' in line 5.
VIII. On the back of the preceding leaf the holograph manuscript has in pencil, osite line 4 the suggested reading *What it all might mean*—not in Keats's ding.

Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim ; and long they watch'd in vain ;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain ;
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again ;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX.

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place :
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face :
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again.—Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away !
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh !
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way !"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die ;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LIX. In line 8 the holograph reads 'the basil' for 'her Basil'.

LX. The punctuation of the holograph brings out a shade of difference in sense of lines 6 and 7—

And so left Florence in a moment's space—
Never to turn again away they went,...

LXI. Line 5 of this stanza stands in the holograph thus—

Spirits of grief, sing not you well away.

LXII.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
  Asking for her lost Basil amorously;
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
  Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
  To ask him where her Basil was; and why
'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII.

And so she pin'd, and so she died forlorn,
  Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
  In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story born
  From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

LXII. Line 1 reads 'at' for 'on' in the holograph. Hunt says—"The sage about the tone of her voice,—the poor lost-witted coaxing,—the 'chuckle,' which she asks after her Pilgrim and her Basil,—is as true and touching an cance of the effect of a happy familiar word, as any in all poetry." It is icult to imagine that these sentences of Hunt's were not somehow misprinted; , as the review occurs only in the original issue of 'The Indicator,' one has no ans of testing this passage by comparison with later editions. It can hardly supposed that Hunt really thought *the Pilgrim* meant Lorenzo; and it ought to be necessary to explain that the poor lost girl called after any pilgrim whom nce sent her way, enquiring of him where her Basil was.

LXIII. Line 4 reads 'At' for 'In' in the holograph. The tracing of the "sad y" was not an easy matter; but an account of it will be found in the Appendix he second volume of the Library edition, where are also translations by Mr. n Payne of Boccaccio's Story and the Ditty. Of this last the following is the ning stanza:

Alack! ah who could the ill Christian be
  That stole my pot away,
My pot of basil of Salern from me?
  'Twas thriv'n with many a spray
And I with mine own hand did plant the tree,
  Even on the festal day.
'Tis felony to waste another's ware.

THE
EVE OF ST. AGNES.

In a letter to George Keats and his wife dated the 14th of February [1819], ats says that he took with him to Chichester, where he had been staying in nuary, "some of the thin paper, and wrote on it a little poem called 'St. Agnes' e,' which you will have as it is, when I have finished the blank part of the rest you." Lord Houghton says the poem "was begun on a visit in Hampshire, at commencement of this year [1819] and finished on his return to Hampstead." the 5th of September 1819, Keats wrote to Taylor from Winchester that he s "occupied in revising 'St. Agnes' Eve,' and studying Italian." A manuscript *The Eve of St. Agnes*, wanting the first seven stanzas, is in the Locker-mpson collection. It was among the relics which passed from the late Joseph vern to a Dr. Valeriani, and which were afterwards bought and sold by Messrs. theran of Piccadilly. This manuscript is written in double columns on both es of very thin oblong paper, presumably that taken to Chichester, and shows ndant and extensive revisions and corrections. Nothing could be more in-esting as a study of a great poet's way of work. It is possible that the opening nzas were separated to be sent to Mr. Taylor in support of Keats's complaint t a liberty had been taken with the text of the seventh stanza; but, as the odhouse Common-place book, containing a transcript of the poem, was in use at publisher's house and could have been appealed to, it is perhaps more probable t Severn cut the stanzas off for an autograph collector. Fortunately the Wood-se transcript seems to have been made from the Locker-Lampson holograph ore it was mutilated, and may be held to supply for critical purposes the sing seven stanzas. It also supplies a suppressed one between the published nzas iii and iv. Woodhouse's divergences from the final state of the holograph generally, of a trifling kind. The holograph is difficult to read completely; and re was room for two interpretations of the author's final meaning here and there. reover, Woodhouse was in communication with Keats, and may have got an change or two, as for instance in the matter of the hero's name, which he es as Lionel in his transcript and never writes Porphyro, though the holograph ws Keats to have been wavering between Lionel and Porphyro. The transcript the Museum Keats manuscript book, made by George Keats, was evidently n a different holograph. Hence it may be presumed that, when Keats was cupied in revising" the poem in September 1819, he was making a fresh copy n the very rough draft already described. In collating the whole of these manu-pts with Keats's published text, I have noted even variations of no great sequence in themselves in order to give as complete an insight as possible into composition of this deservedly much-prized poem. Leigh Hunt, in his 'London rnal' for the 21st of January 1835, printed the whole poem with a delightful ning commentary between the stanzas; and this I have transferred to the ent edition in the shape of foot-notes, after collating it with the revision which upies a prominent place in 'Imagination and Fancy.' I have not thought ecessary to omit whatever is left out of the revision; but have adopted the r readings wherever it is clear that a change was made for the simple sake nprovement. Hunt opens his paper in the 'Journal' thus:

The reader should give us three pearls, instead of three half-pence, for this ber of our Journal, for it presents him with the *whole* of Mr. Keats's beautiful n, entitled as above,—to say nothing of our loving commentary. We promised e time ago, in giving quotations from Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' to *read* nall poem occasionally with the reader, after this fashion. Correspondents e more than once reminded us of the promise: we never lost sight of it, and we redeem it; as we hope we often shall. *To-day* is the Eve of St. Agnes; we thought we could not take a better opportunity of increasing the public aintance with this exquisite production, which is founded on the popular rstition connected with the day. St. Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered tyrdom in the reign of Diocletian. Her parents, a few days after her decease,

are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic chur formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. T superstition is (for we believe it is still to be found) that by taking certa measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting. Aubrey (as quo in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities') mentions another, which is, to take a row pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Pater-noster; after which, up going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue. Brand quotes Ben Jonson :—

> And on sweet St. Agnes' night,
> Please you with the promis'd sight—
> Some of husbands, some of lovers,
> Which an empty dream discovers.

But another poet has now taken up the creed in good poetic earnest; and if t superstition should go out in every other respect, in his rich and loving pag it will live for ever."

Hunt is wrong in saying the 21st of January is the Eve of St. Agnes. Th day is the Feast of St. Agnes: the Eve or Vigil is of course the 20th. account of the superstitions connected with this Vigil, the English equivale of the Scotch "Halloween," may be read in Chambers's Book of Days.

As will be seen by reference to the editorial note prefixed to 'Lamia,' the l Francis Turner Palgrave held that 'The Eve of St. Agnes' divided the palm w 'Lamia' as "the masterpieces among the Poet's longer work."

H. B. F.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

, Woodhouse reads 'cold' for 'chill' in line 1, 'were' for 'was' in line 4,
' for 'from' in line 7, and 'prayers' for 'prayer' in line 9. The museum
, though not showing these native blemishes, shows some imported ones, and
the variation 'as' for 'while' in line 9. Hunt, quoting the first line as an
ıtration for the paper *A "Now;" descriptive of a Cold Day* in his 'London
rnal' for the 3rd of December 1834, changes the sex of the owl and reads—

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-cold,

ou think her so." In his comment on the whole stanza he again misquotes
line. He says, "What a complete feeling of winter-time is here, together
an intimation of those Catholic elegancies, of which we are to have more in
poem!

The owl, with all his feathers, was a-cold.

ld he have selected an image more warm and comfortable in itself, and, there-
better contradicted by the season? We feel the plump, feathery bird in his
, shivering in spite of his natural household warmth, and staring out at the
nge weather. The hare cringing through the chill grass is very piteous, and
'silent flock' very patient; and how quiet and gentle, as well as winterly,
all these circumstances, and fit to open a quiet and gentle poem! The breath
he pilgrim, likened to 'pious incense,' completes them, and is a simile in ad-
ble 'keeping,' as the painters call it; that is to say, is thoroughly harmonious
ı itself and all that is going on. The breath of the pilgrim is visible, so is
of a censer; his object is religious, and so is the use of the censer; the censer,
r its fashion, may be said to pray, and its breath, like the pilgrim's ascends to
ven. Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination
nder one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it 'tells.' There is no
of it unfitting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another."
ı the letter which Keats wrote to Taylor about an alteration made in stanza vii
ich see) he explains that he used the word *chill* "to avoid the echo cold in the
nd line"; from which we may infer that the publisher had altered *chill* to
/ We may safely assume that the obsolete form *a-cold* was imported straight
ı Shakespeare, since in Keats's copy of the 1808 folio, Scene IV of Act III of
ıg Lear' bears evidence of having been read near about the time of Tom
ts's death; and the words *poore Tom*, in the immediate neighbourhood of
's a-cold, are underlined, the date *Sunday evening, Octr.* 4, 1818, being
ten alongside by Keats.

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

II. Woodhouse reads 'prayers' for 'prayer' in line 1. Hunt says "The germ of the thought, or something like it, is in Dante, where he speaks of the figures that perform the part of sustaining columns in architecture. Keats had read Dante in Mr. Cary's translation, for which he had a great respect. He began to read him afterwards in Italian, which language he was mastering with surprising quickness. A friend of ours has a copy of Ariosto, containing admiring marks of his pen. But the same thought may have originally struck one poet as well as another. Perhaps there are few that have not felt something like it in seeing the figures upon tombs. Here, however, for the first time, we believe, in English poetry, it is expressed, and with what feeling and elegance! Most wintry as well as penitential is the word 'aching,' in 'icy hoods and mails;' and most felicitous the introduction of the Catholic idea in the word 'purgatorial.' The very colour of the rails is made to assume a meaning, and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment—

Imprisoned in *black purgatorial* rails."

The passage of Dante referred to is in Canto x of the Purgatorio, and relates to "the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones". I quote the version of Cary, as that with which Keats was familiar:

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
That crumples up its knees unto its breast;
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd
In the beholder's fancy; so I saw
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.
Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,
Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

Cary adds the following note to this passage: "Chillingworth, cap. vi. § 54, speaks of 'those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear'. And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his Essay on Wit and Humour, p. 4, § 3."

The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no—already had his deathbell rung :
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

III. Woodhouse reads 'turn'd' for 'went' in line 7 and 'Black' for 'Rough' line 8. Hunt italicizes and comments thus :

"*Flatter'd to tears* this aged man and poor.

his 'flattered' is exquisite. A true poet is by nature a metaphysician; far reater in general than metaphysicians professed. He feels instinctively what e others get at by long searching. In this word 'flattered' is the whole theory the secret of tears; which are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity self-love. Whenever we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In any cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be construed unhandsomely. many others, it is the reverse; and this is the reason why selfish people e so often found among the tear-shedders, and why they seem never to shed em for others. They imagine themselves in the situation of the others, as deed the most generous must, before they can sympathize; but the generous nsole as well as weep. Selfish tears are niggardly of everything but themselves. Flatter'd to tears.' Yes, the poor old man was moved, by the sweet music, to ink that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort as well as for others. He lt that the mysterious kindness of heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry se, in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider how uch he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly and mysteriously—and w much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken m for. Hence, he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed em, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for was a pains-taking pilgrim, aged, patient, and humble, and willingly suffered ld and toil, for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; nd so the pity is not exclusively on his own side: we pity him too, and would fain e him out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But was not to be. We must, therefore, console ourselves with knowing, that this y endurance of his was the last, and that he soon found himself at the sunny gate heaven."

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-ey'd,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on thei
breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,

IV. After Stanza iii, Woodhouse has the following Stanza, suppressed in th
poem as printed:—

But there are ears may hear sweet melodies,
And there are eyes to brighten festivals,
And there are feet for nimble minstrelsies,
And many a lip that for the red wine calls.—
Follow, then follow to the illumined halls,
Follow me youth—and leave the eremite—
Give him a tear—then trophied banneral
And many a brilliant tasseling of light
Shall droop from arched ways this high baronial night.

In line 7, 'banneral' should of course be 'bannerals'. In what is no
Stanza iv, Woodhouse has 'and now aloft' for 'Soon, up aloft', in line 3, an
'Seem'd anxious' for 'Were glowing' in line 6. The Museum transcript read
'High-lamped' for 'The level' in line 5.

V. Woodhouse has the first line thus—

At length step in the urgent revelers

and lines 3 to 6 thus—

Ah what are they? the idle pulse scarce stirs,
The muse should never make the spirit gay;
Away, bright dulness, laughing fools away,—
And let me tell of one sweet lady there...

The Museum transcript shows that Keats wrote line 2 thus—

With tiara and plume and rich array,

but George Keats has written 'tiard'. The change is one of many made by Kea
to shift the accent in a word at first wrongly accented. The Museum cop
reads 'time' for 'times' in line 9.

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lilly white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

VI. The British Museum manuscript reads 'love' for 'loves' in line 3, has no comma after 'beauties' in line 7, and reads 'enquire' for 'require' in line 8. Between Stanzas vi and vii it has the following stanza, not in the printed text:—

'Twas said her future lord would there appear
Offering as sacrifice—all in the dream—
Delicious food even to her lips brought near:
Viands and wine and fruit and sugar'd cream,
To touch her palate with the fine extreme
Of relish: then soft music heard; and then
More pleasures followed in a dizzy stream
Palpable almost: then to wake again
Warm in the virgin morn, no weeping Magdalen.

VII. Woodhouse reads 'Touch'd not her heart' for 'She scarcely heard'. In a letter to Taylor dated the 11th of June 1820 (see Letters) Keats says he has been reading the proofs, and has found "what appears" to be an alteration here, namely—

her maiden eyes incline
Still on the floor, while many a sweeping train
Pass by.

My meaning," says the poet, "is quite destroyed by the alteration. I do not use 'train' for 'concourse of passers by', but for 'skirts' sweeping along the floor." If this was the measure of the right of alteration which the publisher permitted himself, we may be sure that a good deal of minor modification was carried through without Keats finding it out. The poet is very lenient here, refraining from any observation on the ruin worked to his grammar.

Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,

VIII. The holograph shows the following variation:

She danc'd along with vague uneager eyes
Her anxious mouth full pulp'd with rosy thought
The hour was near at hand—and she sighs...

but the reading of the text is substituted in the case of lines 2 and 3. In line the reading 'She was hoodwink'd with fancy' is superseded by that of the tex The Museum transcript has 'uneager' in line 1, and reads 'and in sport' i line 5, and 'a la mort' in line 7. Keats's use of the old word 'amort' peculiarly happy: it is more expressive of deadened perception than any oth single word, and is full of poetic associations. Compare 'The Taming of th Shrew,' Act IV, Scene iii, line 36—

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

also the First Part of 'King Henry VI,' Act III, Scene ii, line 124—

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief...

and Massinger's 'Parliament of Love,' Act IV, Scene v,—

Jovial! doctor;
No, I am all amort as if I had lain
Three days in my grave already.

IX. The holograph has the cancelled reading, 'She lingered fearful wh might'; and in line 3 'Porphyro' is cancelled and 'Lionel' substituted, whi

But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

X.

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel :
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage : not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,

e read 'afire' for 'on fire' both in the holograph and in the Museum copy.
ter 'Madeline' in line 4 there is a cancelled reading—

Most piteous he implores
All saints,

d before the reading of the text was arrived at there was a midway reading,
Within the Portal Doors.' Line 8 originally stood, unfinished,

That he might gaze,—or speak, or kneel—

esumably completed in the poet's mind by the words 'such things have been'.
X. The opening line was first written in the holograph thus—

He ventures in wrapped in a dark disguise...

d then we get the reading,

He ventures in cloak'd up in dark disguise
Let no Man see him—or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart for all his amorous sighs.

ext we have

In ventures he—let no damn'd whisper tell...

en the reading of the text, except the word 'buzz'd' (for 'damn'd') which is
t in the manuscript. Line 6 originally ended with 'bark' and line 8 with
ark'. There is a cancelled reading for line 7, 'Against his name and lineage,'
d line 9 originally stood unfinished—

Save one old Beldame nigh to lose the...

XI. The holograph reads 'Beldame' for 'creature' in line 1; and line 2 was
iginally written—

Tottering along with ivory headed staff.

line 3 the Museum copy reads 'torches' for 'torch's'. In line 4 'huge' is
ncelled in the holograph in favour of 'broad'. In line 8 the Locker-Lampson
d Museum manuscripts read 'Mercy Jesu !' for 'Mercy, Porphyro !'

To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
"They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
"He had a fever late, and in the fit
"He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
"Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
"More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
"Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
"We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
"And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
"Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,

XII. The holograph has the cancelled reading, 'Ferdinand' for 'Hildebrand and in line 2 'his fit.' Line 4 originally stood—

There's old Francesco Mendez not a wit [sic]
Tamer for all his Palsy...

Another reading is

Then there's old Lord Maurice Lacey not a wit
More tame for his gray hairs...

And yet another, 'Then there is old Lord Maurice...' is in Woodhouse's tra script. In line 8 'Good God!' stands cancelled in favour of 'Good Saints!'- and line 9 originally began 'Follow me Child—hush, hush.'

XIII. In the Locker-Lampson manuscript, the line

He followed her along a passage dark

is cancelled, and the reading of the text given. The Museum copy reads 'utter' for 'mutter'd' in line 3. Line 5 originally began 'Pale casemented', for whi 'Pale latticed high' was substituted and duly copied by Woodhouse; but 'chil is not in the holograph or in Woodhouse's transcript, which, in line 7, re 'Goody' for 'Angela' (as does also the Museum copy), and in line 8 'holy' f 'secret'. In line 9, 'do weave full piously' is cancelled for 'are weavi piously'. Hunt comments thus: "The poet does not make his 'little moonlig

Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
"Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

'St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
"Yet men will murder upon holy days:
"Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
"And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
"To venture so: it fills me with amaze
"To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
"God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
"This very night: good angels her deceive!
"But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,

oom' comfortable, observe. The high taste of the exordium is kept up. All is till wintry. There is to be no comfort in the poem but what is given by love. ll else may be left to the cold walls." "St. Agnes' wool" is of course the wool horn from the two lambs brought by the nuns to the altar of St. Agnes (see note efore the poem, page 62) to be offered while the *Agnus* was being sung, after hich the wool was spun and woven by the nuns.

XIV. In line 2 the holograph reads 'holidays' for 'holy days'; and in lines 5 nd 6 there is a cancelled reading,

in truth it doth amaze
Young Signor Porphyro.

he Museum transcript shows a further variation here—

about these thorny Ways
A[t]tempting Be'lzebub.

Woodhouse reads 'elfs' for 'Elves' in line 4 and 'To see thee Lionel—' in line . In Reginald Scot's 'Discovery of Witchcraft' (Book XII, Chapter xvi) a prayer mentioned "whereby might be carried in a sieve water or other liquor."

XV. The holograph has a cancelled reading of line 1,

Feebly she laughs in the bright languid Moon...

nd in line 3 'As doth an Urchin' stands altered to 'As puzzled Urchin'; hile in line 9 there is a cancelled reading 'among those legends old'. The Iuseum transcript reads 'Sudden' for 'But soon' in line 6, 'Sighs' for 'Tears' line 8, and 'Sweet' for 'And' in line 9. Woodhouse has 'Lionel' again in ne 2. Hunt's comment is as follows: "He almost shed tears—of sympathy, to ink how his treasure is exposed to the cold—and of delight and pride to think of er sleeping beauty, and her love for himself. This passage 'asleep in lap of gends old' is in the highest imaginative taste, fusing together the imaginative

Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot : then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :

and the spiritual, the remote and the near. Madeline is asleep in her bed; bu she is also asleep in accordance with the legends of the season; and therefore th bed becomes *their* lap as well as sleep's. The poet does not critically think of al this; he feels it: and thus should other young poets draw upon the prominen points of their feelings on a subject, sucking the essence out of them into analo gous words, instead of beating about the bush for *thoughts*, and, perhaps, gettin very clever ones, but not thoroughly pertinent; not wanted; not the best. Such at least, is the difference between the truest poetry and the degrees beneath it.' Hunt should have said, to be quite exact, not *Madeline is asleep in her bed* but *Porphyro imagines Madeline asleep in her bed.* It is curious that th critic takes no notice of the strange misuse of *brook* for the sake of rhyme. Per haps the feeling of the word *baulk* was in Keats's mind, as that is clearly th meaning of the passage; and *brook* was probably written during a casual absenc of critical vigilance.

XVI. The opening originally stood thus in the Locker-Lampson manuscript :

Sudden a thought more rosy than the rose
Flush'd his young Cheek, and in his painfle head
Made riot fierce—and then doth he propose...

The revision of this passage leaves it incomplete, thus—

Sudden a rosy thought
Heated his Brow and in his painfle head
Made purple riot : then doth he propose...

The reading of the text is not supplied at all. The phonetic spelling 'painfle' fo 'painful' is curious; and the word 'head' where 'heart' now stands, though i has no rhyme in the manuscript, is perfectly legible. At the close of the stanz the manuscript reads first—

by Christ I deem
Thou canst not be the Youth...

and then

O Christ I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same as thou didst seem—

'as' being finally altered to 'that'. The Museum copy reads, 'full blown like rose', in line 1, 'Heated' for 'Flushing', in line 2, and 'O Christ', for 'Go go'! in line 8. There are no turned commas at the end of the stanza in Keats edition.

"A cruel man and impious thou art:
"Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
"Alone with her good angels, far apart
"From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
"Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
"When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
"If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
"Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
"Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
"Or I will, even in a moment's space,
"Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
"And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,

XVII. In the holograph manuscript, lines 1 to 4 read—

'I will not harm her, by the great St. Paul;
Swear'th Porphyro,—O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall unto heaven call
If one of her soft ringlets I misplace...

line 2 'Swear'th' has been substituted for 'Says'; and Woodhouse, indeed, ads 'Swears Lionel'. There is a pencilled reading in line 1, 'By the Saints', d another in line 3, 'Shall send to Heaven its prayer'. The sixth line iginally stood thus—

Good Angela, thou hearest how I swear—

t this is cancelled for the reading of the text. The Museum copy follows the lograph in lines 1, 2, and 3, and reads 'foeman's' for 'foemen's' in line 8.

XVIII. The Museum copy reads 'How canst thou terrify' for 'Ah! why ilt thou affright' in line 1. The holograph shows the cancelled reading, norning' for 'midnight' in line 3: in line 6 'Lionel' is written over Porphyro' as if Keats were still in doubt which name his hero should bear: in ne 7 'gentle' stands for 'woful'; and the end of the stanza originally stood us:

That the old Beldam promises to do
Whatever he shall say, betide her weal or woe.

Dame' is substituted for 'Beldam', and the end of line 8 is struck out; but thing is supplied in its place. Woodhouse had apparently found the obscurity this stanza too much for him, and left it blank after 'speech' in line 6. It is led in in pencil, I think by Keats, and the pencilled portion reads 'gentle' in ne 7, 'beldame' in line 8, and 'say' not 'wish', in line 9.

"Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
"Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
"Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespy'd,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XIX. The holograph shows two cancelled readings of line 1,

(1) Which was, as all who ever lov'd will guess,

(2) Which was, to guide him in close secrecy...

Line 3 stands thus both in the holograph manuscript and in the Museum copy—

Him in a Closet if such one there be—

and line 5 opens in both with 'Or' instead of 'And'. In line 6 'round her pillow flew' is cancelled in the holograph in favour of 'paced the Coverlet' while in line 8 'O Where' gives place to 'Never', and in line 9 'the demons' to 'his Demon'. Hunt says, "What he means by Merlin's 'monstrous debt,' I cannot say. Merlin, the famous enchanter, obtained King Arthur his interview with the fair Iogerne; but though the son of a devil, and conversant with the race, I am aware of no debt that he owed them. Did Keats suppose that he had sold himself like Faustus?" I do not see the commentator's difficulty: the monstrous debt was his monstrous existence, which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Viviane. It seems probable that, of the many sources from which Keats might have acquired his knowledge of Merlin, Dunlop's 'History of Fiction' was the work of which this fine line was a reminiscence; for the alternative readings 'the demons' and 'his Demon' point to the two opening sentences of the section on Merlin, namely (I quote the second edition, of 1816, Volume I, page 203): "The demons, alarmed at the number of victims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war. It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of mankind." As to the words "never on such a night," &c., it is presumable that they refer to the tempest, which according to tradition, passed over the woods of Broceliande the night after the magician was spell-bound.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
"Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
"Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
"For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
"On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
"Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
"The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
"Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast

XX. In line 5 'And' is cancelled in the holograph in favour of 'For'. Of line there are two manuscript readings—

But wait an hour's time—and kneel in prayer

nd

But wait an hour's passing—kneel in prayer,

ut the reading of the text does not appear either in the holograph or in Wood-ouse's copy, which reads 'But wait an hour's passing.' The words of the text ppear in the Museum copy, which also reads 'Sooth' for 'Ah!' in line 8.

XXI. Cancelled reading of the holograph—

So saying she hobbled out busily
And we will pass the Lover's endless hour;

he second line is rewritten thus:

The Lover's endless minutes, quickly pass'd;

slowly' does not appear in the holograph or the Museum manuscript; but it is ritten in pencil in the margin of Woodhouse's book: so is 'anxious' for 'endless' line 2. In line 3 the holograph reads 'whispers'. In line 5 'dim espial' is ubstituted for what seems to have been 'airy vision'. Line 6 stood originally—

Through loneliest passages and they gain'd,

came' and 'reach', each being substituted in turn for 'gain'd', and the line eing at length left so as to read

Through lonely oaken Galleries they reach...

Woodhouse stopped copying at 'they' in line 6; and 'gain' was ultimately added n pencil,—the other three lines being pencilled in, I think by Keats, thus:—

The maiden's chamber, silken hush'd & chaste
There he in panting covert will remain
From Purgatory sweet to view what he may attain.

ine 8 first stood thus in the holograph—

There in a panting covert to remain

nd then

Where he in panting covert must remain,

From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

'must' being altered to 'will', but the reading of the text not being supplied. For the Alexandrine there are several attempts,—

Upon the frontier...
Love, purgatory sweet...
From purgatory sweet to view love's own domain.
In purgatory sweet to what may he attain.

There is no trace in the holograph of the Alexandrine of the text; but it is in the Museum copy.

XXII. Cancelled openings from the holograph—

There secreted...
Scarce had old Angela the Staircase found
Ere Madeline, like an affrighted Bird
Flew past her...
Scarcely had...

Before these were struck out, 'Swan' was substituted for 'Bird.' Line 1 was next written—

With faultring hand upon the Ballustrade

and lines 4 to 6 appear first as

Rose like a spirit to her unaware
And with her taper's light and gentle care
She turn'd and led the aged gossip down...

the reading of the text being, however, substituted all but the word 'pious' for 'gentle'. In line 8 'Porphyro' stands cancelled in favour of 'Lionel', which Woodhouse maintains, and we read 'a gazing', not 'for gazing'. The word 'again' in line 9 was an afterthought. The British Museum copy gives lines 4 and 5 as follows:—

Rose, like a spirit to her, unaware:
With silver taper light, and pious care,

and line 8 thus—

Young Porphyro; a gazing on that Bed.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,

XXIII. The holograph manuscript shows no variation in this wonderful stanza ill we come to the Alexandrine, originally, I think, written as a line of ballad netre :

Her barren throat in vain and die heart-stifled in her dell :

barren' and 'in vain' have both been cancelled, but 'in vain' has been re-nserted. The Museum copy reads 'floated' for 'hurried' in line 1. Hunt says f the second line, "This is a verse in the taste of Chaucer, full of minute grace nd truth. The smoke of the wax taper seems almost as etherial and fair as the noonlight, and both suit each other and the heroine. But what a lovely line is he seventh, about the heart,

Paining with eloquence her balmy side!

nd the nightingale! how touching the simile! the heart a 'tongueless nightin-ale,' dying in the bed of the bosom. What thorough sweetness, and perfection of ovely imagery! How one delicacy is heaped upon another! But for a burst of chness, noiseless, coloured, suddenly enriching the moonlight, as if a door of eaven were opened, read the stanza that follows."

XXIV. This sumptuous passage occupied the poet's care very considerably. he following opening stands cancelled in the Locker-Lampson manuscript :

A Casement tripple arch'd and diamonded
With many coloured glass fronted the Moon
In midst w[h]ereof a shi[e]lded scutcheon shed
High blushing gules ; she kneeled saintly down
And inly prayed for grace and heavenly boon ;
The blood red gules fell on her silver cross
And her white hands devout.

line 3 of this, 'of which' stands cancelled in favour of 'whereof'; and line 4 iginally began with 'High blushing gules upon'. A second fresh start is—

There was a Casement tripple arch'd and high
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and trailing flowers and sunny corn :

Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,

before this was rejected the third line was amended thus—

Of fruits and flowers and sunny corn ears parch'd:

I presume Keats noticed that 'corn' did not rhyme with 'high', and meant to transpose the first line thus—

There was a casement high and triple arch'd;

but there is no trace of this in the manuscript. In the stanza as finally written there is the following cancelled reading of lines 6 &c.—

As is the wing of evening tiger moths
And in the midst 'mong many heraldries
And dim twilight...

Before the present tiger-moth line was arrived at, the epithet 'rich' instead of 'deep' was tried, and 'deep-damasked' in the manuscript stands cancelled in favour of 'deep sunset.' Woodhouse reads 'fruit' for 'fruits' in line 3, and 'deep sunset' in line 6. Presumably Keats reverted to 'deep-damasked' when revising the proofs; and it is certainly the happiest expression imaginable. Of this supreme result of poetic labour Hunt says, "Could all the pomp and graces of aristocracy, with Titian's and Raphael's aid to boot, go beyond the rich religion of this picture, with its 'twilight saints,' and its 'scutcheons 'blushing with the blood of queens?'"

XXV. Line 2 originally stood in the holograph thus—

And threw rich gules on Madeline's fair face

but 'warm' was substituted for 'rich', and again 'rich' for 'warm', and 'breast' for 'face'. Keats must have reverted to 'warm' when the proofs came. In line 3 the manuscript reads 'kneel'd' for 'knelt'; and there are the following cancelled readings of line 4—

Tinging her pious hands together prest,
Tinging with red her hands together prest,
And rose bloom on her hands together prest.

In line 7 the manuscript reads 'silvery angel' for 'splendid angel' (Woodhouse makes it 'She seem'd like silver angel') and there is a cancelled reading—

She seem'd like an immortal a[n]gel drest.

In line 8, again, 'Porphyro' is struck out and 'Lionel' substituted; and line reads

She knelt too pure a thing, too free from mortal taint.

In the Museum copy the Alexandrine is

She pray'd, too pure a thing, too free from mortal taint.

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees

lunt's comment runs thus: "This lovely and innocent creature, thus praying nder the gorgeous painted window, completes the exceeding and unique beauty of his picture,—one that will for ever stand by itself in poetry, as an addition to the tock. It would have struck a glow on the face of Shakspeare himself. He might ave put Imogen or Ophelia under such a shrine. How proper, as well as pretty, he heraldic term *gules*, considering the occasion. *Red* would not have been a ftieth part so good. And with what elegant luxury he touches the 'silver cross' ith 'amethyst', and the fair human hands with 'rose colours', the kin of their arnation! The lover's growing 'faint' is one of the few inequalities which are to e found in the later productions of this great, but young and over-sensitive poet. Ie had, at the time of his writing this poem, the seeds of a mortal illness in him, nd he, doubtless, wrote as he had felt—for he was also deeply in love; and xtreme sensibility struggled in him with a great understanding." The faintness as not such a matter of accident as Hunt seems to have supposed: see remarks t page xlvii of the Memoir in Volume I. The colouring of the stanza has been requently criticized on the ground that the moon's light is not really strong enough o transfer to an object the colours of a painted window. The good unscientific lunt was wiser in his generation than to note this as a flaw: perhaps he even felt ne higher truth that there was a rich propriety in the miracle. Without venturing o affirm that Keats knew it was a miracle, I am bold to say that, whether he new it or not, he could not have found a more splendid expedient whereby to mark he propitiousness of meek St. Agnes.

XXVI. The first opening of this stanza in the Locker-Lampson manuscript is—

But soon his heart revives—her prayers said
She lays aside her veil
She strips her hair of all its wreathed pearl
Unclasps her bosom jewels
And twists it in one knot upon her head...

efore this was struck out altogether, 'wreathed pearl' was altered to 'pearled reaths'. The next essay is—

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearl she strips her hair
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens the boddice from her...

nd this last line is altered several times, thus—

Loosens her bursting boddice...
Loosens her Boddice lace-strings...
Loosens her Boddice, and her bosom bare...
Loosens her fragrant boddice and doth bare
Her...

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;

till at last all is struck out and a fresh start made, thus—

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she strips
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens her fragrant boddice ; and down slips
Her sweet attire...

Then 'Anon' seems to have been substituted for 'But soon' in line 1, 'frees for 'strips' in line 2, and the words 'and down slips' in line 4 were struck ou for the reading—

to her knees
Her sweet attire falls light.

Then 'falls light' gives place to 'creeps down by', which probably indicat that the couplet contemplated was—

Unclasps her fragrant boddice : to her knees
Her sweet attire creeps down by slow degrees;

but then all is abandoned for the reading of the text, except that the word 'rich is not here in the manuscript. Of the next lines there is a cancelled reading,

Half hidden like a Syren of the sea
And more melodious...

and the seventh line in the manuscript is—

She stands awhile in dreamy thought and sees...

(Woodhouse reads 'dreaming'.) In line 9 'fled' is struck out and 'dead' su stituted; but 'fled' must have been reinstated when the proofs came. Hu remarks, "How true and cordial, the '*warmed* jewels,' and what matter of fa also, made elegant, in the rustling downward of the attire; and the mixture dress and undress, and of the dishevelled hair, likened to a 'mermaid in se weed!' But the next stanza is perhaps the most exquisite in the poem."

XXVII. There are the following rejected openings in the Locker-Lamps manuscript—

Then stepping forth she slips...
The charm fled not—she did not look behind.

and of line 2 these readings —

She lay and had not seen her...
She lay and till the poppied warmth of sleep...
She lay in sort of wakeful swoon perplext...

Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;

odhouse reads lines 4 and 5 thus—

Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued, away
Flown like a thought until the morrow's day,

I am inclined to think that the printers are responsible for the sense of the t, as altered by the punctuation. Line 7 originally began with 'Shut like Missal' which was altered first to 'Like a shut Missal', then to 'Like a sp'd Missal', and then to 'Clasp'd like a missal'. Line 8 originally began h 'Dead to'; and in line 9 'shut', which was first written, was struck out 'close' and 'close' was again struck out for 'shut'. Hunt comments thus: an the beautiful go beyond this? I never saw it. And how the imagery s! Flown like a *thought*—Blissfully *haven'd*—Clasp'd like a missal in a land *Pagans*: that is to say, where Christian prayer books must not be seen, and therefore, doubly cherished for the danger. And then, although nothing can pass the preciousness of this idea, is the idea of the beautiful, crowning all—

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

is it is that poetry, in its intense sympathy with creation, may be said to ate anew, rendering its words more impressive than the objects they speak of, individually more lasting; the spiritual perpetuity putting them on a level t to speak it profanely) with the fugitive compound."

XVIII. The holograph has the following cancelled passages before the stanza rts fairly :

Her slumbrous breathing...
The listening Porphyro her breathing heard
And when...
The entranced Porphyro stol'n to Paradise.

e 5 originally stood unfinished—

Which when he heard he breath'd himself...'

ine 7 another version is—

Noiseless as Fear amid a wilderness,

Line 8 seems to have been meant to read—

And o'er the silent carpet hushing stept,

ore the reading of the text was given. Woodhouse, who reads 'Lionel' for rphyro' in line 2, brings out a finer sense than that of the text in line 8 by inserting commas after 'carpet' and 'silent': Keats was more likely to have nt, using the adjective adverbially, that Porphyro stepped silently or noise- ly than that he held his tongue while stepping, as the punctuation of his ted text imports. In line 9 the holograph reads 'and' for 'where'.

Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slep

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,

XXIX. In the Locker-Lampson manuscript, the first three lines read thus:

Then by the bed side where the fading Moon
Made an illumed twilight soft he set
A Table, and with anguish spread thereon...

and there is a cancelled reading of line 3—

A Table light, and stilly threw thereon...

Woodhouse reads—

A table and with care quick spread thereon...

In line 6 there are cancelled readings, 'Clarions of the feast' and 'Clarions the Ball' for 'festive clarion'; and line 7 originally began with

Sounded though faint and far away,

altered to 'Sound in his ears', before the reading of the text was inserted, which, by the bye, we read 'clarinet' not 'clarionet'. For line 8 the manuscript reads—

Affray his ears though but in faintest tone;

and there are cancelled readings, 'Affrayd', and 'with' for 'in', and 'Reach his scar'd ears'. In line 9 there are rejected readings 'shut' and 'was' 'shuts' and 'is'. The Museum transcript reads 'braying' for 'midnight' line 6, and has 'clarinet' in line 7, as has Woodhouse. The first edition has common but inaccurate word 'clarionet'.

XXX. In the Museum transcript line 3 reads—

While he brought from the cabinet a heap...

Line 4 originally began with 'Of candied sweets', altered in the holograph 'Of candied fruits' before the reading of the text was supplied. In line 5 t

While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;

nuscript reads 'creamed curd', which has been substituted for 'daisy curd'. ne 6 originally read 'syrups smooth with cinnamon'; but 'smooth' is ncelled in favour of 'tinct'; and the Museum copy reads 'syrup' for 'syrops'. oodhouse reads 'creamed' for 'creamy' in line 5 and 'syrups' in line 6. Of e next passage there are in the holograph the following rejected readings—

And sugar'd dates from...
And sugar'd dates that o'er Euphrates fared
And manna mead and...
And sugar'd dates and manna mead transferred
In Brigantine from Fez...
Manna and dates in Brigantine transferred...

e word 'argosy' to complete the reading of the text is supplied in the margin. In e 9 two adjectives are cancelled before the happy epithet 'silken' is arrived at— ealthy' and another word of which I cannot make anything but 'quilted' unless leed it be *guilded* for *gilded*. For the purpose of implying richness, *quilted* is not inconceivable expression; for if silk be rich quilted silk is richer; and Keats was capable of writing a far-fetched word as he was of striking it out on revision. rphyro's banquet is a little suggestive of the "second course" in the meal read for Jupiter and Mercury by Baucis and Philemon (Ovid's Metamorphoses, ok VIII, verses 677-80, Sandys's Translation):

Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-smelling apples, disht in osier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I' th' midst, a hony combe.

t Keats's stanza is still more suggestive of the vegetarian banquet prepared by e for the Archangel Raphael ('Paradise Lost,' Book V, lines 337-48):

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinöus reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

e use of *soother* as the comparative of the adjective *sooth* is curious: surely must have meant it for an equivalent of *more soothing*, not *sweeter* or *smoother* Palgrave in his Golden Treasury Keats suggests. Here he may have been led by his great forerunner in word-craft, Milton, who employs this word, some- t doubtfully, in the superlative degree in 'Comus' (line 823) where he makes Spirit speak of

The soothest Shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

bably Milton means 'the most truth-speaking shepherd'; but it is not certain. any case *soothest* would justify *soother*; and it is well to note here the

Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
"Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
"Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
"Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream

resemblance of the highly elaborate syrup line to one in the same poem ('Comu lines 672-4):

And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mix'd.

We have here even the same prevalent assonance on the vowel sound *i*, and *syr* with an *o* as in Keats's line. Leigh Hunt says in his dainty way, "Here delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety!

Lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,

make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue.

XXXI. The Locker-Lampson manuscript reads 'golden salvers' in line 2; I presume 'dishes' was inserted in the proof to avoid using *salvers* twice, and would scarcely disturb the *lustrous salvers* of the next stanza. Lines 4 &c. the manuscript were originally written—

Amid the quiet of St. Agnes' night
And now, saith he, my Seraph with perfume light
Teeming...

And line 4 is left standing so in the manuscript, while the rest gives place to reading of the text. There is a rejected reading of line 6—

And now saith he my Seraph may awake.

Woodhouse has 'thy' for 'thine' in line 7.

XXXII. There is a cancelled opening in the Locker-Lampson manuscript giv 'sleep' for 'dream' at the end of line 2, and 'dreamless of alarm' as the of line 3; and another gives 'shaded were her dreams' in line 2, in which manuscript reads 'sunk' for 'sank'. Of line 6 there is a rejected version, finished,

Broad golden fringe lies wealthy on the f...

(probably 'floor' was the unfinished word); and in line 9 'stood' stands cancel in favour of 'mus'd'. The Museum copy reads 'sunk' for 'sank' in line 2.

By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy :"
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :
He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :

XXXIII. In line 5 'he held' and 'he touched' stand cancelled in the holo-ph in favour of 'touching'; and in line 7 there is a rejected reading, 'her eathing ceased' for 'she panted quick'. This manuscript reads 'half-yed' for 'affrayed' in line 8, and 'sunk' for 'sank' in line 9. So does oodhouse. The Museum copy also reads 'sunk', and, in the same line, 'fair-ılptur'd' for 'smooth-sculptured'. Hunt tells us in 'The Indicator' for the h of May 1820 that Keats's wonderful poem 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' was gested by seeing that title at the head of a translation from Alain Chartier, at end of Chaucer's works. The conceit of connecting the title here with a lost ovencal air is at the same time greatly imaginative and only a little less playful n Hunt's wish that Alain might have seen Keats's verses, because "He would e found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to La Belle Dame Agnes el, who was however not Sans Mercy."

XXIV. Line 2 was originally written in the holograph—

The vision of her sleep, now wide awake :

transposition is marked in the manuscript, where, in line 3, 'some painful nge' stands altered to 'a painful change.' Line 5 originally began with 'At ich she', and in line 6 the manuscript reads 'little words', though 'witless' ritten by way of memorandum in the margin. Lines 8 and 9 read—

Who with an aching brow and piteous eye
Feared to move or speak she look'd so dreamingly.

Museum copy shows a colon at the end of line 4 and reads 'mourn' for oan' in line 6. Woodhouse reads 'visions' in line 2, 'Lionel' in line 7, and ar'd to remove' in line 9.

There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro !" said she, "but even now
"Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
"Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
"And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
"How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
"Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
"Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
"Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
"For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXV. There are two half cancelled openings in the holograph,

At length she speaks, 'Ah Porphyro here

and

Ah Porphyro, saith she but even now...

and no complete line is supplied. In line 2 'by' is cancelled in favour of 'in and the holograph reads 'by' for 'with' in line 3, 'thy kind eyes' for 'tho sad eyes' in line 4, and 'a[r]t thou' for 'thou art' in line 5. Woodhouse rea line 1 thus—

She speaks—"Ah Lionel, but even now...

he copied only the words 'Give me the voice again' of line 6, and 'sweet Prosper is added in pencil—I think by Keats. On the blank page opposite is pencilled another hand—

Give me again that voice's warbling flow...

In line 9 Woodhouse reads 'Ah!' for 'For'. In the Museum transcript line reads :

And tim'd, devout, with every softest vow.

The *i* is clearly dotted : nevertheless *tun'd* was probably intended, not *tim'* This copy reads 'cold' for 'chill' in line 5; and lines 8 and 9 read thus—

See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow
Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow.

Compare the first quatrain of this stanza with 'A Midsummer Night's Drea (Act I, Scene 1, lines 183-4)—

Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,..

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"

XXXVI. In the holograph, line 1 was originally written thus:

Impassion'd far beyond a mortal man—

t the transposition is marked in the manuscript. Woodhouse, by what must ve been a mere slip in transcribing, reads 'fear' for 'far'. In line 2 'words' 'accents' stands cancelled. Line 4 originally began with 'Was either', as the magnificent third line was at first intended to refer to Porphyro's eyes—ike a throbbing star was either eye." 'With her bright dream' and 'In her ight dream' are rejected readings for 'Into her dream'. In line 6 this anuscript reads 'her odour', and originally read 'her perfume'. For line 7, ere is a false start, 'And are one', and for line 8 another, 'Darkness'. Line riginally opened with 'Against the Casement gloom', successively altered 'Window's gloom', 'Casement dark', and 'Windows dark': the line ally stands—

Against the windows dark. St. Agnes moon had set.

e reading of the text is not in the holograph, though it is in the Museum tran-ipt, wherein lines 1 to 7 read thus

For on the midnight came a tempest fell.
More sooth for that his close rejoinder flows
Into her burning ear;—and still the spell
Unbroken guards her in serene repose.
With her wild dream he mingled as a rose
Marryeth its odour to a violet.
Still, still she dreams.—louder the frost wind blows...

ainst the words *Beyond a mortal man*, Hunt makes the note "Madeline is lf awake, and Porphyro reassures her with loving, kind looks, and an affec-nate embrace." I cannot but think that in this one instance the commentator very decidedly at fault, and that no embrace is referred to in the stanza, though e was deliberately omitted from stanza XXXV.

XXXVII. The Locker-Lampson and Museum manuscripts read 'still' for uick' in line 1. In the former the word 'Ah' stands cancelled at the be-nning of line 6; line 8 was originally written as in the text; but 'forsakest' nds cancelled, in favour of 'shouldst leave forsaken', of which reading the rds 'shouldst leave' are also struck out: line 9 has the word 'To' cancelled the beginning, and the rejected reading 'A silent mateless dove'. Wood-use reads 'Lionel' in line 5.

Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
"Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
"Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
"I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
"Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
"A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
"Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
"Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dy'd?
"Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
"After so many hours of toil and quest,
"A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.
"Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
"Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
"To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXVIII. There is a rejected reading of line 1 in the Locker-Lampson manuscript—

My Madeline! Dark is this wintry night—

and of line 4

Ah silver shrine by thee will I take rest.

Line 6 originally began with the words 'With tearful'; and there are two completed versions—

With features pale and mournful Pilgrim's weeds

and

Pale featured and in weeds of Pilgrimage—

which stands uncancelled. Line 7 was first written thus:

I have found, but will not rob thy downy nest!

then

Though I have found I cannot rob thy nest!

and finally the last three lines are left standing thus:

Though I have found but cannot rob thy nest!
Soft Nightingale, I'll keep thee in a cage
To sing to me—but hark! the blinded tempest's rage!

Woodhouse has 'beauty' for 'beauty's' in line 3. The inverted commas closed at the end of the stanza by Woodhouse, and in Keats's edition. Hunt said "With what a pretty wilful conceit the *costume* of the poem is kept up in the third line about the shield! The poet knew when to introduce apparent trifles forbidden to those who are void of real passion, and who, feeling nothing intense can intensify nothing."

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
"Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
"Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
"The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—
"Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
"There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
"Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
"Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
"For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—

XXXIX. Line 2 originally ended in the holograph with 'but, my love, to us', hich was altered first to 'but a boon in truth' and then to 'but a boon deed'. Line 3 has a cancelled reading, 'Arise, my Love'. For line 6 there a false start, 'Over the moors'. Line 7 originally ended with 'the drench of ead', altered to 'the drenching mead' before the happier reading of the text as supplied. The last two lines stand thus in the holograph—

Put on warm clothing, sweet, and fearless be
Over the dartmoor bl[e]ak I have a home for thee.

ere is a cancelled reading, 'Over the bleak Dartmoor',—but for which one ght not have felt perfectly certain that *dartmoor blak* (with a small *d*) was an usion to that moor wherein the river Dart takes its rise, and which Keats could ocate" from Teignmouth by looking up the Estuary of the Teign at Hey Tor, ddle Tor, and Rippon Tor.

XL. In line 2, 'about' stands cancelled for 'around' in the Locker-Lampson nuscript; and line 3 was first written thus:

Or perhaps at glaring watch with ready spears—

t the reading of the text is substituted. 'Well' is struck out at the beginning line 4; in line 5 'not a' is struck out and 'heard no' written instead, and e Museum copy, perhaps by a slip in transcription, reads 'found' for 'heard'. en the holograph shows much fastidiousness in the matter of going on, thus—

But...
Though every...
But noise of winds besieging the high towers...
But the b...
But the besieging Storm...
The Lamps were flickering death shades on the walls
Without, the Tempest kept a hollow roar...
The Lamps were flickering...
The Lamps were dying in...
But here and there a Lamp was flickering out...
A drooping Lamp was flickering here and there.

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:

All these readings are rejected, and the stanza then proceeds to the end without further erasures except the word 'flutter'd' after 'arras' in line 7, and 'with cold' after 'Flutter'd' in line 8. Hunt observes upon the Alexandrine "This is a slip of the memory, for there were hardly carpets in those days. But the truth of the painting makes amends, as in the unchronological pictures of old masters." Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in similar circumstances in his magnificent ballad of 'The King's Tragedy', has avoided the unchronological flaw thus:

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And thorough the open door
The night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

XLI. Lines 1 and 2 were first written in the holograph thus:

Like Spirits into the wide-paven hall
They glide,—and to the iron porch in haste;

but the reading of the text is supplied in the manuscript. In line 3, 'slept' is substituted for 'lay', and 'lay' again for 'slept'. In line 4 the Locker-Lampson and Museum manuscripts read 'beaker' for 'flaggon'. Woodhouse reads 'large empty beaker'. For line 6 was originally written in the holograph—

And paced round Madeline all angerless,

and next

But with a calmed eye his mistress owns,

and then the reading of the text except that 'unanger'd' has the place of 'sagacious', which does not appear in the manuscript at all. Woodhouse reads—

But quick his calmed eye its mistress owns...

Of line 7 there is a rejected opening, 'The chains are loos'd, the...' and again a rejected close—

the easy bolts back slide
Silent.

Line 8 was originally—

Upon the pavement lie the heavy chains;

and in the line of the text as written 'lay' stands for 'lie' in both manuscripts. Woodhouse reads—

The chain lay silent on the footway stones...

By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone : aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform ;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

XLII. Lines 1 to 6 were at first written in the holograph thus :

And they are gone—Aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled into a night of storms—
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe
And all his warrior Guests with shades and forms
Of Witches, Deamons, and large coffin worms
Were long benigh[t]mared. Angela ne'er told...

ne 2 is left unfinished, as 'a night of' is struck out and 'the storm' (?) inserted t the second word cancelled. In line 3 'night' is struck out in favour of lorn'; but 'Morn' was rejected and 'night' restored, doubtless, when in rising the proof 'night' was removed from line 2. In line 6 'charnal' stands ncelled for 'coffin'. Woodhouse has 'coffin'd'. In line 6 'long' is cancelled d 'all' left standing in its place; and for the rest the manuscript is revised to respond with the stanza as given in the text. In the Museum copy lines 6 to 9 d thus—

Were all benightmared. Angela went off
Twitch'd with the Palsy ; and with face deform
The beadsman stiffen'd, twixt a sigh and laugh
Ta'en sudden from his beads by one weak little cough.

nt's last word is—"Here endeth the young and divine Poet, but not the delight l gratitude of his readers; for, as he sings elsewhere—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

In 'Imagination and Fancy' (1844) Hunt printed this poem among his ections from Keats's works. In the introduction the following paragraph ours :

"Let the student of poetry observe, that in all the luxury of the 'Eve of St. nes' there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no heaping of words or similes for their own sakes or the rhyme's sake; no gaudy mmon-places; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no ostitution of reading or of ingenious thoughts for feeling or spontaneity; no elevancy or unfitness of any sort. All flows out of sincerity and passion. The iter is as much in love with the heroine as his hero is; his description of the nted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous word; and only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of emotion."

POEMS

Published with 'Lamia' &c., 1820.

If Keats's challenge to the critics and the reading public of 1820 had consisted nothing but the nine poems forming this division of his last volume, they alone uld have been enough to establish his title not only to be "among the English ets" after his death, but to take one of the highest places in the opulent lyric erature of the century just closed, and closed upon a new public which has had thing but acclamation and praise for his best works and loving pity for his es. in place of the storm-clouds of misprision in which his star went down in 21. It is well to set down prominently here the names of the poems forming is group and to emphasize the order in which they were arranged, to wit:—

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE
ODE ON A GRECIAN URN
ODE TO PSYCHE
FANCY
ODE [Bards of Passion and of Mirth]
LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN
ROBIN HOOD.
TO AUTUMN
ODE ON MELANCHOLY

ding with that sombre but true and noble "criticism of life" which depicts so vid.y the fate of the dying poet who was then completing his sorrowful pilgrimage. t the reader note that the last message of this young man of twenty-four to his appreciative countrymen, then grovelling at the feet of Byron, was that elancholy lives in the very house of Beauty and of Joy—

Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu;

at Melancholy lives also with Pleasure and poisons the draught she offers; that elancholy reigns supreme in the very temple of Delight, though only seen by n who has power to taste the highest joy—the poet; and that the poet's soul all taste the sadness of the might of this same Melancholy,

And be among her cloudy trophies heavy.

ow terribly true this philosophy is, how profoundly and pathetically applicable Keats's own brief and disastrous experience of life, none can fail to see who ve read the short account of that life prefixed to the first volume of this edition. ose who go on to read to the end the poet's letters will see still more clearly e soul of Keats, hung among the "cloudy trophies" of Melancholy—of that very elancholy derived from the sense of fleeting beauty, joy that can not be retained, easure that is poisonous, delight that is but for a creative moment.

But how many keys he touched for our delight in this one group of poems! nd how beautifully he arranged his short procession of Odes in which he rpasses Gray and Collins in craftsmanship, and trochaic couplets in which he ays with the lightest touch and fills with the breath of his own life the instru-nt handled by Ben Jonson and Milton, and again in his own time touched with ch difference of individual magic by Shelley and Coleridge.

With special reference to the first poem in the following group,—the Ode to a ghtingale, Benjamin Robert Haydon, in one of his letters to Miss Mitford Correspondence &c.,' Volume II, page 72), says of Keats—"The death of his other wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to oop. He wrote his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale' at this time, and as we re one evening walking in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he t it to paper, in a low, tremulous under-tone which affected me extremely." rd Houghton says the Ode was suggested by the continued song of a nightingale ich, in the spring of 1819, had built its nest close to Wentworth Place. "Keats,"

says the biographer (Aldine edition, 1876, page 237), "took great pleasure in he
song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass plo
under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He the
reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon pu
together in the form of this Ode." The anecdote as told in the 'Life, Letters, &c
(Volume I, page 245 of the 1848 edition, and page 207 of the 1867 edition) repre
sents Brown as detecting the poet in the act of thrusting the scraps of the Od
away "as waste paper, behind some books," and names Brown as the person wh
put them together. I presume Lord Houghton saw afterwards that Brown mus
have mistaken the bearing of Keats's action, inasmuch as the other evidence doe
not square with the carelessness implied. It is well to put the two forms of th
story together, because the earliest version is still a favourite cutting for magazin
and anthology notes.

In Leigh Hunt's review of 'Lamia, Isabella, etc.' in 'The Indicator,' he says
this poem—"There is that mixture in it of real melancholy and imaginativ
relief, which poetry alone presents us in her 'charmed cup,' and which some ove
rational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true. It does no
follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is rea
the mixture is good and sufficing. A poet finds refreshment in his imaginary win
as other men do in their real; nor have we the least doubt, that Milton found hi
grief for the loss of his friend King, more solaced by the allegorical recollections
Lycidas, (which were exercises of his mind, and recollections of a friend who woul
have admired them) than if he could have anticipated Dr. Johnson's objection
and mourned in nothing but broadcloth and matter of fact. He yearned after th
poetical as well as social part of his friend's nature; and had as much right t
fancy it straying in the wilds and oceans of romance, where it had strayed, as i
the avenues of Christ's College where his body had walked. In the same spirit th
imagination of Mr. Keats betakes itself, like the wind, 'where it listeth,' and i
as truly there as if his feet could follow it. The poem will be the more striking t
the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling hin
that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickene
and shaken body, and that in the mean while it has had to contend with feeling
that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do s
for itself;—we mean, critical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wrea
its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already.

The late Mrs. Owen's notes on the Odes of Keats ('John Keats a Study,' 188
are perhaps the most sympathetic and luminous parts of a truly sympathetic an
luminous book. At pages 160 to 162 is the following passage:—

"But the poetry whose inspiration comes suddenly from a quickly generate
sympathy with passing circumstance has a value of its own exceeding in som
ways that of more premeditated work, for it pictures to us more vividly the huma
life of the writer. The actual life of Keats (as moved or touched by human ci
cumstance), which is revealed in the Odes and Sonnets, makes clearer to us th
underlying human truths of 'Endymion' and 'Hyperion.' Such a poem as th
'Ode to a Nightingale' (written on scraps of paper and thrust away as was
behind some books) is a spontaneous expression of the life the poet was the
living. The nightingale sang in the plum-tree at Wentworth Place, and Kea
sat and listened to it, and wrote one of the saddest and sweetest poems in ou
language. It was written in the same year and nearly at the same time
'Lamia,' when the shadow of his approaching doom seemed to be stealing ov
him, when his brother Tom, whom he had loved so well, had lately died, when h
was waking to consciousness of the love that was his fate. There is noticeab
all through the poem that languor and failure of the springs of life whi
marks the first approach of death, however distant the event may be, and th
remarkably quickened sympathy with all natural life which is so often to
seen in those who are doomed to die. It was this sympathy which made Kea

e a few months later, 'How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world
ress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! The simple flowers of our spring
what I want to see again'.
It was therefore no mere poetic wish, but the expression of a real sadness, which
pted the longing 'to fade away into the forest dim' with the nightingale."
ad Mrs. Owen lived to revise her little book, she would have found several
ts on which to work in the light of facts not known in 1880. It might even
e chanced that the waste paper legend would have disappeared.

H. B. F.

POEMS.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

A fair copy of this Ode is written at the end of the 'Endymion' in Sir Charles lke's collection, and is dated "May 1819." A copy which occurs in Wood- use's Common-place book is similarly dated. This Ode is also among those of nich there are transcripts in the British Museum book of Keats manuscripts. ne poem was printed as long ago as July 1819, in the quarterly magazine called Annals of the Fine Arts,' edited by James Elmes, but to a great extent informed Haydon. The Ode is the last thing in Number XIII, and is signed with "dagger" (†). This original version corresponds in the main with Sir Charles lke's manuscript; and both are headed 'Ode to the Nightingale,' not 'a ightingale,' as are the Museum and Woodhouse transcripts.

1. Lord Houghton and Mr. Palgrave follow the editions of Galignani and Smith printing 'thy' for 'thine' in the sixth line of this stanza; but I am not aware any authority for the change.

2. Of Keats's partiality for claret enough and too much has been made; but om his delightful list of desiderata given to his sister in his letter of the 17th of pril 1819 it is impossible to resist citing as a prose parallel to these two splendid nes of poetry, the words, "and, please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

cellar a mile deep—with a few or a good many ratafia cakes." In the first line o this stanza the Dilke and Museum manuscripts and the 'Annals' read 'has' fo 'hath'; in the sixth the Dilke manuscript reads 'true and blushful' and th Museum copy 'true and blissful'; and all three manuscripts and the 'Annals are without the word 'away' which, in the subsequent version published wit 'Lamia &c.,' makes the final line of this stanza an Alexandrine. I do not thin the circumstances warrant the reduction of this wonderful line to the metri standard of the rest, albeit Lord Houghton has been taken to task for leavin it in its loveliness. To me the introduction of the word *away* in the versio finally given forth by Keats is too redolent of genius to pass for a mere acciden The perfection thus lent to the echo opening the next stanza exceeds a thousan times in value the regularity got by dropping the word; and that one line with it lingering motive has ample reason to be longer than any other in the poem. Hun must have been familiar enough with the poem before it was embodied in th 'Lamia' volume; and it is more than possible that he knew all about the histor of that one word's introduction. Therefore it is worth while to set down a external evidence that, when he quoted the poem entire in 'The Indicator' an again when he printed it in 'Imagination and Fancy,' he gave the author's *la* copy that preference which a textual critic is bound to give.

3. In the third stanza the Dilke manuscript reads 'have' for 'hast' in line and both manuscripts read 'others' for 'other' in line 4; but the 'Annals' rea as in the text of 1820. The sixth line very clearly bears out Haydon's word connecting the sadness of the poem with the death of Tom Keats, and should b compared with the passage about his sister in the letter to Brown written fro Rome on the 30th of November 1820,—"my sister—who walks about my imagin tion like a ghost—she is so like Tom." In the same letter he says "it runs i my head we shall all die young".

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,

5. Woodhouse reads 'tell' for 'see' in line 1 of this stanza. In the last line
at one the Dilke and Museum manuscripts and the 'Annals' read 'sweetest wine'.
n that delightful book 'On the Study of Celtic Literature' (1867, pages 166 and
67), Matthew Arnold, analysing the style of Goethe and the style of Keats, notes
hat, while Goethe has "the power of Greek radiance" but not "the power of
atural magic... Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which
, as I say, Celtic; from his:—

What little town, by river or seashore—

ee 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'] to his:—

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves—

his:—

... magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn—

which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from
eltic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakeable power."

6. Compare with the second line Shelley's words in the Preface to 'Adonais,'
It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so
veet a place." In line 7 of this stanza, both the manuscripts and the 'Annals'
ad 'thus' for 'forth', and line 10 is as follows:

For thy high requiem, become a sod.

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

7. In the last line of this stanza the word 'fairy' instead of 'faery' stands i the Dilke and Museum manuscripts and in the 'Annals'; but the 'Lamia' volum reads 'faery', which enhances the poetic value of the line in the subtlest manner- eliminating all possible connexion of *fairy-land* with Christmas trees, tinsel, an Santa Claus, and carrying the imagination safely back to the middle ages—t 'Amadis of Gaul,' to 'Palmerin of England,' and above all to the East, to th 'Thousand and one Nights.' It seems to me unlikely that any particular stor is referred to, though there are doubtless many stories that will answer more less nearly to the passage.

8. In the Woodhouse transcript the second line reads

To toll me back from thee unto myself.

In the two other manuscripts and in the 'Annals', there is a note of exclamatio after 'elf' in the fourth line. In the Dilke manuscript the last two lines a pointed thus:

Was it a vision? or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep.

The Museum manuscript agrees with this save that it has a note of interrogatio at the end. In the 'Annals' the lines stand thus:

Was it a vision? Or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

The Ode on a Grecian Urn is mentioned by Lord Houghton in connexion with e Ode to a Nightingale as belonging to the Spring of 1819; and we are formed of both alike that, soon after they were composed, Keats "repeated, or ther chanted, them to Mr. Haydon, in the sort of recitative that so well suited s deep grave voice, as they strolled together through Kilburn meadows, leaving indelible impression on the mind of his surviving friend." The manuscript in r Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion' is dated simply "1819"; so is a copy in e British Museum manuscript volume. The poem appeared in Number XV of nnals of the Fine Arts,' headed "On a Grecian Urn," and signed with a lagger" (†). It would seem to have appeared in January 1820. There is some ason for thinking that the particular urn which inspired this beautiful poem is a newhat weather-beaten work in marble still preserved in the garden of Holland ouse, and figured in Piranesi's 'Vasi e Candelabri.'

1. In the 'Annals,' in line 1 of this stanza, there is a comma after 'still', which do not find in the 'Lamia' volume or in the manuscript. In line 8 in the nnals' we read 'What Gods or Men are these?' And both in the magazine d in the manuscripts, the last line but one is—

What love? what dance? what struggle to escape?

e version of the 1820 volume, given in the text, is an obvious revision.

2.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

3.

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea shore,

2. Lines 5 and 6 of this stanza stand thus in the 'Annals' :

Fair Youth, beneath the trees thou can'st not leave
Thy song, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;

and in line 8 both the 'Annals' and the manuscripts read 'O do not grieve !'

3. In the 'Annals' line 2 has 'never' in place of 'ever'.

4. The manuscripts in line 4, read 'sides' in place of 'flanks' ; and in line 1 'ne'er' stands for 'e'er' in the Dilke manuscript. The reading of line 7 'Is emptied of this folk', is that of the 'Annals' and the 1820 volume a well as of the manuscripts. It is followed by Galignani (1829) ; but in 184 and 1841 Smith printed 'Is emptied of its folk', a reading which goes throug the Moxon and Aldine editions. Palgrave considers it to have "less improbabilit than the great majority of the alterations which the ordinary editions present." He does not, however adopt it. Matthew Arnold, who was not curious abou

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

5.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

nglish texts, does naturally adopt the reading of the accessible editions in 1867, hen, in his admirable work "On the Study of Celtic Literature" (page 165), he lduces lines 5, 6, and 7 of this stanza as a specimen of "the Greek way of andling nature." He says it is "as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; is compared with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being lded." See note on stanza 5 of the Ode to a Nightingale.

5. It is not quite clear in which sense Keats uses the archaic word *brede* in the rst line,—whether he means *breadth* or *embroidery*: *breadth* would give by nch the finer sense; and, used in that sense, the word was quite in the line of his own reading—as in Chaucer's *handis-brede* for *hands-breadth*, and especially the poem in those days attributed to Chaucer, 'The Floure and the Lefe,' which e studied most carefully. There he must have paused and pondered with delight the lines

And at the last, a path of litel brede
I found, that gretly had not usèd be;

the other hand Waller, who was less in Keats's line of reading, has a poem On a Brede of Divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies'—in which the word clearly eans embroidery.

In the Dilke manuscript there is a comma after 'maidens' in line 2, and none ter 'overwrought'; but the preferable punctuation of the text is in both of the inted versions. In line 7 the manuscripts and the 'Annals' agree in reading vilt' for 'shalt'. The Museum copy reads 'as friend' in line 8. In regard to e two final lines the version of the 'Lamia' volume is adopted above. In the anuscripts there are no turned commas; and in the 'Annals' the two lines are us:

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty.—That is all
Ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know.

is seems to confirm the limitation of the Urn's moral to the five words indicated the text; and, although I have not thought it worth while to note all the riations of pointing and capitalling of the 'Annals' version, I find them very aracteristic of Keats, and suggestive of accurate printing from a fair manuscript his. But for this I should have been disposed to regard the words

that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

a part of the Urn's lesson, and not as the poet's personal comment.

The late Mrs. Owen (in 'John Keats a Study,' 1880, page 169) says "the wide-aching thought, the high conception, and the repressed feeling of the 'Ode on a ecian Urn' makes it perhaps the crowning glory of the shorter poems. It is the

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,

inspiration of one of those hours when the quiet of the great past seems a more powerful influence than the action of the present or purposes of the future. It is not joyful, for its thought is too calm for joy, and it is not sorrowful, for its calm is too deep for sorrow. It has gathered from all time the abiding principle of Beauty, and sees in its undying power the true friend of man." Palgrave points out the variation of the "rhyme formulae in the latter six lines" of the different stanzas; and observes—"Had the first and last stanzas been throughout equal to the second, third, and fourth, this Ode would have had few rivals in our, or any, literature."

Of the Ode to Psyche, under date the 15th of April [1819] Keats writes to George and his wife, "The following poem, the last I have written, is the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains; I have, for the most part, dashed off my lines in a hurry; this one I have done leisurely; I think it reads the more richly for it, and it will I hope encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit. You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion: I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected." This is an instance in which Keats seems to have gone beyond Lemprière's Classical Dictionary for his information; but I presume we may not unsafely take the portraiture of Cupid and Psyche in the first stanza as an adapted reminiscence of his other favourite text book, Spence's 'Polymetis,' in Plate VI of which the well known kissing Cupid and Psyche are admirably engraved from the statue at Florence. The holograph of the journal-letter of February-May 1819 quoted above, in which a considerable mass of poetry was transcribed by Keats for his brother and sister-in-law, shows some variations of the 'Ode to Psyche': line 6 has 'awaked' in place of 'awaken'd'; line 10 'whisp'ring fan' for 'whisp'ring roof', which is a curious instance of a rhyme deliberately lost; line 14 stands thus—

Blue, freckle-pink, and budded Syrian

Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:

Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

nd the word 'Syrian' is quite unequivocally written in lieu of 'Tyrian'. Line
3 is a question—

His Psyche true?

istead of an emphatic answer—

His Psyche true!

n line 28 we read 'hadst' for 'hast', and in line 36 'O Bloomiest!' for 'O
rightest!' Line 44 begins with 'O' instead of 'So'; in line 57 'charmed'
ands cancelled for 'lull'd', and in line 62 'frame' for 'feign'. At the close of
is wonderful piece of work Keats has written in modest playfulness

Here endethe ye Ode to Psyche.

20. Hunt remarks on this line in 'The Indicator' in a strain justly censorious
ut amusingly unconscious that the fault of style was a survival from the time of
s own baleful influence on the younger poet. "When Mr. Keats errs in his
etry, it is from the ill management of a good thing,—exuberance of ideas. Once
twice, he does so in a taste positively bad, like Marino or Cowley, as in a line
his Ode to Psyche

At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love;

ut it is once or twice only, in his present volume."

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retir'd
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspir'd.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

42. Mrs. Owen (in 'John Keats a Study,' 1880) remarks with insight on thi poem:—"Again we feel the wondrous power of realising the past and uniting with the present and the future, which was one of the peculiar inspirations of th genius of Keats. This link with the 'faint Olympians' has in it the ver principle of continuity, the recognition of the growing soul of the ages. For tha prophetic gaze, drawing from the past the undying principle of beauty, which saw also in a distant future, found a fitness in the absence of Psyche from th deities of long ago."

54-5. Ruskin says of this passage that "Keats, as is his way, puts nearly a that may be said of the pine into one verse, though they are only figurative pin of which he is speaking." After avowing that to read Keats makes him discontented with his own work as to make it necessary to abstain, he says- "but others must not leave unread, in considering the influence of trees upon th human soul, that marvellous Ode to Psyche."

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,

Of 'Fancy,' the holograph journal-letter to George Keats and his wife, written
the winter of 1818-19, includes a copy corresponding generally with the copy in
r Charles Dilke's 'Endymion,' from which an extract was given in 'The
thenæum' of the 15th of September 1877. The variations noted below show
eats's usual good judgment in regard to change and exclusion.

6. In the manuscripts this line is—

Towards heaven still spread beyond her.

15-16. In the manuscripts we read 'kissing' in place of 'tasting' and 'in an
gle' for 'by the ingle'.

24-5. The journal-letter reads 'vesper' for 'Even' and 'then' for 'there'.

28. 'She'll have', in the manuscripts.

29. The manuscripts read—

She will bring thee spite of frost...

Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lillies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,

33-4. In place of these lines the journal-letter has

All the faery buds of May
On spring turf or scented spray;

43-5. In the manuscripts these lines stand thus:

And in the same moment hark
To the early April lark
And the rooks with busy caw...

50. In the manuscripts we read 'Hedge-row primrose'.
54. In the manuscripts we read 'same soft shower'.
55. The journal-letter reads 'creep' for 'peep'.
57-8. In the manuscripts thus—

And the snake all winter-shrank
Cast its skin on sunny bank...

When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-ey'd as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,

66. There is an additional couplet after this line in the manuscripts—

For the same sleek-throated mouse
To store up in its winter house.

67-8. Instead of this couplet the manuscripts have the following four lines:

O sweet fancy let her loose!
Every sweet is spoilt by use
Every pleasure every joy
Not a mistress but doth cloy...

73. 'Does' in the manuscripts.
76. The manuscripts read 'too oft and oft'.
81. Compare 'Paradise Lost,' Book IV, lines 269-72:—

. . . Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

ODE.

[*Written on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragi-Comedy "The Fair Maid of the Inn."*]

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,

89-91. Instead of these three lines the manuscripts have the following seventeen:

And Jove grew languid. Mistress fair!
Thou shalt have that tressed hair
Adonis tangled all for spite
And the mouth he would not kiss
And the treasure he would miss;
And the hand he would not press
And the warmth he would distress
O the ravishment—the bliss—
Fancy has her—there she is!
Never fulsome—ever new
There she steps! and tell me who
Has a mistress so divine?
Be the palate ne'er so fine
She cannot sicken. Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash
Where she's tether'd to the heart—
Quick break her prison string...

From the fact that "Bards of Passion and of Mirth" is written in Keats's Beaumont and Fletcher, now in Sir Charles Dilke's possession, and from internal evidence, we may judge it to be addressed to the brother poets of passion and mirth who wrote the tragi-comedy of 'The Fair Maid of the Inn,' and not to the poets at large, as indicated by the title given in 'The Golden Treasury,' to which 'Ode on the Poets.' Keats seems to have copied the poem into the journal-letter of 1818-19 from the Beaumont and Fletcher volume. Woodhouse's Common-place book contains a transcript dated the 26th of March 1819, some two months too late, probably from another manuscript. He opens with a Keatsian enough punctuation of the first four lines, which he closes respectively with a note of exclamation, a semi-colon, a note of interrogation, and a full-stop. There are insignificant variations of pointing that I have not thought worth noting.

Double-liv'd in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;

1. Cancelled line in the Dilke manuscript after line 4—
With the earth ones I am talking.
5-6. Cancelled manuscript reading,—
that of heaven communes
With the spheres of Suns and Moons...
10. In the manuscripts, 'another's'.
19-20. In the holographs there is the following uncancelled reading of this couplet:
But melodious truth divine
Philosophic numbers fine,...
1 Woodhouse reads similarly but with 'In' before 'Philosophic'. Compare ton's 'Comus', lines 476-8,
How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute...
21. Cancelled reading, 'Stories' for 'Tales'.
29. Cancelled reading, 'loves' for 'souls'.
30-1. In the Dilke manuscript and the Woodhouse transcript we read—
To mortals of the little Week
They must sojourn...

Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-liv'd in regions new !

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,

The rest of line 31 has had too much cut off in binding to be legible; but I do n doubt that it was *with their cares* as in the journal-letter and Woodhouse's boo Keats seems to have copied the poem without discovering the lack of a rhyme.

36. Woodhouse puts notes of exclamation at the end of this line and the next, dash at the end of line 38, and underlines 'have' in line 39.

40. The idea of the double life of the poetic soul is not uncommon; but perha the most noteworthy parallel is to be found in the two following stanzas from t poem which Wordsworth wrote in 1803 "on the banks of Nith, near the poe [Burns's] residence" (the third poem of the 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland') :

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings?

In regard to the Lines on the Mermaid Tavern, Palgrave, when he issued h beautiful 'Golden Treasury,' felt it necessary to explain in connexion with th poem that "the Mermaid was the club-house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, a other choice spirits of that age." Such an explanation is less necessary now th then. The British Museum book of Keats manuscripts contains a holograph

Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

poem headed "Ode, 1818." In Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion' is a copy, also dated '1818'. And there is an undated transcript in Woodhouse's amon-place book.
. The Dilke and Woodhouse manuscripts read 'Fairer' for 'Choicer'.
. The Museum manuscript reads 'Richer' for 'Sweeter'.
. The Dilke manuscript has 'Old' in place of 'O'; and the Museum manupt reads 'delicious' for 'O generous'.
2. Woodhouse reads 'booze' for 'bowse'.
5. The Museum holograph shows a slip here—'know wither' for 'knew ther'.
8. In all three manuscripts 'Says' for 'Said'.
9. Instead of 'new old-sign', the reading of the first edition, the Museum graph and Woodhouse read 'new old sign', and the Dilke copy 'new-old '.
3-6. The poem ends thus in the Dilke and Woodhouse manuscripts:—

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
Are the winds a sweeter home,
Richer is uncellar'd cavern
Than the Merry Mermaid Tavern?

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;

Of the Robin Hood verses there are four manuscripts to be referred to,—or being apparently the first draft, corrected and altered in course of composition, or a very careful copy written at the end of the copy of 'Endymion' in Sir Charl Dilke's possession, a third the transcript of Richard Woodhouse, and a fourth th copy in the British Museum Keats volume. The draft was found by the late M S. R. Townshend Mayer among the manuscripts of Leigh Hunt; and, as it wa written on the same piece of paper with Shelley's Sonnet to the Nile, it is no very hazardous to refer the composition to about the same date—February 181 (see Letter of the 16th of that month). Sir Charles Dilke's copy and that of th Museum are dated simply "1818", and Woodhouse's "3 February 1819", course a clerical error for 1818. The Woodhouse and Dilke copies are headed—

To John Reynolds,
In answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets—

the Museum copy

To John Reynolds
In answer to his Sonnets on Robin Hood.

The Dilke manuscript corresponds almost exactly with the printed text: th draft shows considerable variations.

6-7. Cancelled reading of the draft—

Many times old Winter's shears
Frozen North and chilly east,...

10. In the draft this line is

Since Men paid no Rent and Leases.

Woodhouse copied the line with *and* left out, noting in the margin that *and* wa in the original: *on* is inserted in pencil in the blank space.

Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

13. Cancelled reading, 'And the whistle shrill is...'
16. Cancelled reading, 'No old hermit with his...' Probably it was meant to ish the line with *staff*.
18. The draft reads—

Jests { deep in / within } a forest drear.

nd there is then the following couplet, cancelled:

No more barbed arrows fly
Through one's own roof to the sky...

19. In the draft thus—

{ In / On } the fairest { time / day } of June...

21-2. Rejected readings, 'Planets seven', and 'polar beam'.
25-7. Cancelled reading—

Never meet one of all the clan
Rattling on an empty can
An old hunting ditty...

Woodhouse reads—

Never any of the clan.

29-30. In the draft, 'Mistress' is struck out in favour of 'Hostess'; and in he finished copy 'pasture' and 'Trent' are connected with a hyphen.
31-2. In the draft—

{ For / When } he left the merry Tale
Messenger { to / for } spicy ale.

n the Dilke and Museum manuscripts the preposition in line 32 is 'to'; but in the

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!

printed edition 'for'. Instead of the present lines 33 to 42 Keats first wrote th following:

No those times are flown and past.
What if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave?
How would Marian behave
In the forest now a days?
She would weep and he would craze.

But after finishing the poem he wrote on the other side of the paper the delightf lines as they now stand, except that line 37 is

All are gone and all is past!

and in line 39 'tufted' stands in place of 'turfed'. In the Dilke copy the wor 'should be' and 'should have' in lines 38 and 40 are underlined.

44. In the draft—

Fallen beneath the Woodma[n]'s strokes...

46. The Museum copy reads 'his' for 'her'.

47-8. Woodhouse encloses from 'strange!' to 'money' in inverted commas.

49. In the draft, 'then' stands cancelled in favour of 'yet'; and there is unfinished line struck out immediately afterwards, 'Though the Glories...'

Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

TO AUTUMN.

I.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

61-2. Line 61 originally began with 'Though their Pleasures'; and the final ne stands in the draft thus—

You and I a stave will try.

ne reading of the text is in the other manuscripts, as well as in the first edition. ynolds's sonnets, to which the poem is a reply, are recorded in Woodhouse's ok as having appeared in the 'Yellow Dwarf' for the 21st of February 1818. ney reappear in 'The Garden of Florence' &c. (1821), and will be found in a ter volume of this edition of Keats, in a note to the letter which he addressed to ynolds concerning them, under date the 3rd of February 1818.

The Ode to Autumn would seem to have been just composed when Keats wrote Reynolds from Winchester his letter of the 22nd of September 1819. He says How beautiful the season is now. How fine the air—a temperate sharpness out it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never liked abble-fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the Spring. mehow, a stubble plain looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look arm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." rs. S. G. Ward of New York was good enough to communicate to me in 1883 rough the late Miss Emma Lazarus some interesting rejected readings of the Ode Autumn. In 1838 George Keats presented to Mrs. Ward (then Miss Barker of w Orleans) his brother's original manuscript of this poem. The manuscript in final state corresponds in the main with the poem as issued by Keats in 1820; t there are several cancellings and variations. A transcript of a holograph anuscript is among those in the British Museum Keats volume. These manu-ipts read thus, in stanza 1, line 4—

The vines with fruit that round the thatch-eves run;

d in the sixth line 'sweetness' for 'ripeness'. In the same line the tran-ipt reads 'fruits' for 'fruit'; and in line 8 the holograph reads 'white' for weet'.

And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

2. For line 1, the holograph reads 'Who hath not seen thee, for thy haunts are many'; in line 2, 'for thee' instead of 'abroad'; after line 4—

While bright the sun slants through the husky barn
Or sound asleep in a half reaped field
Dozed with red poppies while thy reaping hook
Spares from some slumbrous minutes while warm slumbers
creep...

and again

Spares for some slumbrous minutes the next swath;

then in line 11, 'oozing' for 'oozings'. The Museum copy gives lines 6 and 7 thus—

Dozéd with a fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next sheath and all its honied flowers;

line 9 thus—

Steady thy leaden head across the brook;

and in line 11, 'oozing' for 'oozings'.

3. For lines 3 and 4, the holograph reads—

While a gold cloud gilds the soft dying day
Touching the stubble plains with rosy hue—

and for line 6—

Among the river sallows, on thee borne aloft...

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

I.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine ;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine ;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

'and' for 'or' in line 7; and line 9 thus—

Hedge-crickets sing; and now again full soft...

showing also in line 11 the rejected reading 'And new flock still'. The Museum copy has (wrongly, of course) 'born' for 'borne' in line 6, and corresponds with the holograph in line 9. The term 'Hedge crickets' for 'grasshoppers' in line 9 resumes very happily the whole sentiment of Keats's competition sonnet 'On the Grasshopper and Cricket.' See Volume 1, page 49.

Of the Ode on Melancholy Lord Houghton gives the following stanza as a rejected opening from the original manuscript:

Though you should build a bark of dead men's bones,
And rear a phantom gibbet for a mast,
Stitch shrouds together for a sail, with groans
To fill it out, blood-stained and aghast ;
Although your rudder be a dragon's tail
Long sever'd, yet still hard with agony,
Your cordage large uprootings from the skull
Of bald Medusa, certes you would fail
To find the Melancholy—whether she
Dreameth in any isle of Lethe dull...

Lord Houghton tells us that "no sooner was this written, than the poet became conscious that the coarseness of the contrast would destroy the general effect of luxurious tenderness which it was the object of the poem to produce, and he confined the gross notion of Melancholy to less violent images,..." The British Museum Keats book contains a transcript from the author's manuscript, which reads 'hills' for 'hill' in line 4 of stanza 2 and 'lives in' for 'dwells with' in line 1 of stanza 3.

2.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

The late Mrs. Owen pointed out in her 'John Keats a Study' (1880, page 166) that the Ode on Melancholy "seems to have been partly influenced by the verses at the commencement of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which suggest that fulfilled joy is melancholy, and that the other side of every pleasure is pain. But the thought of Keats goes beyond this, he sees the sadness of all joy, and that it is not the acknowledged grief of our lives which is the secret of true melancholy, but that our gladness should be what it is. It is not the wolf's-bane, the night-shade, the yew berries, the death-moth, that are the saddest emblems; it is 'the morning rose,' 'the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,' 'the wealth of globed peonies,' 'the peerless eyes' of her that is loved."

Keats does not appear to me to owe anything to Burton's verses, though of course he had read them,—read both 'The Argument of the Frontispiece' and 'The Author's Abstract of Melancholy',—and it is likely that he had in his mind the lines

Now desperate I hate my life,
Lend me a halter or a knife;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so damn'd as melancholy.

If so, it was in protest that he broke out with his warning not to seek a cure for Melancholy in that 'forgetfulness of things' to be found in the garden of Proserpine. His note is incomparably higher than Burton's, which is not to be regarded seriously as poetry.

HYPERION.

A FRAGMENT.

Lord Houghton records, on the authority of Charles Armitage Brown, that 'Hyperion' was begun after the death of Tom Keats, when the poet took up his residence at Wentworth Place; but Mr. Colvin asserts somewhat positively, on what does not seem to me to be conclusive evidence, that the poem was begun in September or October 1818, at Tom's bedside. In the journal-letter to George and his wife in which the first allusion to Tom's death occurs, writing in December 1818, Keats says, "I think you knew before you left England that my next subject would be 'the fall of Hyperion.' I went on a little with it last night..."; and on the 14th of February 1819 he writes "I have not gone on with 'Hyperion'." In August he writes to Bailey from Winchester, "I have also been writing parts of my 'Hyperion'..." On the 22nd of September he says in his letter to Reynolds, "I have given up 'Hyperion'—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or, rather, artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from 'Hyperion,' and put a mark, +, to the false beauty, proceeding from art, and one ‖, to the true voice of feeling. Upon my soul, 'twas imagination; I cannot make the distinction—every now and then there is a Miltonic intonation—but I cannot make the division properly." This passage has been thought to refer to the Dream version of 'Hyperion'; but such cannot really be the case. Richard Woodhouse, in his interleaved and annotated copy of 'Endymion,' records under the date April 1819 that Keats had lent him the fragment of Hyperion for perusal. "It contains," says Woodhouse, "2 books & ½—(abt 900 lines in all)." As the extant fragment of the Dream consists of one Canto of 444 lines, and the 62 opening lines of a second Canto, while the fragment published in 1820 consists of 883 lines, that was, no doubt, what Woodhouse had: moreover he makes, in connexion with his note, three extracts which are from the published version. He records that Keats "said he was dissatisfied with what he had done of it; and should not complete it." The other version of 'Hyperion' in the form of a Dream which Lord Houghton gave first as a revised version and then as a draft, has been shown on the distinct evidence of Brown to be a revision and of a late date. No holograph manuscript of 'Hyperion' has yet come to light; but Woodhouse appears to have had one copied into his Common-place book before it was revised finally for the impression of 1820, and to have marked or got marked in pencil some of the subsequent omissions and alterations. The transcript is made in what one would feel confident in describing as the writing of a lawyer's young clerk (Woodhouse was a lawyer): it is very carefully made; and, I do not doubt, preserves much of Keats's spelling, punctuation, and capitalling, which for lack of authority I have not used. It may be noted as a measure of the transcriber's education that *Mnemosyne* is invariably spelt Muemosyne (Keats's *n's* and *u's* being more or less indistinctive). In one case, Woodhouse found his boy out, and altered the *u* to an *n*. There is scarcely any doubt that this transcript was the "copy" sent to the printer in 1820 to set the poem up from. It has the usual indelible printing-house finger-marks, and, as touched up with the pencil, does not vary from the printed book in a greater degree than would be likely, if we allow for the usual amount of printing-house punctuation and a not undue revision of proofs by the author. The rest of the Common-place book was kept clean and secret while 'Hyperion' was thus "at press," by some arrangement of sealing up; for the remains of the sealing-wax are still there on the pages before and after 'Hyperion.' Woodhouse, like several of Keats's friends, thoroughly appreciated the portentous genius of the young poet: of 'Hyperion' he says, "The structure of the verse, as well as the subject, are colossal. It has an air of calm grandeur about it which is indicative of true power.—I know of no poem with which in this respect it can be compared.—It is that in poetry, which the Elgin and Egyptian marbles are in sculpture." Again, at the close of his extracts from the manuscript, this judiciously admiring friend well says, "The above lines, separated from the rest, give but a faint idea of the sustained grandeur and quiet power which characterize the poem: but they are sufficient to lead us to regret

that such an attempt should have been abandoned. The poem, if completed, would have treated of the dethronement of Hyperion, the former God of the Sun, by Apollo,—and incidentally of those of Oceanus by Neptune, of Saturn by Jupiter &c., and of the war of the Giants for Saturn's reestablishment—with other events, of which we have but very dark hints in the mythological poets of Greece and Rome. In fact the incidents would have been pure creations of the Poet's brain. How he is qualified for such a task, may be seen in a trifling degree by the few mythological glimpses afforded in 'Endymion.'"

Shelley in the Preface to 'Adonais' says "I consider the fragment of 'Hyperion,' as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years." In a letter to Peacock he describes it as "an astonishing piece of writing,"—and again—"if the 'Hyperion' be not grand poetry, none has been produced by our contemporaries". And in his unfinished Letter to the Editor of 'The Quarterly Review' he says, "The great proportion of this piece is surely in the very highest style of poetry". Medwin records in his Life of Shelley (Volume II, page 109) an opinion expressed by the poet that "the scenery and drawing of his [Keats's] Saturn Dethroned, and the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in the 'Paradise Lost,'—possessing more human interest; that the whole poem was supported throughout with a colossal grandeur equal to the subject."

Lord Jeffrey's notice in 'The Edinburgh Review' closed with these words:

"There is a fragment of a projected Epic, entitled *Hyperion*, on the expulsion of Saturn and the Titanian deities by Jupiter and his younger adherents, of which we cannot advise the completion: For, though there are passages of some force and grandeur, it is sufficiently obvious, from the specimen before us, that the subject is too far removed from all the sources of human interest, to be successfully treated by any modern author. Mr. Keats has unquestionably a very beautiful imagination, and a great familiarity with the finest diction of English poetry; but he must learn not to misuse or misapply these advantages; and neither to waste the good gifts of nature and study on intractable themes, nor to luxuriate too recklessly on such as are more suitable."

How much more truth and insight we get in Leigh Hunt's remarks in 'The Indicator' made *àpropos* of 'Hyperion': "'Endymion' with all its extraordinary powers, partook of the faults of youth,... The author's versification is now perfected, the exuberances of his imagination restrained, and a calm power, the surest and loftiest of all power, takes place of the impatient workings of the younger god within him. The character of his genius is that of energy and voluptuousness, each able at will to take leave of the other, and possessing, in their union, a high feeling of humanity not common to the best authors who can less combine them. Mr. Keats undoubtedly takes his seat with the oldest and best of our living poets... The 'Hyperion' is a fragment,—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly of a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods."

Byron, whose utterances on Keats were as a rule harsh, admitted after his death that 'Hyperion' was "a fine monument," and would "keep his name." This was in a letter to Murray dated the 30th of July 1821: on the 18th of the previous November he had written to the same correspondent, fulminating against Jeffrey's article in the 'Edinburgh,' in praise of that little * * * Keats, and averring that "At present *all the men* they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article."

On the 12th of November 1821 (not, of course, 1831 as printed in Lord Houghton's 'Life and Letters' of Keats) Byron appears to have written in a copy of a suppressed pamphlet by him,[1] against his remarks on Keats, a note in mitigation containing the following passage:

[1] Although Byron suppressed the pamphlet and ordered everything about Keats to be omitted from his works, Murray disregarded the injunction, and published in 1834 both the pamphlet and the other truculent passages set out in full in the general Appendix to the Library edition of Keats.

"Mr. Keats died at Rome about a year after this was written, of a decline pro-inced by his having burst a blood-vessel on reading the article on his 'Endymion' n the Quarterly Review. I have read the article before and since; and although t is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. . . My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do ustice to his own genius, which, malgré all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually nspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our iterature; and the more so, as he himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was re-forming his style upon he more classical models of the language."

Matthew Arnold wrote most wisely and sympathetically about Keats's poetry; nd I have sometimes wished that 'Hyperion' had commanded his suffrage. In Ward's Poets he says epigrammatically enough—"His 'Endymion,' as he himself aw, is a failure, and his 'Hyperion,' fine things as it contains, is not a success." Could a fragment well be a success in the full sense of the word?

The late Francis Turner Palgrave, in his notes to Keats's Poems (Golden Treasury Series, 1884) adopted the view that Keats was right to give up Hyperion,' "despite the marvellous grandeur of its execution"; but he did not nake out his case very happily by classing it with Shelley's 'Prometheus Un-ound,' and calling both "exercises." He says—"Like the great majority of ost-classical verse in classical languages, those modern myths are but exercises, and, as such, with their value to the writer), on a splendid scale. The story of which *Hyperion* tells the beginning is, in fact, far too remote, too alien from the nodern world: it has neither any definite symbolical meaning, nor any of that soft humanity' which underlies the wild magic of *Lamia*, and has rendered ossible a picture, true not only to Corinth two thousand years ago, but to all ime.—Yet, with such strange vital force has he penetrated into the Titan world, nd all but given the reality of life to the old shadows before him, that, had this niracle been possible, we may fairly say that Keats would have worked it."

With due submission, I hold that the miracle was possible *to him*, and that, had ie chosen he would have worked it. As to the lack of "definite symbolical mean-ng," I would also demur: here I should side with the late Mrs. Owen and Professor Colvin. Mrs. Owen (John Keats a Study, 1880, page 104) had held 'the idea underlying" 'Hyperion' to be "the unity of all existence." "In its tately power, its dignified strength, and solemn melody," she says, 'Hyperion' 'itly represents the eternal music of the world's progress." Mr. Colvin, after oting that, in the story of the war of Titans and Olympians Keats had "nothing o guide him except scraps from the ancient writers, principally Hesiod, as retailed y the compilers of classical dictionaries," says that, "as to the essential meaning f that warfare and its result—the dethronement of an older and ruder worship y one more advanced and humane, in which ideas of ethics and of arts held a arger place beside ideas of nature and her brute powers,—as to this, it could not ossibly be divined more truly, or illustrated with more beauty and force, than by Keats in the speech of Oceanus in the Second Book. Again, in conceiving and nimating these colossal shapes of early gods, with their personalities between the lemental and the human, what masterly justice of instinct does he show,—to ake one point only—in the choice of similitudes, drawn from the vast inarticulate ounds of nature, by which he seeks to make us realize their voices."

Mr. Colvin goes on to assert boldly that, with "a few slips and inequalities, and ne or two instances of verbal incorrectness, *Hyperion* as far as it was written, is ndeed one of the grandest poems in our language, and in its grandeur seems one f the easiest and most spontaneous." And he gives excellent reasons for the faith hat is in him, adding:

"The influence, and something of the majesty, of *Paradise Lost* are in truth o be found in *Hyperion*: and the debate of the fallen Titans in the second book

is obviously to some extent modelled on the debate of the fallen angels. B
Miltonic the poem hardly is in any stricter sense. Passing by those gener
differences that arise from the contrast of Milton's age with Keats's youth, of h
austerity with Keats's luxuriance of spirit, and speaking of palpable and technic
differences only :—in the matter of rhythm, Keats's blank verse has not the flig
of Milton's. Its periods do not wheel through such stately evolutions to so solen
and far-foreseen a close; though it indeed lacks neither power nor music, a
ranks unquestionably with the finest blank-verse written since Milton,—besi
that of Shelley's *Alastor*,—perhaps a little below that of Wordsworth wh
Wordsworth is at his infrequent best. As to diction and the poetic use of word
Keats shows almost as masterly an instinct as Milton himself: but while
Milton's diction the characteristic colour is derived from reading and meditatio
from an impassioned conversance with the contents of books, the characteris
colour of Keats's diction is rather derived from conversance with nature and wi
the extreme refinements of physical sensation. He is no match for Milton in
passage of this kind :—

> Eden stretch'd her line
> From Auran eastward to the royal towers
> Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
> Or where the sons of Eden long before
> Dwelt in Telassar.

But then neither is Milton a match for Keats in work like this :—

> throughout all the isle
> There was no covert, no retired cave
> Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
> Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.

"After the pomp and glow of learned allusion, the second chief technical note
Milton's style is his partiality for a Latin use of the relative pronoun and
double negative, and for scholarly Latin turns and constructions general
Already in *Isabella* Keats is to be found attempting both notes, thus :—

> With duller steel than the Persean sword
> They cut away no formless monster's head—

Similar Miltonic echoes occur in *Hyperion*, as in the introduction already quo
to the speech of Oceanus: or again thus :—

> Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
> In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
> Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
> And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies.

But they are not frequent, nor had Keats adopted as much of Milton's techni
manner as he seems to have supposed."

The "Other Version of 'Hyperion'" in "the form of a Vision," in which,
already stated, Keats worked up parts of the following fragment with much ad
tion, will be given in its order in the third volume.

H. B. F

HYPERION.

BOOK I.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Mr. W. T. Arnold has pointed out what he describes as a "confusion" which may be intentional in making Hyperion the god of the sun: "strictly speaking," he says (Clarendon Press 'Hyperion, Book I'), "the legend was that Hyperion was the father of Helios (the sun). But as Helios is sometimes called Hyperion in the poets (though in this case the name means son of Hyperion, and is short for Hyperionion), Keats' [*sic*] confusion, even if it is not an intentional one, is natural enough."

9. In the Woodhouse transcript—

Robs not at all the dandelion's fleece;

reading which Keats's unerring instinct would reject on consideration on account of the lack of dignity in the word *dandelion* both by sound and by association.

14. It seems to me that the power of realization shown in the first decade, and indeed throughout the fragment, answers all objections to the subject, and is the most absolute security for the nobility of the result which Keats would have achieved had he finished the poem. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of such a landscape, so touched in with a few strokes of titanic meaning and completeness; and the whole sentiment of gigantic despair reflected around the fallen god of the Titan dynasty, and permeating the landscape, is resumed in the best perfect manner in the incident of the motionless fallen leaf, a line almost as intense and full of the essence of poetry as any line in our language. It were ungracious to take exception to the poor Naiad; but this particular example of the classic nymphs of the upland streams has not the convincing appropriateness of the

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:

rest of the sublime opening, and may have been among the Miltonisms which a length induced Keats to abandon this work; for was it not in 'Comus' that h had seen the "fell witch Circe" of his 'Endymion,'

With the sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs...?

16. The Woodhouse transcript reads 'stay'd' for 'stray'd', and in line 1 'Unscepter'd'.

21. After line 21 the following four are cancelled in the Woodhouse tra script:—

Thus the old Eagle drowsy with great grief,
Sat moulting his weak plumage, never more
To be restored or soar against the sun;
While his three sons upon Olympus stood.

28. The word *pigmy* is probably used by Keats here as a common nou rather than in reminiscence of the diminutive race first to bear the name, althoug he had doubtless encountered in 'Paradise Lost' (Book I, lines 780-1)

that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount.

30. In line 30, for 'stay'd Ixion's wheel' Woodhouse reads 'eased Ixion toil'.

Probably Tennyson had not forgotten this line when he made Lucretius boa that the arguments of his 'De Rerum Naturâ' ended the fabled punishment Ixion on the torture-wheel of Jove:

My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel...

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
"I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
"I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
"For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
"Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
"And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
"Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
"Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
"Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
"Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;

35-7. Although the counterpoint of lines 35 and 36 recalls the manner of Shakespeare, it is to a contemporary influence that line 37 points. In Landor's 'Gebir,' Book I, we read—

> There was a brightening paleness in his face,
> Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
> Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
> Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.

48. Woodhouse reads 'tune' for 'tone'.

51. Leigh Hunt remarks in 'The Indicator'—"The moment the Gods speak, we forget that they did not speak like ourselves. The fact is, they feel like ourselves; and the poet would have to make them feel otherwise, which he cannot, unless he venture upon an obscurity which would destroy our sympathy: and what is sympathy with a God, but turning him into a man? We allow, that superiority and inferiority are, after all, human terms, and imply something not so truly fine and noble as the levelling of a great sympathy and love; but poems of the present nature, like Paradise Lost, assume a different principle; and fortunately perhaps, it is one which it is impossible to reconcile with the other."

60-63. Compare these lines with the following passage in the first Book of 'Paradise Lost' (lines 171-7):—

> the Sulphurous Hail
> Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
> The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice

"And thy sharp lightning in unpractis'd hands
"Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
"O aching time! O moments big as years!
"All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
"And press it so upon our weary griefs
"That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
"Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
"Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
"Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
"Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up

Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

65. Woodhouse reads 'Each' for 'All'.

74. Keats is very far from being alone in transferring human passions or mood to the inanimate things which are the object of man's contemplation—includin the stars. Wordsworth has

Yon star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly.

But it was considerably earlier than either Keats's or Wordsworth's time that poet spoke of "the day when the morning stars sang together."

76. The word 'sudden' stands in the transcript; but it is marked through i pencil, and 'gradual' is written above it.

86. This seems to be a reminiscence of Fingal's Cave—'This Cathedral of th Sea'—See Keats's Letter to Tom dated the 23rd-26th of July 1818. It was n till 1823, two years after Keats's death, that Byron, who can hardly have see the 'Staffa,' though familiar with 'Hyperion,' elaborated the thought into th

His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess ; and then spake,
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady :
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
"Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face ;
"Look up, and let me see our doom in it ;
"Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
"Is Saturn's ; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
"Of Saturn ; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
"Naked and bare of its great diadem,
"Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
"To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
"How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
"While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
"But it is so ; and I am smother'd up,
"And buried from all godlike exercise
"Of influence benign on planets pale,
"Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
"Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
"And all those acts which Deity supreme
"Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone

emarkable description of Neuha's Cave in 'The Island, or Christian and his Comrades.' The passage is in the seventh section of Canto iv, thus :—

Wide it was and high,
And showed a self-borne Gothic canopy ;
The arch upreared by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect ;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,
When the Poles crashed and Water was the World ;
Or hardened from some earth-absorbing fire
While yet the globe reeked from its funeral pyre ;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,
Were there all scooped by Darkness from her Cave.
There, with a little tinge of Phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Thus Nature played with the Stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the Seas.

yron refers the reader to Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands for the riginal of his cave—or rather the fact of its existence and the "general outline" f it.

102. After the word 'Saturn', Woodhouse has the cancelled words—

What dost think?
Am I that same? O Chaos!

"Away from my own bosom: I have left
"My strong identity, my real self,
"Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
"Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
"Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
"Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light;
"Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
"Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.—
"Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
"A certain shape or shadow, making way
"With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
"A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
"Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King.
"Yes, there must be a golden victory;
"There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
"Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
"Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
"Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
"Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
"Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
"Of the sky-children; I will give command:
"Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus.—"But cannot I create?
"Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
"Another world, another universe,
"To overbear and crumble this to nought?
"Where is another chaos? Where?"—That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three.—Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.

116. Woodhouse reads 'bit' for 'spot'.

131. In this line Woodhouse corrects what was doubtless an error of hi copyist, 'things' for 'strings'.

146. In the transcript 'into Olympus' was written; but 'into' is altered t 'unto'.

147. The rebel three were of course Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, usurpers dominion over the sky, the sea, and the nether world—Hell or Hades.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
"O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
"I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;—
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he—
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,

166. Instead of 'yielded like the mist' Woodhouse reads 'gave to them like Mist'.

167. It seems likely that Keats would have rejected the word 'snuff'd' on account of its undignified associations in modern times, had he not been dazzled by the Miltonic glamour thrown upon it in the lines about Death's departure for the earth ('Paradise Lost,' Book X, lines 272-3)

> So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
> Of mortal change on Earth.

182. The use of 'angerly' for 'angrily' is a notable touch. Keats doubtless got the rarer word from Shakespeare, who in 'King John' (Act IV, Scene i) makes Arthur promise Hubert not to "look upon the Iron angerly."

Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;

189. Woodhouse's copyist wrote this line thus:—

A poison-feel of brass and metal sick:

a reading characteristic of Keats's earlier manner. The reading of the text is supplied in a correction made upon the transcript.

200. This line as transcribed for Woodhouse was

When an Earthquake hath shook their City Towers.

The magical revision of the text stands substituted in the Common-place book.

204. The use of *slope* is very curious, and seems to me to be adverbial—an equivalent for what Hunt might have expressed by *slopingly*. Milton uses *slope* more than once as an adjective, and once as directly qualifying the sun, namely in 'Comus,' where (line 93), it is said that

the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole.

In 'Paradise Lost' (Book IV, line 261) he speaks of "murmuring waters" falling "down the slope hills"; and in 'Lycidas' (lines 29-31) he uses the cognate verb astronomically again,—

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.

But I am not sure that Milton did not intend to use the word precisely as Keats did, in one passage, namely (Paradise Lost, Book IV, lines 589-92):—

and Uriel to his charge
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores...

Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,

Bacon in his 'Naturall Historie' (§ 537) employs the adjective in the comparative degree when he speaks of water in certain conditions moving "with a sloper rise and fall"; and Thomson in his *quasi*-Spenserian 'Castle of Indolence' says

Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,

when he wants to describe the time before sunset. These passages all come more or less in the line of Keats's familiar reading; but it was probably Milton, particularly in the Uriel passage, whose example induced him to employ the word in a sense not perfectly exact according to present-day notions, but, it must be admitted, in a very beautiful way. In the Dream version of 'Hyperion' Keats did away this Miltonic phrase thus—

Is sloping to the threshold of the West.

205. After this line a very curious line stands in the Woodhouse transcript—

Most like a rose bud to a faery's lute,

another characteristic but inappropriate line which was duly rejected at last, though not struck out in Woodhouse's book.

209. Woodhouse reads 'Yes, like a rose...'

211. The finest instinct is shown in using the word *inlet* in its old sense instead of the common word *entrance*. This use is again Miltonic, who has "through the porch and inlet of each sense" in 'Comus' (line 839); and probably Keats took it from Milton,—though the word in precisely that sense was in use long after Milton's epoch; for Addison, in his translation of Virgil's Georgics (Book IV), uses it to describe the way into a bee-hive:

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive.

To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
"O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
"O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
"O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
"Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
"Is my eternal essence thus distraught
"To see and to behold these horrors new?
"Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
"Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
"This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
"This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
"These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
"Of all my lucent empire? It is left
"Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
"The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
"I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
"Even here, into my centre of repose,
"The shady visions come to domineer,
"Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—
"Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
"Over the fiery frontier of my realms
"I will advance a terrible right arm
"Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
"And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.

235-9. In the Woodhouse transcript, instead of one note of interrogation a 'empire', there are five, namely after 'rest', 'glory', 'clime', 'light', and 'empire'
267-8. Woodhouse has a colon after 'wide', and reads 'And, sudden on th Ocean's chilly streams, the planet orb', etc. Of the wonderful description o Hyperion's Palace, gradually and solemnly developed as the fable proceeds wit

The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Nor therefore veiled quiet, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,

he description of the God's feelings and proceedings, Professor Colvin says 'Keats,' 1887, page 154) that, to realize how far Keats "is in workmanship from he Greek purity and precision of outline, and firm definition of individual images, ve have only to think of his palace of Hyperion, with its vague far-dazzling pomps nd phantom terrors of coming doom. This is the most sustained and celebrated assage of the poem." I cannot but think it was inspired by the noble brief escription of the palace of the Sun with which Book II of Ovid's Metamorphoses pens. Sandys's rendering is as follows:—

Sol's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flamelike blaz'd,
The roofe of Ivory, divinely deckt:
The two-leavd silver-doores bright raies project.
The workmanship more admiration cravd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingravd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billowes crownd;
Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill; the tall
Big-brawnd Ægeon mounted on a Whale.
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-faire:
Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
Some seeme upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked fishes ride:
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;
Nor differ more then sisters well became.
The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs; rurall Gods, and chrystall Floods:
Above all these, Heavens radiant Image shines,
On both sides deckt with sixe refulgent Signes. ...
Sol cloth'd in purple, sits upon a Throne,
Which clearely with tralucent Emralds shone.
With equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
The dayes, the Months, the Yeares, the Ages stand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumne smear'd with crusht *Lyæus* blood;
Next, hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.

ad I remembered this passage while the first volume was being prepared for the ress, I should certainly have noted the last few lines as the probable basis of the assage in Book IV of 'Endymion' (lines 420-5), in which the hero dreams he in the abode of the Gods and witnesses, *inter alia*, a dance of, Hours and easons—

the seasons four,—
Green-Kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store,
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours...

e (*post*) a note on the opening of the second Book of 'Hyperion.'

Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old
Which sages and keen-ey'd astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach:
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice

274. The astronomical word *colure* denoting in the plural the two circles the celestial sphere supposed to intersect each other in points corresponding wi the terrestrial poles, probably also reached Keats from Milton, who ('Paradi Lost,' Book ix, line 66) has:—

> The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
> With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
> He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
> From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure...

287. On this line Mr. W. T. Arnold, in the notes to his Clarendon Pre 'Hyperion,' remarks that the use of *outspreaded* is "a hardly justifiable licence It seems to me that it is both dignified and effective, though extremely unusu As mentioned in Volume I, where the same word is used in 'Endymion' (Book line 867), 'The Quarterly Review' objected to its employment; but I suspe Keats found it in one of the elder poets, though I have not succeeded in doing s

Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
"And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
"All unrevealed even to the powers
"Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
"And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
"I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
"And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
"Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
"Manifestations of that beauteous life
"Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
"Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
"Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
"There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
"Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
"I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
"To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
"Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
"Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
"Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
"For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
"Divine ye were created, and divine
"In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
"Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
"Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
"Actions of rage and passion; even as
"I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
"In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son!
"Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
"Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
"As thou canst move about, an evident God;
"And canst oppose to each malignant hour
"Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice;
"My life is but the life of winds and tides,
"No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
"But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van

319-20. Against these lines in the Woodhouse transcript is a pencilled "Qy". n the blank page opposite are written the following words—

Of these new formd thou art one
Of these also are thy brethren and the goddesses.

ie writing seems to be Keats's in its loose pencilled form; and his intent was, of urse, not thus to revise the lines of the text, but to answer the question put to n as to the meaning, by Woodhouse, or perhaps Taylor.
330. In the Woodhouse transcript 'demeanor'—not 'demeanour'.
332. Woodhouse reads 'ye' for 'you'.

"Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
"Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth!
"For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
"Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
"And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

345. Woodhouse reads 'murmurs'.

HYPERION.

BOOK II.

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cœus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,

19. On the blank page facing this opening as copied in the Woodhouse Commonplace book is a pencilled query (of Taylor's, I think)—"How Typhon from Earth?" Opposite the line ending 'All were not assembled' (17) is written in pencil, whether by Keats or by Woodhouse, I am not quite certain, the line—

Big brawnd Œgeon mounted on a Whale...

This may be a note of a point to be considered—namely whether Briareus shall be left imprisoned among the 'brawniest in assault,' or, under his other name of Ægæon, classed among those mentioned in line 31 as 'free to roam abroad.' Or the line may merely have been noted by Woodhouse as a parallel passage to line 21 ('the brawniest in assault'); for it is not a line by Keats but a line from Sandys's Ovid. It is from the description of the palace of the Sun at the opening of Book II of the Metamorphoses (see foot-note, page 139, *ante*), and is most interesting as establishing past all doubt, whether the writing be Keats's own or Woodhouse's, that Sandys's Ovid was a book used in Keats's set, and that he cannot have failed

Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, crampt and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iäpetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,

to be more or less familiar with it, as I have held since 1880 that he was. It worth noting that there are several pencilled marginal references to "S O," whi letters, I do not doubt, indicate Sandys's Ovid; but which of the eight editions that book published in the seventeenth century Keats and Woodhouse used, have not been at the pains to establish,—not, I think, the duodecimo of 1638 us for the notes to the present edition. It may have been the sumptuous folio, "the refined copy," to use the licenser's expression, "which came forth with t Commentarie and Pictures."

41. Woodhouse's extracts, in his copy of 'Endymion,' from the manuscript 'Hyperion' are all from Book II, and consist of the first 17½ lines. lines 32 to 3 39 to 55, and 64 to 72. These extracts show no variation of consequence fr the printed text, only a few pointings and spellings, such as 'Cœus' 'Creüs' in line 41, and two verbal variations, 'venom' for 'poison' in line 4 and 'floor' for 'flint' in line 50. The two improvements are such as m readily have been made on proof sheets. His Common-place book reads 'sun for 'sank' in line 43.

Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.

60. The Woodhouse transcript reads 'shaded' for 'sacred'.

61. This is one of the few instances, in this poem of wondrous firmness and ecurity, where one discerns in Keats the unschooled imagination of a boy—the aptitude to reject an intrusive and inappropriate image. Up to this point there the most complete reality of imagination, the most perfect earnestness in setting rth the titanic woes of the dramatis personæ; but here one is suddenly checked y the thought, "What! is he only playing at Titans after all? Hope with that sentially British anchor of hers in this company? Then why not Faith shoulder- g her cross? Why not Britannia with her trident transferred from one of George e Third's fine old copper pence? Why not that straddle-kneed Erin with her arp from one of George the Second's?" In sober seriousness, it is matter of nazement that this single blot of any consequence should be here; and I presume e must attribute its presence to the fact that Keats had not, in his wretched ate of health, the will to revise the passage thoroughly for publication in 1820. lse one is fain to think that Hope and her anchor would have disappeared, gether with two words not to be characterized as blots, but rather as survivals om the time of strain and strife after out of the way expressions whereof 'Endy- ion' is so full a representation. I refer to two instances in which verbs are centiously and as I think inartistically used instead of their cognate nouns, amely "Voices of soft *proclaim*" in line 130 of Book I, and "with fierce *onvulse*" in line 129 of Book III. There is a third instance in line 64, Book I (above); but there the word *shelf* would not have served to express the idea volved in the use of *shelve*.

70-2. The allusion is of course to Ovid's Metamorphoses (Book V, 318 *et seq.*), ndered thus by Sandys:—

Then, un-elected, rudely stept forth one;
Who sung the Giants Warre: their faymed acts
She magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrailes rais'd,
Struck all their pow'rs with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* scorched soyle the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven channels glides;

Not far hence Atlas ; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight ;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds :
And many else whose names may not be told.
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight ? And she must chaunt
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease :
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face :
There saw she direst strife ; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain ; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison : so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise ;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,

That thither Earth-borne *Typhon* them pursu'd :
When as the gods concealing shapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himselfe, she said, into a Ram :
From whence the hornes of *Lybian Hammon* came.
Bacchus a goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of snow ;
Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide...

81. Compare 'Adonais.'

And many more whose names on earth are dark...

89. A pencilled note in the Woodhouse book, apparently Keats's, explains th
'motioning to him to go in first'.

But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines:
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad breast,
"Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
"Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
"Not in the legends of the first of days,
"Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
"Which starry Uranus with finger bright
"Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
"Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;—
"And the which book ye know I ever kept
"For my firm-based footstool:— Ah, infirm!
"Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
"Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—
"At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
"One against one, or two, or three, or all
"Each several one against the other three,
"As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods

128. In line 128, for 'vibrating' stood 'vibrated' in the Woodhouse book; but is altered in pencil, seemingly by Keats.
134. Woodhouse reads

Which starr'd Uranus with his finger bright

reading which involves the misplacement of the accent on the second syllable of Uranus'. No doubt the error was pointed out to Keats in discussion; for the ading of the text is supplied in pencil. Thus we owe, it seems, to a mere chance e of the most beautiful single lines in the whole poem.

"Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
"Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
"Unhinges the poor world ;—not in that strife,
"Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
"Can I find reason why ye should be thus :
"No, no-where can unriddle, though I search,
"And pore on Nature's universal scroll
"Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
"The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
"Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
"Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
"O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
"O Titans, shall I say, 'Arise!'—Ye groan :
"Shall I say 'Crouch!'—Ye groan. What can I then?
"O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
"What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
"How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
"O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
"Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
"Ponderest high and deep ; and in thy face
"I see, astonied, that severe content
"Which comes of thought and musing : give us help!"

So ended Saturn ; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
"Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
"Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
"My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
"Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
"How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop :
"And in the proof much comfort will I give,
"If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
"We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
"Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
"Hast sifted well the atom-universe ;
"But for this reason, that thou art the King,
"And only blind from sheer supremacy,
"One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
"Through which I wandered to eternal truth.

167. Woodhouse reads 'the God o' the Sea'.

"And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
"So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
"Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
"From chaos and parental darkness came
"Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
"That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
"Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
"And with it light, and light, engendering
"Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
"The whole enormous matter into life.
"Upon that very hour, our parentage,
"The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
"Then thou first born, and we the giant race,
"Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
"Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
"O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
"And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
"That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
"As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
"Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
"And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
"In form and shape compact and beautiful,
"In will, in action free, companionship,
"And thousand other signs of purer life;
"So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
"A power more strong in beauty, born of us
"And fated to excel us, as we pass
"In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
"Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
"Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
"Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
"And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
"Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
"Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
"Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
"To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
"We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
"Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
"But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
"Above us in their beauty, and must reign
"In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
"That first in beauty should be first in might:
"Yea, by that law, another race may drive

200. In the 1820 volume 'first-born' and 'giant-race' were hyphenated, probably by the printer. Woodhouse does not give the hyphens; and sense and movement alike are better without them.

"Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
"Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
"My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
"Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
"By noble winged creatures he hath made?
"I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
"With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
"That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
"To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
"And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
"Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
"Give consolation in this woe extreme.
"Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
"And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
"And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
"There to remain for ever, as I fear:
"I would not bode of evil, if I thought
"So weak a creature could turn off the help
"Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
"Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
"Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
"And know that we had parted from all hope.
"I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
"Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
"Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
"Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
"Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
"So that I felt a movement in my heart
"To chide, and to reproach that solitude
"With songs of misery, music of our woes;
"And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
"And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
"O melody no more! for while I sang,
"And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
"The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
"Just opposite, an island of the sea,
"There came enchantment with the shifting wind,

"That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
"I threw my shell away upon the sand,
"And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
"With that new blissful golden melody.
"A living death was in each gush of sounds,
"Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
"That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
"Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
"And then another, then another strain,
"Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
"With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
"To hover round my head, and make me sick
"Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
"And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
"When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
"A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
"And still it cry'd, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
"'The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
"I fled, it follow'd me, and cry'd 'Apollo!'
"O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
"Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
"Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
"Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
"Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
"Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
"That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
"Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
"Could agonize me more than baby-words
"In midst of this dethronement horrible.
"Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.

296. The words 'O Father' are of course for Oceanus.
310. This is the punctuation of Keats's edition; but the comma would bring out a finer sense if placed before 'giant'. Woodhouse has a comma and a dash after 'Giant',—which may be what his copyist made of a cancelled comma and a hyphen.
312-13. Woodhouse reads 'was' for 'were', and 'pour'd' for 'piled'.

"Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
"Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
"Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
"Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd
"Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
"O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
"O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
"Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
"And purge the ether of our enemies;
"How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
"And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
"Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
"O let him feel the evil he hath done;
"For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
"Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
"The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
"Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
"When all the fair Existences of heaven
"Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
"That was before our brows were taught to frown,
"Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
"That was before we knew the winged thing,
"Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
"And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
"Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
"Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,

327. Woodhouse reads 'ye' for 'you' before 'how'.
357. Compare Shelley's 'Epipsychidion,' line 324—

Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's,

a line which was written at least six months after the publication of Hyperion'

Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

HYPERION.

BOOK III.

THUS in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,

5-6. It would almost seem as if Keats was already feeling the burden of life to heavy to admit of those prolonged efforts of the imagination and the creative force which such a theme as he had undertaken demanded. It seems to me that th 'lonely grief' which he felt fit for antheming was more, and more complex, tha that felt for the loss of his brother Tom. But we must not forget that that wa itself no ordinary grief; for George Keats records that no man understood John a well as Tom did. And to be understood by some one was Keats's spiritual breat of life.

And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:
Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lillies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?
"Or hath that antique mien and robed form
"Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
"Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
"The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
"In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
"The rustle of those ample skirts about
"These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
"Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
"Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
"And their eternal calm, and all that face,
"Or I have dream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,
"Thou hast dream d of me; and awaking up
"Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
"Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
"Unwearied ear of the whole universe
"Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth

27. Woodhouse reads—

And Hyle's, thick dark stemm'd beneath the Shade—

Probably Keats left the *a* out of *Hazle*—a quite possible spelling for him; and the copyist took the *z* for a *y*.

49. Woodhouse reads 'and while', of course wrongly even if it was so in the holograph before his copyist.

50. Woodhouse reads 'camest' for 'cam'st'.

"Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
"That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
"What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
"When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
"To one who in this lonely isle hath been
"The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
"From the young day when first thy infant hand
"Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
"Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
"Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
"Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
"For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
"Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne!
"Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
"Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
"Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
"Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
"And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
"I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
"Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
"And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
"Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
"Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air
"Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
"Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
"Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
"Are there not other regions than this isle?
"What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
"And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
"And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
"To any one particular beauteous star,
"And I will flit into it with my lyre,
"And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
"I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
"Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
"Makes this alarum in the elements,
"While I here idle listen on the shores
"In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
"O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
"That waileth every morn and eventide,
"Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
"Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read

81. Woodhouse reads 'This answered'.

"A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
"Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
"Names, deeds, grey legends, dire events, rebellions,
"Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
"Creations and destroyings, all at once
"Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
"And deify me, as if some blithe wine
"Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
"And so become immortal."—Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd:
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck.
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek'd;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

THE END.

125. After line 125 in Woodhouse's book stand the lines:—

Into a hue more roseate than sweet pain
Gives to a ravish'd nymph, when her warm tears
Gush luscious with no sob; or more severe.
More like the struggle at the gate of death;

but the first three lines are marked through with a pencil; and 'And' is substituted for 'More' in the fourth. 'Most' is what Keats printed.

132. Woodhouse reads 'Keep' for 'Kept'.

136. The unfinished line and sentence with which the fragment of 'Hyperion' closes is filled up in pencil in the Woodhouse transcript, wherein we read

At length
Apollo shriek'd—and lo from all his limbs
Celestial Glory dawn'd: he was a god!

The words may be confidently attributed to Keats; and it must be assumed that he deliberately preferred to let the fragment, as given to the public, end abruptly, as it does with the word 'Celestial'. Apart from the fineness of the recovered line, it is interesting to learn that the fragment did not end, at all events, with

one of the "too many Miltonic inversions" which led Keats to abandon the under taking. Hunt says of this part of the fragment, "It strikes us that there i something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives th exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat to fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds." I confess that should be disposed to rank all these symptoms of convulsion and hysteria in th same category as the fainting of lovers which Keats so frequently represented,— kind of thing which his astonishing powers of progress would infallibly have out grown had he lived a year or two longer. Hunt does not quit 'Hyperion' in censorious mood: he says—

"Here the poem ceases, to the great impatience of the poetical reader. If an living poet could finish this fragment, we believe it is the author himself. Bu perhaps he feels that he ought not. A story which involves passion, almost c necessity involves speech; and though we may well enough describe beings greate than ourselves by comparison, unfortunately we cannot make them speak by com parison. Mr. Keats, when he first introduces Thea consoling Saturn, says tha she spoke

> Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
> Would come in these like accents; O how frail
> To that large utterance of the early Gods!

This grand confession of want of grandeur is all that he could do for them. Milto could do no more. Nay, he did less, when according to Pope he made

> God the father turn a school divine."

POSTHUMOUS
AND
FUGITIVE POEMS.

In regard to the remainder of Keats's Poetical Works, those, namely, which are t to be found in the three volumes published by himself, an endeavour is here ade to arrange the whole under one chronology, although it is not possible to here literally to the scheme, in view of the fact that, while *Otho the Great* was ing composed, other poems were also written, and must not, obviously be inserted tween the scenes of the tragedy. We have not, however, yet completed the tale the *editiones principes* of Keats's Works, seeing that his *posthuma* have om time to time been issued in substantive volumes as distinguished from the ere extension of editions of his works. The first in importance as in date of ese posthumous *editiones principes* is the late Lord Houghton's invaluable con- ibution of 1848. In 1833, at the villa of Walter Savage Landor "on the autiful hill-side of Fiesole," Lord Houghton, then Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, id met Charles Armitage Brown, whose name is now universally associated with at of Keats; he had previously learnt much about the poet from Joseph Severn, en still (as to the end) at Rome; and he now found that Brown, having carefully arded the literary remains of Keats, intended to publish them in two or three ars on returning to England. Brown returned, got forward with his preparations, rote his biographical account of Keats, and had arranged for publication, when he ddenly decided to emigrate to New Zealand. This he did, leaving his Keats llections for Lord Houghton to make use of, "for the purpose of vindicating the aracter and advancing the fame" of Keats.

Charles Cowden Clarke, Edward Holmes, George Felton Matthew, and Henry tephens, helped the biographer and editor with their recollections; John Hamil- n Reynolds "contributed the rich store of his correspondence"; Charles entworth Dilke and William Haslam supported the undertaking with letters and membrances; to John Taylor and James Augustus Hessey, Keats's friendly and lpful publishers, and Charles Ollier who in a less friendly and helpful manner id preceded them in that office, Lord Houghton was "indebted for willing co- eration"; and Mr. Jeffrey, who had married George Keats's widow, contributed, a very slovenly and misleading way, a great mass of letters and *data* which, twithstanding his lack of judgment, experience, and thoroughness, were of quite traordinary value. The result founded on all these communications and co- erations was given to the world in 1848, in two of those handy and agreeable lumes which, printed by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, issued in a steady stream r some years from the house of Edward Moxon of Dover Street—the volumes hich we associate with the names of Shelley, Wordsworth, Landor, Hood, Tenny- n, the Brownings, and others.

When the book made its appearance, one of the main supporters of the under- king, who had known intimately both Keats and Brown, was amused as well as ttled at the *rôle* claimed for Brown as the "generous protector" of Keats, and ft a somewhat caustic note on the subject in his copy of Lord Houghton's work, e title-page of which he decorated with the following couplet from 'The osciad':

> Appearances to save his only care;
> So things *seem* right, no matter what they are.

harles Wentworth Dilke, in quoting thus epigrammatically from Churchill, did t of course mean to apply the couplet literally; but the inscription and other tes show how advanced his views of editorial obligation were; for Lord Hough- n can scarcely be said to have gone beyond the limits of editorship then usual.

Lord Houghton's first contribution to Keats literature, published in the best company, may be bibliographically described as consisting of two volumes, olscap octavo, bound in purple-brown cloth, upright-straight-grained, blind- ocked on the sides with the same severe floral-scroll design that appear on the irth edition of Tennyson's Poems (two volumes, 1846), 'The Princess' (1847),

'In Memoriam' (1850), Landor's 'Hellenics (1847) and many others. T
colour of this cloth is the same as of that used for several editions of '
Memoriam'. The Keats volumes are gilt-lettered across the back, "Life
Letters &c. | of Keats. | Vol. I.[II.]" The title-pages are as follows:—

LIFE,

LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS,

OF

JOHN KEATS.

EDITED BY

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. [II.]

LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

1848.

The half-titles read "Life, Letters, &c. | of | John Keats." Their versos are blan
but those of the titles have the central imprint "London: | Bradbury and Eva
Printers, Whitefriars." In volume I, pages v to vii contain a dedication to Fran
(afterwards Lord) Jeffrey, page viii is blank, the preface extends from page ix
page xix, page xx is blank, and page 1 starts with a dropped head reading "L
and Letters | of | John Keats." There are 288 pages of the text, with head-li
reading "Life and Letters of" on the versos and "John Keats" on the rect
save on page 288, where the legend appears in full: the printers' imprint is
peated at the foot. The volume has for frontispiece a print from a steel pl
engraved by H. Robinson after the well known half-length portrait of Keats
Severn, three-quarter face, seated behind a table with an open book before h
the right hand resting on the book, the left supporting the chin and cheek (fing
closed), while the elbow rests on the table. An eight-page catalogue of Moxo
publications is generally found in perfect copies, inserted within the glazed primr
end-paper of the recto cover.

Of Volume II the text also starts with a dropped head worded as in Volum
with which it is uniform as to head-lines up to page 108. Then there is a h
title, "Literary Remains", dividing the posthumous poetry from the Life

tters; and the poetry itself occupies the remainder of the volume, ending on page 6. and bearing distinctive head-lines. At the foot of page 306 the printers' print recurs; and facing it is a list, headed "Poetry", of volumes sold by ton: the verso of this is blank. The frontispiece to this second volume is a ll lithographed fac-simile of a holograph manuscript,—the song "Shed no tear— shed no tear".

These fasciuating volumes have no index of any kind, or even so much as a ble of contents; but besides the Literary Remains forming the bulk of the ond volume, many poems and fragments are scattered through the first ume, some embodied in letters, and some appended at the close of the volume, er the Notes on Milton there reprinted from the scarce American periodical he Dial'. A list of these poems is proper to this place.

POEMS IN VOLUME I

	Page
nnet to Spenser	11
„ to Chatterton	12
„ to Byron	13
„ On seeing the Elgin Marbles	27
„ To Haydon (with the above)	27
both reprinted from 'The Examiner'	
n seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair	78
Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port"	81
O thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind"	90
nnet on sitting down to read 'King Lear' once again	96
„ to the Nile	99
pistle to John Hamilton Reynolds	113
awlish Fair ("Over the Hill and over the Dale")	119
ragment of an Ode to Maia	135
nnet On Visiting the Tomb of Burns	156
„ Written in the Cottage where Burns was born	159
eg Merrilees	160
nnet to Ailsa Rock (reprinted)	167
nes Written in the Highlands (reprinted from "The Examiner") ...	180
affa	186
nnet Written upon the Top of Ben Nevis	189
Prophecy: to George Keats in America	233
nnet Translated from Ronsard	241
enserian Stanzas on Brown	269
enserian Stanza written at the Close of Canto II, Book V of "The Faerie Queene"	281
ragment ("Where's the Poet?")	282
odern Love	283
ragment of the "Castle Builder"	283
Welcome joy, and welcome Sorrow"	285
ncelled Opening of the Ode on Melancholy	287

POEMS IN VOLUME II

(in the continuation of the Life &c.)

o——("What can I do to drive away")	34
(under the head of Literary Remains)	
ho the Great, a Tragedy in Five Acts	111
ing Stephen, a Dramatic Fragment	204
e Cap and Bells; or the Jealousies	214
de to Apollo	252

Pa
Hymn to Apollo 2
"Think not of it, sweet one, so" 2
Lines ("Unfelt, unheard, unseen") 2
Song ("Hush, hush! tread softly!") 2
Song ("I had a dove") 2
Faery Song ("Shed no tear!") 2
Song ("Spirit here that reignest!") 2
Faery Song (Ah! woe is me!") 2
Extracts from an Opera 2
La Belle Dame sans Merci 2
Song of Four Fairies 2
Ode on Indolence 2
The Eve of St. Mark 2
To Fanny ("Physician Nature!") 2

SONNETS

I. "Oh! how I love, on a fair summer's eve" 2
II. To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown 2
III. "After dark vapours have oppress'd our plains" 2
IV. Written on the Blank Space of a Leaf at End of Chaucer's Tale of "The Flower and the Lefe" (reprinted from 'The Examiner') 2
V. On the Sea 2
VI. On Leigh Hunt's Poem, "The Story of Rimini" 2
VII. "When I have fears that I may cease to be" 2
VIII. To Homer 2
IX. Answer to a Sonnet ... by J. H. Reynolds ("Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven") 2
X. To J. H. Reynolds ("O that a week could be an age") 2
XI. To——("Time's sea hath been five years"—reprinted from "Hood's Magazine") 2
XII. To Sleep 2
XIII. On Fame ("Fame like a wayward girl") 2
XIV. On Fame ("How fever'd is the man") 2
XV. "Why did I laugh to-night?" 2
XVI. On a Dream ("As Hermes once") 2
XVII. "If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd" 2
XVIII. "The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!" 2
XIX. "I cry your mercy—pity—love!" 2
XX. Keats's Last Sonnet ("Bright star!") 2

Moxon had already in 1846 reprinted, in his delightful paper-covered 24mo ser
of Poets, Smith's edition of Keats's "Poetical Works" (1841) with a trifl
change of order in the contents; and he now proceeded to publish a reissue
foolscap octavo to accompany the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains'. T
1851 issue of this book ("a new edition") has no biography, but contains
same portrait print as the Life &c. Since that time no substantive volume of fr
poems by Keats has been published; but additions have been made in one edit
after another until the mass has grown very considerably. In the following pa
the foot-notes will be found to supply additional particulars concerning the sou
of the several poems.

H. B. F

POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

ON DEATH.

1.

CAN death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

2.

How strange it is that man on earth should roam,
And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path; nor dare he view alone
His future doom which is but to awake.

SONNET.

TO BYRON.

BYRON! how sweetly sad thy melody!
Attuning still the soul to tenderness,
As if soft Pity, with unusual stress,
Had touch'd her plaintive lute, and thou, being by,
Hadst caught the tones, nor suffer'd them to die.
O'ershadowing sorrow doth not make thee less
Delightful: thou thy griefs dost dress
With a bright halo, shining beamily,
As when a cloud the golden moon doth veil,
Its sides are ting'd with a resplendent glow,

George Keats assigns the stanzas on Death to the year 1814. They were first ven in the Library edition from his transcript in the Keats-Wylie scrap-book ee Preface, Volume I, page xi.). Their chief interest is in the somewhat thoughtful in they display for a youth of Keats's age at that time—eighteen or nineteen years.

The sonnet to Byron was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), under e date December 1814. I know of no authority for inserting the word 'ever' in e seventh line; but it seems highly probable that we should read 'thou thy iefs dost ever dress', and that the word was dropped accidentally in tran-ription.

Through the dark robe oft amber rays prevail,
And like fair veins in sable marble flow;
Still warble, dying swan! still tell the tale,
The enchanting tale, the tale of pleasing woe.

SONNET.

TO CHATTERTON.

O CHATTERTON! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius mildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers! Oh! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

SONNET.

TO SPENSER.

SPENSER! a jealous honourer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English that might strive thine ear to please.
But Elfin Poet 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phœbus with a golden quill
Fire-wing'd and make a morning in his mirth.

The sonnet to Chatterton also was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. in 18

Lord Houghton, who first gave the sonnet to Spenser in Volume I of the 'L
Letters' &c., 1848, appended in the Aldine edition of 1876 the following note
"I am enabled by the kindness of Mr. W. A. Longmore, nephew of Mr. J. W. [s
but *quære* H.] Reynolds, to give an exact transcript of this sonnet as written a
given to his mother, by the poet, at his father's house in Little Britain. The po
is dated, in Mrs. Longmore's hand, Feb. 5th, 1818, but it seems to me impossi
that it can have been other than an early production and of the especia
Spenserian time." The transcript given varies in punctuation from previ

It is impossible to escape from toil
O' the sudden and receive thy spiriting :
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming :
Be with me in the summer days and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

WOMEN, WINE AND SNUFF.

GIVE me women, wine and snuff
Until I cry out "hold, enough !"
You may do so sans objection
Till the day of resurrection ;
For bless my beard they aye shall be
My beloved Trinity.

ODE TO APOLLO.

1.

IN thy western halls of gold
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seize their adamantine lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

2.

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar :
But, what creates the most intense surprise,
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

rsions; and I have followed it in the main. But there are two accidental riations, 'honour' for 'honourer' in line 1, and 'but' for 'put' in line 12. eyond 'escape' for the ''scape' of former editions, I find no other difference of y consequence.

The couplets on Women, Wine and Snuff were preserved by Keats's fellow edical student Henry Stephens, and were communicated to me by Mr. W. H. peg, who lent me the holograph for transcription. The lines first appeared in y one-volume edition of 1884.

The Ode to Apollo was first given among the Literary Remains in the second lume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. The date to which Lord Houghton assigns the em is February 1815.

3.

Then, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre :
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptur'd dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

4.

'Tis awful silence then again ;
Expectant stand the spheres ;
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens in peace.

5.

Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The Passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring wor

6.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows.
And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still ! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

7.

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
Float along the pleased air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
Rousing them from Pleasure's lair :—
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

8.

But when *Thou* joinest with the Nine,
And all the powers of song combine,
We listen here on earth :
The dying tones that fill the air,
And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great God of Bards, receive their heavenly birt

SONNET.

To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown.

FRESH morning gusts have blown away all fear
From my glad bosom,—now from gloominess
I mount for ever—not an atom less
Than the proud laurel shall content my bier.
No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here
In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples press
Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless
By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear.
Lo! who dares say, "Do this?" Who dares call down
My will from its high purpose? Who say, "Stand,"
Or "Go?" This mighty moment I would frown
On abject Cæsars—not the stoutest band
Of mailed heroes should tear off my crown:
Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand!

HYMN TO APOLLO.

I.

GOD of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire,
Charioteer
Of the patient year,
Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm—too low crawling, for death?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Laurel Crown sonnet was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). It probably belongs to the year 1815. See stanza 3 of the Hymn to Apollo, which seems to be an apology for the presumption chronicled in the sonnet. In an undated transcript in the Woodhouse book, the eleventh line was written with a blank before moment, —the word 'very' being inserted in pencil.

The Hymn to Apollo also was first given in the Literary Remains, where it stood next to the preceding, though undated. As Lord Houghton retains it between the Ode to Apollo and the stanzas To Hope (dated February 1815) in the chronological Aldine edition, the date February 1815 may be presumed to be that of the Hymn as well as that of the Ode. A transcript of the poem, headed Fragment of an Ode to Apollo, is in Woodhouse's Common-place book. In the sixth line of stanza 1 he

2.

The Thunderer grasp'd and grasp'd,
The Thunderer frown'd and frown'd;
The eagle's feathery mane
For wrath became stiffen'd—the sound
Of breeding thunder
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound.
O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
Why touch thy soft lute
Till the thunder was mute,
Why was not I crush'd—such a pitiful germ?
O Delphic Apollo!

3.

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in the Earth
Were swelling for summer fare;
The Ocean, its neighbour,
Was at its old labour,
When, who—who did dare
To tie, like a madman, thy plant round his brow,
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honour, to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

SONNET.

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the Eastern light,
On pinions that nought moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,

reads 'Round' for 'Of', and in the eleventh line 'low-creeping' for 'lo crawling'. In stanza 2, line 8 reads

Oh! why didst *Thou* pity, and beg for a worm?

In the eleventh line of that stanza, 'I not' stands for 'not I'. In stanza 3, li 3, 'in earth' stands for 'in the Earth'; and line 8 reads thus—

To tie for a moment thy plant round his brow,—...

Lord Houghton gave this sonnet in the Aldine edition of 1876, with the da 1816. Woodhouse dates it similarly in his Common-place book. His text adopted in some minor details where it appears more likely to be faithful to t original than Lord Houghton's, where we read 'cleav'st' in line 12 and 'pleasure'

Regions of peace and everlasting love ;
  Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
  Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
  In melodies that even Heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
  Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent—What pleasures higher?
  Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

in line 13. There is nothing to show positively to whose death the poet refers; but it seems to me that the sonnet was the outcome of a perusal of the posthumously published edition of Mrs. Tighe's 'Psyche' and other poems. It is safe to assume in the first place that Keats's familiarity with 'Psyche' was derived, not from the exquisite and rare little volume printed for Mrs. Tighe's friends in 1805 and containing 'Psyche' only, but from either the posthumous quarto of 1811 or one of the octavo reprints of it. There he would find not only 'Psyche,' but a number of lyrics and sonnets, including one which, probably through finding it copied in Keats's writing, his brother George transcribed among Keats's fugitive poems preserved in manuscript. In the posthumous volume is given the last of Mrs. Tighe's compositions—a piece in which she shows a strong clinging to life and terror of death. The editor of the quarto says "Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer". To this statement he adds in verse :

  If on this earth she passed in mortal guise,
A short and painful pilgrimage, shall we
Her sad survivors grieve, that Love divine
Removed her timely to perpetual bliss?—
Thou art not lost!—in chastest song and pure
With us still lives thy virtuous mind, and seems
A beacon for the weary soul, to guide
Her safely through Affection's winding path,
To that eternal mansion gained by thee!

These verses (signed W. T.) seem to indicate that the editor was William Tighe of Woodstock in the County of Kilkenny, who himself "cultivated the Muses", and at whose seat, not at Rosanna (Co. Wicklow), the seat of her husband, with whom her life had not been happy, Mrs. Henry Tighe died. Keats's sonnet was clearly of the nature of a literary exercise, not the spontaneous outcome of human grief and religious joy at strife; and nothing is more likely than that he wrote it on closing 'Psyche and other Poems'. Compare the silver dove and its surroundings with the more playful "cherub on pinions of silver descending" from Heaven with "the blessing of Tighe" in the jumpy verses published in 1817 (Volume I, page 20). William Tighe, M.P. for Wicklow, published 'Statistical Observations on the County of Kilkenny made in 1800 and 1801'; and in 1808 'The Plants, a Poem', which was republished in 1811. Keats's critical faculty, whether regarding his own work or that of others, developed rapidly. By the end of the year 1818 he was writing to George and Georgiana Keats in America—"Mrs. Tighe and Beattie once delighted me—now I see through them and can find nothing in them or weakness, and yet how many they still delight! Perhaps a superior being may look upon Shakespeare in the same light—is it possible?"

STANZAS TO MISS WYLIE.

1.

O COME Georgiana! the rose is full blown,
The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,
The air is all softness, and crystal the streams,
The West is resplendently clothed in beams.

2.

O come! let us haste to the freshening shades,
The quaintly carv'd seats, and the opening glades;
Where the faeries are chanting their evening hymns,
And in the last sun-beam the sylph lightly swims.

3.

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed,
Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
And there Georgiana I'll sit at thy feet,
While my story of love I enraptur'd repeat.

4.

So fondly I'll breathe, and so softly I'll sigh,
Thou wilt think that some amorous Zephyr is nigh:
Yet no—as I breathe I will press thy fair knee,
And then thou wilt know that the sigh comes from me.

5.

Ah! why dearest girl should we lose all these blisses?
That mortal's a fool who such happiness misses:
So smile acquiescence, and give me thy hand,
With love-looking eyes, and with voice sweetly bland

The Stanzas to Miss Wylie, which I found in the series of transcripts made George Keats from his brother's unpublished poetry, are addressed to the object the poem "Hadst thou liv'd in days of old", and the Sonnet to G. A. W. publish in Keats's volume of 1817—to wit the lady who was afterwards the wife of Geo Keats. For a slight verbal sketch of her, by Henry Stephens, see the note to first-named piece (Volume I, page 23), which was originally a valentine written George's request to speed him in his courtship. It seems probable enough t the origin of these stanzas was of the same kind. Though not so good as either the other pieces addressed to Miss Wylie, they are on an equality with the ver in Keats's Tom Moore manner referred to in the last note. The Stanzas to M Wylie belong to the year 1816, and first appeared in the Library edition.

SONNET.

OH! how I love, on a fair summer's eve,
When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares; to find, with easy quest,
A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive.
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
Musing on Milton's fate—on Sydney's bier—
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:
Perhaps on wing of Poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

SONNET.

BEFORE he went to feed with owls and bats
Nebuchadnezzar had an ugly dream,
Worse than an Hus'if's when she thinks her cream
Made a Naumachia for mice and rats.
So scared, he sent for that "Good King of Cats"
Young Daniel, who soon did pluck away the beam
From out his eye, and said he did not deem
The sceptre worth a straw—his Cushions old door-mats.
A horrid nightmare similar somewhat

First given among the Literary Remains in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), with the date 1816. Woodhouse gives the same incomplete date in his Commonplace book. His only variation of any moment is in the 12th line, which reads

Perhaps on the wing of Poesy upsoar,

in which Keats probably meant the first word to be pronounced *Praps*.

The sonnet 'Before he went' &c. was preserved by Henry Stephens in a little manuscript volume consisting of Keats's published 'Poems' of 1817 copied out, with the addition of eight fugitive pieces of which this alone was unpublished when the volume, written in 1828, came to the surface a few years ago. The sonnet was published in the second volume of 'Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century' (1896): it is doubtless authentic, although poor, obscure, and possibly corrupt in the last line. It probably belongs to the same year as the 'Sonnet Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition', next to which it occurs in Stephens's book.

Of late has haunted a most motley crew,
Most loggerheads and Chapmen—we are told
That any Daniel tho' he be a sot
Can make the lying lips turn pale of hue
By belching out "ye are that head of Gold."

SONNET.

Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition.

THE church bells toll a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,
More hearkening to the sermon's horrid sound.
Surely the mind of man is closely bound
In some black spell; seeing that each one tears
Himself from fireside joys, and Lydian airs,
And converse high of those with glory crown'd.
Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp,—
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp;
That 'tis their sighing, wailing ere they go
Into oblivion;—that fresh flowers will grow,
And many glories of immortal stamp.

SONNET.

AFTER dark vapors have oppress'd our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.

In Tom Keats's copy-book the sonnet against Superstition is headed as abov
and dated "Sunday Evening, Dec. 24, 1816". The transcript (agreeing with To
Keats's) referred to in the note to the preceding sonnet, is supplemented by th
information that the sonnet was "written by J. K. in 15 minutes". In the Aldin
edition, where the sonnet first appeared, it is headed "Written on a Summe
Evening". I give the text from the transcripts, which vary in some details fro
the Aldine text. The latter reads 'toll'd' for 'toll' in line 1, 'To some blin
spell' in line 6, 'Fond' for 'And' in line 8, and 'as' for 'ere' in line 12.

The sonnet 'After dark vapors' appeared in 'The Examiner' for the 23rd
February 1817, and is dated January 1817 in Lord Houghton's editions. Woo
house, in his Common-place book gives the 31st of January 1817 as the date
this Sonnet, reading the fifth line thus—

The anxious mouth relieving from its pains

The anxious month, relieved of its pains,
  Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May;
  The eyelids with the passing coolness play
Like rose leaves with the drip of Summer rains.
The calmest thoughts come round us; as of leaves
  Budding—fruit ripening in stillness—Autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves—
Sweet Sappho's cheek—a smiling infant's breath—
  The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs—
A woodland rivulet—a Poet's death.

SONNET.

Written at the end of "The Floure and the Lefe."

THIS pleasant tale is like a little copse:
  The honied lines do freshly interlace
  To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;

and the word 'mouth' is very plainly written instead of 'month'. 'The Examiner' reads 'relieving of'; Lord Houghton reads 'relieved from'. Both Woodhouse and Lord Houghton read 'And' for 'The' at the beginning of line 9, and 'sleeping' for 'smiling' in line 12. The word 'relieving' in the earlier version must, I think, have been a slip, and not an intentional use of 'relieve' as an intransitive verb, though Keats was perhaps capable of such use in his early strife after freshness of speech.

The sonnet on "The Floure and the Lefe" was printed in 'The Examiner' for the 16th of March 1817, having been written in February 1817 in Charles Cowden Clarke's "miniature 18mo. copy of Chaucer," as recorded in Clarke's Recollections of Keats, first published in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' and afterwards included in 'Recollections of Writers'. When Clarke died, he bequeathed the Chaucer to Alexander Ireland, author of the Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt Bibliography &c.; and the volumes are now in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. The sonnet is said to have been "an extempore effusion, and without the alteration of a single word"; but, as Clarke seems to have been asleep when it was written, we are justified in construing the word *extempore* with a certain latitude. It was certainly most unusual for Keats to write a sonnet without a single erasure; and it is likely that he jotted this one down in pencil in a note-book which he certainly carried at that time and did draft sonnets in. In any case he probably had ample time and quiet, while Clarke was sleeping, to elaborate the two highly finished quatrains in his mind: the third quatrain and the couplet are of inferior merit, and might well be extemporary. This early performance seems to have quite won the heart of the genial critic Hunt, for in inserting it in his paper he characterized it as "exquisite", and added that it was "from the pen of the young poet (Keats)... who may already lay true claim to that title:—

The youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree."

Woodhouse preserved in his Common-place book a sonnet by John Hamilton

And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face,
And by the wandering melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.

Reynolds dated the 27th of February 1817 which should not henceforth
dissociated from that of Keats. It is this:

SONNET—TO KEATS

On reading his Sonnet written in Chaucer.

Thy thoughts, dear Keats, are like fresh-gathered leaves,
Or white flowers pluck'd from some sweet lily bed;
They set the heart a-breathing, and they shed
The glow of meadows, mornings, and spring eves,
Over the excited soul. Thy genius weaves
Songs that shall make the age be nature-led,
And win that coronal for thy young head
Which Time's strange hand of freshness ne'er bereaves.
Go on! and keep thee to thine own green way,
Singing in that same key which Chaucer sung;—
Be thou companion of the Summer day,
Roaming the fields, and olden woods among:—
So shall thy Muse be ever in her May;
And thy luxuriant Spirit ever young.

It should perhaps be recorded in this place that Professor Skeat finds in the langua
and prosody of 'The Floure and the Lefe' very strong grounds for rejecting it fro
the roll of Chaucer's works. The artless way in which it is made to appe
towards the close that the narrator is a woman smacks, not of a dramatic narrat
but of an actual narrator.

In the Chaucer the written poem is of course unheaded. Woodhouse, who profess
to have copied it from Keats's writing, and follows the distinctive readings of t
holograph, save in giving 'has' for 'hath' in line 9, heads it "Sonnet Writte
on a blank space at the end of Chaucer's tale 'The Floure and the Lefe'." Hu
describes it similarly in 'The Examiner'; and Lord Houghton heads it "Writt
on the blank space of a leaf at the end of Chaucer's Tale of 'The Flowre and t
Lefe'." It is now headed to represent more nearly the ascertained facts; a
some excellent readings of the holograph are adopted. Previous versions give 's
for 'do' in line 2, 'has' for 'hath' in line 9, and line 11 thus:—

I that do ever feel a thirst for glory

which is wholly inferior to Keats's very plainly written line. It should perhaps
specified what edition of Chaucer this was that Keats not only decorated with
sonnet in his best hand-writing, but also, unless I am greatly mistaken, marked
such a manner as to show which passages in 'The Floure and the Lefe' he dwe
upon. The title-page of the 12th volume, in which the poem and sonnet occur,
as follows:—

"The | Poetical Works | of | Geoff. Chaucer. | In Fourteen Volumes. | The M
cellaneous Pieces | From Urry's Edition 1721. | The Canterbury Tales | Fro
Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775. | [half a page of mottoes] Vol. XII. | Edinburg: | at t
Apollo Press, By the Martins. | Anno 1783."

There are frontispieces by Stothard; and the fourteen volumes are done up
green cloth in seven.

Oh! what a power hath white Simplicity!
What mighty power has this gentle story!
I that for ever feel athirst for glory
Could at this moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mournful robins.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

To Haydon, with a Sonnet written on seeing the Elgin Marbles.

HAYDON! forgive me that I cannot speak
Definitively on these mighty things;
Forgive me that I have not Eagle's wings—
That what I want I know not where to seek:
And think that I would not be over meek
In rolling out upfollow'd thunderings,
Even to the steep of Heliconian springs,
Were I of ample strength for such a freak—
Think too, that all those numbers should be thine;
Whose else? In this who touch thy vesture's hem?
For when men star'd at what was most divine
With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperean shine
Of their star in the East, and gone to worship them.

In regard to the subject of the sonnet to Haydon it will be remembered that the painter had been most energetic in preaching the gospel of the Elgin Marbles, and that his friends claimed for him the distinction of being the first to apply to modern art the "principles" of those immortal works. These two sonnets appeared in 'The Examiner' for the 9th of March 1817, signed "J. K."; but this did not prevent Mr. James Elmes from letting them do duty for "Original Poetry" in his 'Annals of the Fine Arts,' where they re-appeared in No. 8 (that, seemingly, for April 1818) with the full signature "John Keats." A comparison of the two versions leads me to the supposition that the 'Annals' merely reprinted "copy" cut from 'The Examiner,' with slight typographical laxity: I do not trace two manuscripts. Lord Houghton transposes the two sonnets, and alters the headings accordingly, reading 'indescribable' for 'undescribable' in line 10 of the sonnet on the Marbles, and giving lines 12 and 13 of the other thus—

With brainless idiotism and o'erwise phlegm,
Thou hadst beheld the full Hesperian shine...

Both the versions published in Keats's life-time read as in the text, except that Elmes has 'Hesperian' with an *i*, probably not noting that the accent was to be read on the third syllable—*Hesperèan*. Haydon appears to have been jubilant on

II.

On seeing the Elgin Marbles.

My spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

SONNET.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

Come hither all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd light,
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,

reading the sonnets; and he addressed the following letter on the subject to th
poet:

March, 1817.

My dear Keats,

Many thanks, my dear fellow, for your two noble sonnets. I know not
finer image than the comparison of a poet unable to express his high feelings to
sick eagle looking at the sky, where he must have remembered his former towe
ings amid the blaze of dazzling sunbeams, in the pure expanse of glittering clouds
now and then passing angels, on heavenly errands, lying at the will of the win
with moveless wings, or pitching downward with a fiery rush, eager and intent o
objects of their seeking...

I feel deeply the high and enthusiastic praise with which you have spoken
me in the first sonnet. Be assured you shall never repent it. The time sha
come, if God spare my life, when you will remember it with delight.

God bless you!

B. R. HAYDON.

This letter is from that interesting book 'Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspond
ence and Table-Talk' (176). It occurs in Volume II, at page 2.

The sonnet on a picture of Leander appeared in the year 1829 both in 'Th
Gem, a Literary Annual,' edited by Thomas Hood, and in Galignani's edition
Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge. In the same volume of 'The Gem' wherein Hoo

As if so gentle that ye could not see,
Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,—
Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea:
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

TO ———

I.

THINK not of it, sweet one, so;—
Give it not a tear;
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
Any, any where.

inserted this sonnet, he also published his own punning verses 'On a Picture of Hero and Leander,'—

Why, Lover, why
Such a Water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over*? &c.

I doubt whether so real an admirer and in some senses disciple of Keats as Hood was would have thought it in good taste to invite a comparison between the flimsy cleverness of these verses and the heart-felt beauty of the sonnet; and I should explain to myself as an editorial exigency the not over fortunate juxtaposition. Thus, the editor of 'The Gem' finds himself in possession of a lovely sonnet on a picture, and obtains an engraving of Hero and Leander to insert with it: when the engraving comes, it turns out to represent—not the death of Leander, but his successful landing and reception by Hero, with Cupid fluttering above, torch in hand, and Hero's attendant on the stone staircase leading up to the Sestian Temple. The editor cannot sacrifice one of his principal gems by casting out the sonnet: the publishers cannot sacrifice their costly steel plate; but fortunately the editor can write to any text or any plate; and the result is "Why, Lover, why," facing "Hero and Leander" painted by H. Howard, R.A., and engraved by F. Engleheart,—verses and print corresponding in every detail,—except of course that the print is meant for serious and the verses are not. Save for some such explanation, we could hardly acquit Hood of the imputation of making fun of Keats's sonnet.

The song 'Think not of it' was given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), with the heading 'On ——' and the date 1817. It is not stated to whom the verses are addressed. In Woodhouse's interleaved copy of 'Endymion' is a transcript evidently made from a working draft. Woodhouse has copied in his careful and minute way the whole manuscript with its erasures. In his Common-place book Woodhouse gives

2.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—
  Sad and fadingly;
Shed one drop, then it is gone,
  O 'twas born to die.

3.

Still so pale? then dearest weep;
  Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
  For thee in after years.

4.

Brighter has it left thine eyes
  Than a sunny rill;
And thy whispering melodies
  Are tenderer still.

the poem again, headed "To ——" and subscribed "abt. 11 Novr. 1817. from K' M.S." The rough draft shows a cancelled opening quatrain :—

Think not of it gentle sweet
  It is not worth a tear
Will thine heart less warmly beat
  Thy voice less clear?

In the Common-place book the stanza agrees with the text, but has 'but' fo 'and' in line 3. Stanza 2 appears to have been originally written with the tw final lines,

Shed one drop then only one
  Sweetly did it die,

which are cancelled in favour of those of the text. Lord Houghton's reading 1848,

Shed one drop (and *only* one),

may perhaps be deduced from the presence of a cancelled 'an[d]' beneath 'then Woodhouse's Common-place book has the line thus—

Shed one drop then.—It is gone—

3. For stanza 3 there are the three rejected lines,

Wilt thou mourn, and wilt thou sob
  Art indeed so and wan...
And for each one for thee I'll keep...

and finally the stanza is left as given in the text and in the Aldine edition, Lo Houghton's earlier reading of line 3,

For each will I invent a bliss,

being struck out. Woodhouse in his book reads 'Weep!' in line 2.

4. The 1848 reading 'more tender' for 'tenderer' in stanza 4 does n appear at all. The version of the text, which is also that of the Aldine editio

5.

Yet—as all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses,
Let us too! but be our dirge
A dirge of kisses.

LINES.

1.

UNFELT, unheard, unseen,
I've left my little queen,
Her languid arms in silver slumber lying:
Ah! through their nestling touch,
Who—who could tell how much
There is for madness—cruel, or complying?

2.

Those faery lids how sleek!
Those lips how moist!—they speak,

seems to me the better: it leaves the metre of stanza 4 in conformity rather with that of stanza 5 than with that of the first three. Woodhouse's book has 'hill' for 'rill' in line 2.

5. In stanza 5 there is a cancelled reading 'dying' for 'fleeting' in the second line; and the draft reads 'E'en let us too' in line 3. Lord Houghton omits 'E'en' from both his editions, and is confirmed by Woodhouse's transcript of the finished Manuscript.

The lines 'Unfelt, unheard, unseen,' stand next to the preceding in the Literary Remains, and are also assigned to the year 1817; and the quotation from Shakespeare in the second stanza reads—

Love doth know no fullness, and no bounds.

Of a manuscript draft of the Lines there is a fac-simile in an American edition of 1883, showing several revisions of text. The third line of Stanza 1 seems to have been intended to end with 'dying' and then with 'kissing'; and there is a cancelled line 4 which appears to have been

And stifling up {the / all} touch...

Stanza 2 shows a cancelled opening—

How sleek those faery lids
How moist {that / the} lip that bids
E'en in...

The fourth line in the stanza originally opened with

E'en in their quiet stillness

In ripest quiet, shadows of sweet sounds :
Into my fancy's ear
Melting a burden dear,
How "Love doth know no fullness nor no bounds."

3.

True !—tender monitors !
I bend unto your laws :
This sweetest day for dalliance was born :
So, without more ado,
I'll feel my heaven anew,
For all the blushing of the hasty morn.

SONNET.

ON THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be mov'd for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.

and the final line of the stanza was

That every Joy and Grief and Feeling drowns.

This is struck out in favour of

How Love doth know no fulness nor no bounds.

That reading was adopted by Lord Houghton in his Aldine edition. It is note worthy here how the artist comes out even in the elaboration of such a trifle a this. The quotation substituted for the weak original line with its bad rhym made the poem beautiful. There are two cancelled openings for Stanza 3—

So that my sight is dim

and

And so no faults nor flaws.

The Sonnet on the Sea, when given among the Literary Remains in Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), was dated August 1817. Woodhouse, in h Common-place book, records that it was published in 'The Champion' for th 17th of August 1817; and this probably accounts for Lord Houghton's mistake a to the date. That the real time of composition was much earlier there can be n doubt; for the sonnet occurs in a letter written by Keats from Carisbrooke t John Hamilton Reynolds on the 17th of April 1817. "But the sea, Jack, th sea," he writes, "the little waterfall—then the white cliff—then St. Catherine

Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody—
Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

SONNET.

On Leigh Hunt's Poem "The Story of Rimini."

WHO loves to peer up at the morning sun,
With half-shut eyes and comfortable cheek,
Let him, with this sweet tale, full often seek
For meadows where the little rivers run;
Who loves to linger with that brightest one
Of Heaven—Hesperus—let him lowly speak
These numbers to the night, and starlight meek,
Or moon, if that her hunting be begun.
He who knows these delights, and too is prone
To moralize upon a smile or tear,
Will find at once a region of his own,
A bower for his spirit, and will steer

Hill.... From want of regular rest I have been rather *narvus*—and the passage in *Lear*—'Do you not hear the sea?'—has haunted me intensely." Then follows the sonnet; and that again is followed by a freshly dated close to the letter—the new date being the 18th of April: hence the sonnet was written on or before the 17th. I think he actually wrote it on the 17th, because on the 18th he says "I find I cannot exist without Poetry... I had become all in a Tremble from not having written anything of late—the Sonnet over-leaf did me good. I slept the better last night for it—this Morning, however, I am nearly as bad again." In line 7 the Reynolds version reads 'whence' for 'where'. Woodhouse reads 'where', doubtless following a corrected copy. Mrs. Owen ('John Keats a Study,' 1880, page 174) points out that, to the last, the thought of the wideness of the sea was with Keats, "and associated always with comforting and restoration." She cites from his last sonnet the lines

> The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

The sonnet on Hunt's 'Rimini' was given in the Literary Remains next to the preceding, and dated 1817. 'The Story of Rimini' had been published early in 1816.

To alleys where the fir-tree drops its cone,
Where robins hop, and fallen leaves are sear.

ON OXFORD.

A PARODY.

1.

The Gothic looks solemn,
The plain Doric column
Supports an old Bishop and Crosier,
The mouldering arch,
Shaded o'er by a larch
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

2.

Vicè—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale faces mourns
The black tassell'd trencher and common hat;
The Chantry boy sings,
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—*dominat.*

3.

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the benison,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

These "Nonsense Verses" on Oxford first appeared in a foot-note to a letter page 74 in Volume IV of the Library Edition. They were given from a cop preserved by Charles Brown, apart from any context; but they were also tra scribed in the Common-place book of Woodhouse, who connects them with a extract from a letter which Keats wrote to Reynolds from Oxford, and thus great increases their interest. They were written at Oxford in September 1817, an were meant for a parody of a poem by Wordsworth. The letter as far as it preserved by Woodhouse will be found in its place among Keats's Letters, du illustrated by the poem of Wordsworth which it criticizes. Woodhouse giv 'Lives' instead of 'Stands' as the first word of line 6, stanza 1; and he rea lines 2 and 3 of stanza 2 thus—

O'er pale visages mourns
The black tassel trencher, or common-hat.

THE POET:

A FRAGMENT.

WHERE'S the Poet? show him! show him,
Muses nine! that I may know him!
'Tis the man who with a man
  Is an equal, be he King,
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
  Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato;
  'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren or Eagle, finds his way to
  All its instincts; he hath heard
The Lion's roaring, and can tell
  What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the Tiger's yell
  Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue.

MODERN LOVE.

AND what is love? It is a doll dress'd up
For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dandle;
A thing of soft misnomers, so divine
That silly youth doth think to make itself

'The Poet' is one of a group of four undated compositions printed at the end of Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). Lord Houghton gave these four pieces in the Life, instead of among the Literary Remains, as being "so fragmentary as more becomingly to take their place in the narrative of the author's life, than to show as substantive compositions"; but that position was not maintained in the Aldine edition, where all four pieces ranked with the rest of the works. Indeed Lord Houghton himself says "it is, perhaps, just in verses like these that the individual character pronounces itself most distinctly, and confers a general interest which more care of art at once elevates and diminishes." In the British Museum volume of Keats manuscripts, a transcript of it is dated 1818, and ends with a semi-colon after *tongue* and a line of dots indicating incompleteness. I have ventured to add an obvious distinctive title.

'Modern Love' follows 'The Poet' in the group of undated pieces at the end of Volume I of the 'Life, Letters' &c. The following words of Lord Houghton are particularly apposite to 'Modern Love': "The occasional verses of a great poet are records, as it were, of his poetical table-talk, remembrances of his daily self and its intellectual companionship, more delightful from what they recall, than for what they are—more interesting for what they suggest, than for what they were ever meant to be."

Divine by loving, and so goes on
Yawning and doting a whole summer long,
Till Miss's comb is made a pearl tiara,
And common Wellingtons turn Romeo boots ;
Then Cleopatra lives at number seven,
And Antony resides in Brunswick Square.
Fools ! if some passions high have warm'd the world,
If Queens and Soldiers have play'd deep for hearts,
It is no reason why such agonies
Should be more common than the growth of weeds.
Fools ! make me whole again that weighty pearl
The Queen of Egypt melted, and I'll say
That ye may love in spite of beaver hats.

Fragment of "The Castle Builder."

* * * * *

TO-NIGHT I'll have my friar—let me think
About my room,—I'll have it in the pink ;
It should be rich and sombre, and the moon,
Just in its mid-life in the midst of June,
Should look thro' four large windows and display
Clear, but for gold-fish vases in the way,
Their glassy diamonding on Turkish floor ;
The tapers keep aside, an hour and more,
To see what else the moon alone can show ;
While the night-breeze doth softly let us know
My terrace is well bower'd with oranges.
Upon the floor the dullest spirit sees
A guitar-ribband and a lady's glove
Beside a crumple-leaved tale of love ;
A tambour-frame, with Venus sleeping there,
All finish'd but some ringlets of her hair ;
A viol-bow, strings torn, cross-wise upon
A glorious folio of Anacreon ;
A skull upon a mat of roses lying,
Ink'd purple with a song concerning dying ;
An hour-glass on the turn, amid the trails
Of passion-flower ;—just in time there sails
A cloud across the moon,—the lights bring in !

The fragment of 'The Castle Builder' follows the preceding fragment in t
first volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. It is most tantalizing in its opening a
close; and one would gladly recover more of 'The Castle Builder.' In line
Lord Houghton reads 'A viol, bow-strings torn', which must, I think, be an
stance of printing-house punctuation.

And see what more my phantasy can win.
It is a gorgeous room, but somewhat sad;
The draperies are so, as tho' they had
Been made for Cleopatra's winding-sheet;
And opposite the stedfast eye doth meet
A spacious looking-glass, upon whose face,
In letters raven-sombre, you may trace
Old "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin."
Greek busts and statuary have ever been
Held, by the finest spirits, fitter far
Than vase grotesque and Siamesian jar;
Therefore 'tis sure a want of Attic taste
That I should rather love a Gothic waste
Of eyesight on cinque-coloured potter's clay,
Than on the marble fairness of old Greece.
My table-coverlits of Jason's fleece
And black Numidian sheep-wool should be wrought,
Gold, black, and heavy, from the Lama brought.
My ebon sofas should delicious be
With down from Leda's cygnet progeny.
My pictures all Salvator's, save a few
Of Titian's portraiture, and one, though new,
Of Haydon's in its fresh magnificence.
My wine—O good! 'tis here at my desire,
And I must sit to supper with my friar.

* * * * *

A SONG OF OPPOSITES.

"Under the flag
Of each his faction, they to battle bring
Their embryon atoms."—MILTON.

WELCOME joy, and welcome sorrow,
Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather;
Come to-day, and come to-morrow,
I do love you both together!
I love to mark sad faces in fair weather;

'A Song of Opposites' is the fourth of the undated compositions at the end of Volume I of the 'Life, Letters &c.' Like the fragment "Where's the Poet?" it stands dated 1818 among the Museum transcripts. Another transcript of it is in Woodhouse's Common-place book. Both manuscripts read 'flames burn under' in line 8, 'storm-wreck'd' for 'shipwreck'd' in line 13, and 'aspics' for 'aspic' in line 17; and in the Museum copy lines 14 and 15 are transposed. Here again it has seemed justifiable to supply a title,—and in this case to drop the word

And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder ;
Fair and foul I love together.
Meadows sweet where flames are under,
And a giggle at a wonder ;
Visage sage at pantomime ;
Funeral, and steeple-chime ;
Infant playing with a skull ;
Morning fair, and shipwreck'd hull ;
Nightshade with the woodbine kissing ;
Serpents in red roses hissing ;
Cleopatra regal-dress'd
With the aspic at her breast ;
Dancing music, music sad,
Both together, sane and mad ;
Muses bright and muses pale ;
Sombre Saturn, Momus hale ;—
Laugh and sigh, and laugh again ;
Oh the sweetness of the pain !
Muses bright, and muses pale,
Bare your faces of the veil ;
Let me see ; and let me write
Of the day, and of the night—
Both together :—let me slake
All my thirst for sweet heart-ache !
Let my bower be of yew,
Interwreath'd with myrtles new ;
Pines and lime-trees full in bloom,
And my couch a low grass-tomb.

fragment ; for in truth the poem is complete enough and a good deal m
significant than many a more pretentious effort. The line

Meadows sweet where flames are under,

contains the germ of the best song Ebenezer Jones produced ; and, although t
song,

When the world is burning,

was issued in 'Ainsworth's Magazine' in 1845, it is a point for speculation whet
Jones had seen Keats's song in manuscript, even though the treatment is far m
in the spirit of Blake than in that of Keats. The inaccurate quotation fr
Milton, hitherto printed as above, but with the additional inaccuracy 'embryo'
'embryon', is probably as Keats wrote it. Woodhouse gives the word 'embryo
The passage in 'Paradise Lost' (Book ii, lines 898 *et seq.*) stands thus :—

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive now for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
Thir embryon atoms ; they around the flag
Of each his Faction, in thir several Clanns,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous &c.

SONNET.

TO A CAT.

CAT! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroy'd?—How many tit bits stolen? Gaze
With those bright languid segments green, and prick
Those velvet ears—but pr'ythee do not stick
Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
Thy gentle mew—and tell me all thy frays
Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick.
Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists—
For all the wheezy asthma,—and for all
Thy tail's tip is nick'd off—and though the fists
Of many a maid have given thee many a maul,
Still is that fur as soft as when the lists
In youth thou enter'dst on glass bottled wall.

Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair.

CHIEF of organic numbers!
Old Scholar of the Spheres!
Thy spirit never slumbers,
But rolls about our ears,
For ever, and for ever!
O what a mad endeavour
Worketh he,

This sonnet was addressed by Keats to a cat belonging to Mrs. Reynolds of Little Britain, the mother of his friend John Hamilton Reynolds. Mrs. Reynolds communicated it to her son-in-law Thomas Hood, who published it in 'The Comic Annual' for 1830. It was by Reynolds's youngest sister, Charlotte, that my attention was called to this curious production, first published as Keats's in the Library edition. When Woodhouse's Common-place book came to light, it appeared that he also had preserved the sonnet as Keats's. He gives the 16th of January 1818 as its date and 'Sonnet on Mrs. Reynolds's Cat' as its title, and does not follow the Hood text in crediting Keats with misspelling 'climacteric' and writing 'has' for 'hast' in line 1, or 'has' for 'have' in line 12. On the other hand he ends his transcript with 'glass bottle wall', while Hood gives the preferable reading 'glass bottled wall'. In line 9 Woodhouse has a genuine variation of epithet, 'tender' for 'dainty'.

In a letter to his friend Bailey, dated the 23rd of January 1818, Keats says—"I was at Hunt's the other day, and he surprised me with a real authenticated lock of *Milton's hair*. I know you would like what I wrote thereon, so here it is—as they say of a Sheep in a Nursery Book." And after transcribing the poem he adds—"This I did at Hunt's, at his request—perhaps I should have done something better alone and at home". On looking over some manuscripts of

Who to thy sacred and ennobled hearse
Would offer a burnt sacrifice of verse
And melody.

How heavenward thou soundest,
Live Temple of sweet noise,
And Discord unconfoundest,
Giving Delight new joys,
And Pleasure nobler pinions!
O, where are thy diminions?
Lend thine ear
To a young Delian oath,—aye, by thy soul,
By all that from thy mortal lips did roll,
And by the kernel of thine earthly love,
Beauty, in things on earth, and things above
I swear!

Hunt's in my possession, I found, in one of those note-books wherein he wr and re-wrote his poems piecemeal, what seems to be the actual start made Keats in pursuance of his friend's request. Perhaps that request was accompan by an encouraging "Here's a note-book, Keats; go on!" At all events, h between two pages of Hunt's own verses, are the first seventeen lines of Kea poem. In the folio Shakespeare in Sir Charles Dilke's possession the comp poem is written in Keats's autograph; there is another manuscript at the en the copy of 'Endymion' mentioned several times in these notes; and a fou copy occurs in Woodhouse's Common-place book. In the two last-named, the assigned to the composition is the 21st of January 1818. I presume Lord Hough gave the poem from the Bailey letter: the variations are inconsiderable. Med records in his Life of Shelley (Volume II, page 106) the belief that this p had appeared in a periodical, though not at that time included in Keats's wo I have not come upon this poem in periodical literature; but Medwin may right. The draft of the 17 lines commences with a false start, 'Father of', jected for "Chief of organic numbers". The sixth and seventh lines are cle meant to read

Ah what a mad endeavour
Maketh he...

but 'mad' is badly written, and 'Maketh' is written 'Macketh' 'Worketh'). Of line 12 there is a cancelled reading—

O living fane of Sounds—

which is much better than

Live temple of sweet noise

but had to be rejected on account of the jingle created by 'sounds' 'soundest'. Line 17 is

Lend thine ear!

closed with a note of exclamation; so that the carrying on the sense to v follows in the text was an afterthought.

20. Lord Houghton reads 'thy' for 'thine'.

22. This line, though in Lord Houghton's editions, is not in either of Charles Dilke's manuscripts.

When every childish fashion
Has vanish'd from my rhyme,
Will I, grey-gone in passion,
Leave to an after-time,
Hymning and harmony
Of thee, and of thy works, and of thy life;
But vain is now the burning and the strife,
Pangs are in vain, until I grow high-rife
With old Philosophy,
And mad with glimpses of futurity!

For many years my offering must be hush'd;
When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour,
Because I feel my forehead hot and flush'd,
Even at the simplest vassal of thy power,—
A lock of thy bright hair,—
Sudden it came,
And I was startled, when I caught thy name
Coupled so unaware;
Yet, at the moment, temperate was my blood.
I thought I had beheld it from the flood.

SONNET.

On sitting down to read King Lear once again.

O GOLDEN tongued Romance, with serene lute!
Fair plumed Syren, Queen of far-away!
Leave melodizing on this wintry day,
Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute:

23. The copy in Sir Charles Dilke's 'Endymion' reads 'passion' here as well as in line 25—presumably through oversight.

32. Lord Houghton in 1848 and 1867 read 'wed' for 'mad'; but substituted 'mad' in the 'Aldine' edition of 1876, in accordance with Sir C. Dilke's manuscripts. The copy in the folio Shakespeare reads 'at' for 'of'.

36. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'At the most simple'.

37-8. These form one line in both manuscripts.

The sonnet on 'King Lear' appears to have been written on the 22nd of January 1818, in the folio Shakespeare containing the manuscript of the preceding poem; but I think Keats must have drafted it before writing it in the Shakespeare; and indeed the copy he made when writing to his brothers on the 23rd of January 1818 seems to be an earlier copy. There is a third manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion'; and a transcript occurs in Woodhouse's Common-place book. Keats says to his brothers:—

"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately—I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I, who for so long a time have been addicted to

Adieu! for, once again, the fierce dispute
Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay
Must I burn through; once more humbly assay
The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit:
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our deep eternal theme!
When through the old oak Forest I am gone,
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But, when I am consumed in the fire,
Give me new Phœnix wings to fly at my desire.

SONNET.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a v
gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this—observe
sat down yesterday to read 'King Lear' once again: the thing appeared
demand the prologue of a sonnet, I wrote it, and began to read—(I know you wo
like to see it.)"

A copy of the sonnet follows, and then the words, "So you see I am getting
it with a sort of determination and strength..." So far as I have ascertained,
first appearance of the sonnet was with this letter, in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (184
Volume I, pages 96 and 97; but Medwin, in his Life of Shelley (1847, Volume
page 106) records the belief that the sonnet had already appeared in a periodi
Lord Houghton gave the title as above in 1848; and so it stands in both
Dilke manuscripts; but in the Aldine edition of 1876 it is 'Written bef
re-reading King Lear.' There are several points in which the manuscripts v
from the text as formerly printed; and the readings adopted above are from th
manuscripts. The first variation to note is in line 2, where the older versi
stand thus—

Fair plumed Syren! Queen! if far away!

Lord Houghton also reads 'volume' for 'pages' in line 4, 'Hell torment'
'damnation' in line 6, drops the word 'humbly' from line 7, and the hyp
between 'bitter' and 'sweet' in line 8, and gives line 11 thus—

When I am through the old oak forest gone—

reading also 'with' for 'in' in line 13: all these readings correspond with
letter to Keats's brothers. Woodhouse reads 'this' for 'our' in line 10; but
reading stands cancelled in one of the Dilke manuscripts. Woodhouse reads
to' for 'fly at' in line 14; but in the margin 'at' is written and signed 'C.
—as if Brown meant to answer for the right reading.

The sonnet 'When I have fears,' of which there is a fair manuscript dated 1
in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion,' was printed among the Lite
Remains in the second volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). The tex

And think that I may never live to trace
  Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
  That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
  Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

SHARING EVE'S APPLE.

1.

O BLUSH not so! O blush not so!
  Or I shall think you knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
  Then maidenheads are going.

2.

There's a blush for won't, and a blush for shan't,
  And a blush for having done it:
There's a blush for thought and a blush for nought,
  And a blush for just begun it.

3.

O sigh not so! O sigh not so!
  For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin;
By these loosen'd lips you have tasted the pips
  And fought in an amorous nipping.

given above accords entirely with that manuscript. In Woodhouse's Commonplace book the date is given as February 1818; but, as Keats in his letter to Reynolds of the 31st of January copies the sonnet as his latest, after extemporizing in verse, it should stand before the extemporized pieces. Woodhouse reads 'feel' for 'think' in line 7. Mrs. Owen aptly remarks in 'John Keats a Study' (1880, page 177) that this sonnet "has now the pathos and sacredness of a fulfilled prophecy."

'Sharing Eve's Apple' is a part of a notable letter to Reynolds belonging to the 31st of January 1818, and not completely published in any edition of Keats's Letters except mine of 1895. See the foot-note to the next poem. The present sprightly affair seems to me neither more nor less worthy of Keats's reputation than the Daisy's Song in the Extracts from an Opera; but, notwithstanding the brilliant qualities of some of the stanzas, I should have hesitated to be instrumental in adding it to the poet's published works, had it not been handed about in manuscript and more than once copied. It first appeared in my Library edition.

4.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of the kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

5.

There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no,
And a sigh for I can't bear it!
O what can be done, shall we stay or run?
O cut the sweet apple and share it!

A DRAUGHT OF SUNSHINE.

HENCE Burgundy, Claret, and Port,
Away with old Hock and Madeira,
Too earthly ye are for my sport;
There's a beverage brighter and clearer.
Instead of a pitiful rummer,
My wine overbrims a whole summer;
My bowl is the sky,
And I drink at my eye,
Till I feel in the brain
A Delphian pain—
Then follow, my Caius! then follow:
On the green of the hill
We will drink our fill
Of golden sunshine,
Till our brains intertwine
With the glory and grace of Apollo!

'A Draught of Sunshine' is part of the curious letter to Reynolds belonging to t
31st of January 1818 mentioned in the last foot-note. The present effusion was pu
lished in Volume I of the 'Life, Letters', &c. (1848), but omitted from the 'L
and Letters' of 1867 as "a page of doggerel not worth transcription". Nowada
students feel entitled to have even Keats's doggerel, some of which, by the b
has far less reason (and rhyme too) than the present effusion—to my mind rathe
bright and happy specimen, notwithstanding Keats's own plea to his corresponde
"you must forgive all this ranting—but the fact is, I cannot write sense t
morning." With the view of giving Reynolds "some sense" nevertheless,
proceeds to copy out his latest sonnet, "When I have fears" &c. To the prese
fragment I have ventured to add a very obvious title. The British Museum Ke
book contains a transcript headed "Song," dated 1818, and ending with line
Woodhouse's Common-place book, which at present begins with page 11, the earl
leaves having been cut out, is deprived of the greater part of this poem; but on t

God of the Meridian,
And of the East and West,
To thee my soul is flown,
And my body is earthward press'd.—
It is an awful mission,
A terrible division;
And leaves a gulph austere
To be fill'd with worldly fear.
Aye, when the soul is fled
To high above our head,
Affrighted do we gaze
After its airy maze,
As doth a mother wild,
When her young infant child
Is in an eagle's claws—
And is not this the cause
Of madness?—God of Song,
Thou bearest me along
Through sights I scarce can bear:
O let me, let me share
With the hot lyre and thee,
The staid Philosophy.
Temper my lonely hours,
And let me see thy bowers
More unalarm'd!

SONNET.

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African!
Chief of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and, that very while,
A desert fills our seeing's inward span;

said page 11 the last twelve lines remain; and he has dated the composition February 1818. The lines show no variation from the printed text save a comma for a colon at the end of line 35.

35. In the 'Life, Letters' &c. 'bare' stands in place of 'bear'; and very likely Keats wrote 'bare' here as he often did elsewhere for 'bear'.

The sonnet to the Nile seems to have been composed on the 4th of February 1818: for in writing to his brothers ('Life, Letters' &c., 1848, Volume I, page 98) on the 16th of that month, a Monday, Keats says—"The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt and I, wrote each a Sonnet on the River Nile, some day you shall read them all." Woodhouse (Common-place book) records the 6th of February 1818 as the date of the Sonnet, and is thus at variance by two days with Keats's

Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Such men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest for a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?

own statement. There is a fair copy of the Sonnet among those written in Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion.' From this manuscript there are t verbal variations in Lord Houghton's editions, 'Stream' for 'Chief' in lir (Woodhouse has 'Stream'), 'Those' for 'Such' in line 7, and 'them' for ' in line 8; and the punctuation of the sestet is different—more correct gr matically, but less rapid metrically, and I think less characteristic. Woodh transcribed lines 6 to 8 thus:

Art thou so beautiful, or a wan smile
Pleasant but to those men who, sick with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Dekan?

Line 10 he gives as

And ignorance doth make a barren waste...

Lord Houghton appended Keats's sonnet to the letter, together with Leigh Hu and Shelley's 'Ozymandias.' The Nile sonnet of Shelley, discovered within last few years, is as follows:

TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gather'd rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the Desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging its waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile! and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O man! for knowledge must to thee,
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

Leigh Hunt's (from his 'Foliage') is as follows:—

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roam'd through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

O may dark fancies err! they surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself, thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sun-rise, green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

SONNET.

To a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxhall.

TIME'S sea hath been five years at its slow ebb,
Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand,
Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,
And snared by the ungloving of thine hand.
And yet I never look on midnight sky,
But I behold thine eyes' well memory'd light;
I cannot look upon the rose's dye,
But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight.
I cannot look on any budding flower,
But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips
And hearkening for a love-sound, doth devour
Its sweets in the wrong sense:—Thou dost eclipse
Every delight with sweet remembering,
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.

The sonnet to a Lady seen at Vauxhall was published in 'Hood's Magazine' for April 1844, headed "Sonnet by the late John Keats," and was given by Lord Houghton in 1848 among the Literary Remains, undated, and headed "To ——", with a foot-note to the effect of the heading here adopted. The two versions must be from different manuscripts, that used by Lord Houghton probably the later. In the Magazine line 1 is—

Life's sea hath been five times at its slow ebb,

and line 7 reads 'I never gaze' for 'I cannot look'; in line 9 'never' stands in place of 'cannot'; and the final couplet is—

Other delights with thy remembering
And sorrow to my darling joys doth bring.

Woodhouse preserves a text corresponding with that given above, and dates the Sonnet 4 February 1818. Below the sonnet is written a note, 'See the lines p. 3 probably written to the same person.' Unfortunately p. 3 is one of those out out of the Woodhouse book.

SONNET.

Written in answer to a Sonnet ending thus:—

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell—
By J. H. REYNOLDS.

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey and dun.
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters:—Ocean
And all its vassal streams, pools numberless,
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark blue nativeness.

The sonnet of John Hamilton Reynolds to which this is a reply appeared in 1 in 'The Garden of Florence' &c., and is as follows:

Sweet poets of the gentle antique line,
That made the hue of beauty all eterne;
And gave earth's melodies a silver turn,—
Where did you steal your art so right divine?—
Sweetly ye memoried every golden twine
Of your ladies' tresses:—teach me how to spurn
Death's lone decaying and oblivion stern
From the sweet forehead of a lady mine.

The golden clusters of enamouring hair
Glow'd in poetic pictures sweetly well;—
Why should not tresses dusk, that are so fair
On the live brow, have an eternal spell
In poesy?—dark eyes are dearer far
Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.

From a letter signed "A. J. Horwood" which was published in 'The Athenæ of the 3rd of June 1876, it would seem that this poem, like many others, must h been written out more than once by Keats; for, in a copy of 'The Garde Florence' mentioned in that letter, Keats's sonnet is transcribed, seemingly, f a different manuscript from that used by Lord Houghton when he gave the so in the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains' (Volume II, page 295) in 1848. transcript quoted in 'The Athenæum' reads 'hue' for 'life' in line 1, and 'brig for 'wide' in line 2, and gives line 6 thus—

With all his tributary streams, pools numberless,

a foot too long: it also reads 'to' for 'of' in line 9. These strike me as decid genuine variations, but indicative of an earlier state of the poem than that ado in the text. The punctuation of 'The Athenæum' version is characteristi Keats; and I have adopted it in part. A holograph manuscript of the Sonnet fo its way to America; and a so-called facsimile of it, now shorn of its first appeared in 'The Century Guild Hobby Horse' for July 1886. Line 6 and t

Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers,—
Forget-me-not,—the Blue bell,—and, that Queen
Of secrecy, the Violet: what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an Eye thou art, alive with fate!

SONNET.

To John Hamilton Reynolds.

O THAT a week could be an age, and we
Felt parting and warm meeting every week,
Then one poor year a thousand years would be,
The flush of welcome ever on the cheek:
So could we live long life in little space,
So time itself would be annihilate,
So a day's journey in oblivious haze
To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate.
O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind!
To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant!

following it seem to have exercised the poet a good deal. Mr. Horwood's variation is not shown by this copy; but, as far as the 'Hobby Horse' reproduction is legible, the intentions seem to have been as follows:—

And all his vassal streams; { Pools numberless / Lakes, Waterfalls / Lakes, Pools and Seas }
And Waterfalls and Fountains never ran
Or { well'd / flow'd } or slept but still...

Line 8 stands thus—

Subside but to a dark blue Nativeness.

Line 11 originally opened with 'The Violet'; line 12 shows the curious noun 'Hiddenness', struck out in favour of 'Secrecy'; in line 13 'then how high' is cancelled for 'But how great'; and line 14 originally began with the word 'Trembling'. Woodhouse's transcript of the sonnet (Common-place book) corresponds verbally with the text of this edition: he gives the date as the 8th of February 1818. The scholiast of the 'Hobby Horse' "fac-simile" demurred to my acceptance of the 'Athenæum' variant of line 6 as genuine, on the ground that we "have before us Keats' [*sic*] first draft of the sonnet," and that, "having got his line right in his first draft, Keats probably did not spoil it in his second." This reasoning assumes the 'Hobby Horse' draft to be the first and ignores the probability that, as in other cases, there were scrappy pencillings, any of which might have passed into another version written out at a different time.

The sonnet 'O that a week could be an age' was first given among the Literary Remains, in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), not dated, but standing next to the sonnet on blue eyes, which is dated February 1818.

In little time a host of joys to bind,
And keep our souls in one eternal pant!
This morn, my friend, and yester-evening taught
Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

WHAT THE THRUSH SAID:

Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds.

O THOU whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars
To thee the spring will be a harvest-time.
O thou, whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet the Evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

'What the Thrush said' occurs in an undated letter to Reynolds bearing t postmark "Hampstead, Feb. 19, 1818" ('Life, Letters' &c., 1848, Volume page 87). Keats writes—"I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness—I have not read a Books—the Morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the morning, and t thrush said I was right, seeming to say,"—and these fourteen lines of bla verse follow immediately on the word *say*, so that the title I have ventured give the lines accords at all events with the facts. Keats seems to have be really writing in a kind of spiritual parallelism with the thrush's song: it will noted that line 5 repeats the form of line 1, line 8 of line 4, while lines 11 and are a still closer repetition of lines 9 and 10; so that the poem follows in a ser the thrush's method of repetition. A later poet, perhaps a closer and m conscious observer than Keats, namely Robert Browning, says of the same bird his 'Home-Thoughts from Abroad'—

> That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!

Having seen the original letter to Reynolds, I have collated the text of Keat lines with the manuscript, wherein they are not indented as above. Havi regard to the varieties of sonnet metre used by Keats, his bold boyish attem (Volume I, page 82) at emancipation in making five syllables without a rhy serve as a full line, and his sonnet protest further on in the present volume again chaining our English "by dull rhymes", I think it hardly fantastic to supp that he consciously translated the wild melody of the thrush into an unrhym sonnet-structure.

SONNET.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close ; contented so to look

The 'Human Seasons' and the sonnet to Ailsa Rock were first published, with the signature "I", in Leigh Hunt's 'Literary Pocket-Book ; or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art,'—the first number, that for 1819, in which Shelley's 'Marianne's Dream' appeared with the signature "Δ". The critic of 'Blackwood's Magazine' must have discovered the secret of the signatures by some means, and was of course not above making use of his discovery ; for in noticing the 'Pocket-Book' he describes these sonnets with characteristic ribaldry as "two feats of Johnny Keats,"—the gibe which led George Keats to say that his brother was "as much like the Holy Ghost as Johnny Keats." The only variation of consequence shown by the 'Pocket-Book' as compared with the current texts of the present sonnet is in lines 7 and 8, where the usual reading is

by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto Heaven :

this is certainly a more usual sense than that of the text as given above ; but I should not venture to adopt it without knowing upon what manuscript authority, as the other seems to me the more characteristic in its strain after originality of expression. I take 'nigh' to be a verb ; and I think students will admit that 'nigh his nearest unto heaven', for 'approach his nearest unto heaven', is tame compared with some of the novelties of 'Endymion.' In Woodhouse's Common-place book is a copy of the letter to Bailey written from Teignmouth in March 1818, the Sonnet appears with very interesting variations. Indeed there is scarcely a line, after the first, identical with the published text ; and it is best to transcribe the version entire :

Four seasons fill the measure of the year ;
Four seasons are there in the mind of Man.
He hath his lusty Spring, when Fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He hath his Summer, when luxuriously
He chews the honied cud of fair spring thoughts,
Till in his soul, dissolv'd, they come to be
Part of himself : He hath his Autumn Ports
And havens of repose, when his tired wings
Are folded up, and he content to look
On mists in idleness : to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He hath his winter too of Pale misfeature,
Or else he would forget his mortal nature.

On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA.

O! WERE I one of the Olympian twelve,
Their godships should pass this into a law,—
That when a man doth set himself in toil
After some beauty veiled far away,
Each step he took should make his lady's hand
More soft, more white, and her fair cheek more fair;
And for each briar-berry he might eat,
A kiss should bud upon the tree of love,
And pulp and ripen richer every hour,
To melt away upon the traveller's lips.

* * * * *

DAISY'S SONG.

1.

The sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver-proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.

2.

And O the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!
Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

3.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

* * * * *

The Extracts from an Opera were first given among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), and assigned to the year 1818.

FOLLY'S SONG.

When wedding fiddles are a-playing,
Huzza for folly O!
And when maidens go a-Maying,
Huzza, &c.
When a milk-pail is upset,
Huzza, &c.
And the clothes left in the wet,
Huzza, &c.
When the barrel's set abroach,
Huzza, &c.
When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach,
Huzza, &c.
When the pig is over-roasted,
Huzza, &c.
And the cheese is over-toasted,
Huzza, &c.
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,
Huzza, &c.
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer,
Huzza, &c.

* * * * *

Oh, I am frighten'd with most hateful thoughts!
Perhaps her voice is not a nightingale's,
Perhaps her teeth are not the fairest pearl;
Her eye-lashes may be, for aught I know,
Not longer than the May-fly's small fan-horns;
There may not be one dimple on her hand;
And freckles many; ah! a careless nurse,
In haste to teach the little thing to walk,
May have crumpt up a pair of Dian's legs,
And warpt the ivory of a Juno's neck.

* * * * *

SONG.

I.

The stranger lighted from his steed,
And ere he spake a word,
He seiz'd my lady's lilly hand,
And kiss'd it all unheard.

Among Dante Gabriel Rosetti's notes upon Keats I find one to the effect that the song 'The stranger lighted from his steed' "reminds one somewhat of Blake's 'The Will and the Way.'"

2.

The stranger walk'd into the hall,
And ere he spake a word,
He kiss'd my lady's cherry lips,
And kiss'd 'em all unheard.

3.

The stranger walk'd into the bower,—
But my lady first did go,—
Aye hand in hand into the bower,
Where my lord's roses blow.

4.

My lady's maid had a silken scarf,
And a golden ring had she,
And a kiss from the stranger, as off he went
Again on his fair palfrey.

* * * *

Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air,
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

FAERY SONGS.

1.

SHED no tear—O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more—O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

The two Faery Songs appeared in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) among the Literary Remains; and a fac-simile of the manuscript of No. 1 was inserted in the second volume by way of frontispiece. The variations shown by the manuscript according to this reproduction are mainly in minute details; and I have adopted many of them as characteristic—not, however, the curious orthography 'Paradize' in line 6, or 'bow' for 'bough' in line 12.

Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes,
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead—look overhead
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up—I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough—
See me—'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill—
Shed no tear—O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu—Adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, Adieu!

II.

Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!
That I must chant thy lady's dirge,
And death to this fair haunt of spring,
Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,—
Poor silver-wing! ah! woe is me!
That I must see
These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!
Go, pretty page! and in her ear
Whisper that the hour is near!
Softly tell her not to fear
Such calm favonian burial!
Go, pretty page! and soothly tell,—
The blossoms hang by a melting spell,
And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice
Upon her closed eyes,
That now in vain are weeping their last tears,
At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,—
Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,—
Alas! poor Queen!

SONNET.

TO HOMER.

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,

The admirable sonnet to Homer occurs in manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion' and in Woodhouse's Common-place book; and it was included

As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind ;—but then the veil was rent,
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive ;
Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
There is a triple sight in blindness keen ;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

SONG.

Written on a blank page in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, between "Cupid's Revenge" and "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

I.

SPIRIT here that reignest !
Spirit here that painest !
Spirit here that burnest !
Spirit here that mournest !

by Lord Houghton in the Literary Remains. The date given in all three places is 1818. The evidence of the manuscript on this point is of consequence as bearing on the relative positions of this sonnet and that 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer' (Volume I, page 77). I understand the "giant ignorance" of line 1 to have reference to Keats's inability to enjoy Homer in the original Greek, and not to an entire ignorance of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' such as might have characterized the period before the sonnet on Chapman's version was written in 1816. Indeed the second quatrain seems to me to be too well felt for so vague an attitude as Keats's must have been towards Homer before he knew any version at all; but the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose intuitions in such matters were of the keenest, and entitled to the most careful consideration, held that the present sonnet must have preceded that of 1816, and received with considerable reserve the evidence as to the date which I communicated to him in the course of our correspondence. It will be of interest to many lovers both of Keats and of Rossetti to learn that the later poet considered this sonnet to contain Keats's finest single line of poetry—

There is a budding morrow in midnight,

a line which Rossetti told me he thought one of the finest "in all poetry." No one will dispute that it is an astonishing line, more particularly for a young man of Keats's years in 1818. The text given above is that of Sir Charles Dilke's manuscript, in which, however, the word 'spumy' in line 7 is altered to 'spermy' in what seems to me to be the handwriting of Mr. Dilke, the grandfather of the present Baronet. Woodhouse reads 'So wast thou' for 'So thou wast' in line 5.

The song written in Beaumont and Fletcher was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848 as an independent song; but included in the Aldine edition

Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.
Spirit, I look
All passion-struck
Into thy pale dominions.

2.

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!
Spirit here that dancest!
Noble soul that prancest!
Spirit, with thee
I join in the glee
A-nudging the elbow of Momus.
Spirit, I flush
With a Bacchanal blush
Just fresh from the Banquet of Comus.

TEIGNMOUTH:

"SOME DOGGEREL,"

SENT IN A LETTER TO B. R. HAYDON.

1.

HERE all the summer could I stay,
For there's Bishop's teign
And King's teign
And Coomb at the clear teign head—
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.

among 'Faery Songs,' with the two ending on page 205. The fact that the Song was written where it was leads me to prefer the earlier arrangement. The variation from the printed text shown by the manuscript in the third and fourth lines of each stanza is curious, namely 'burneth', 'mourneth', 'danceth', and 'pranceth'. There are several differences of punctuation which I have adopted; and there is a cancelled reading, 'wings' for 'pinions' in line 7 of stanza 1. Lord Houghton reads 'While nudging' in stanza 2.

The 'doggerel' on Teignmouth and its surroundings has collateral interest out of all proportion to its merits. Keats's correspondence for the Spring of 1818 shows that on his arrival in Devonshire he had on his hands, besides attendance

2.

There's arch Brook
And there's larch Brook
Both turning many a mill;
And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon's mouth,
And fattening his silver gill.

3.

There is Wild wood,
A Mild hood
To the sheep on the lea o' the down,
Where the golden furze,
With its green, thin spurs,
Doth catch at the maiden's gown.

4.

There is Newton marsh
With its spear grass harsh—
A pleasant summer level
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street,
Do meet in the dusk to revel.

on his sick brother, the final work connected with the publication of 'Endymion At the end of the first ten days he writes to Haydon of having copied the fourt book for the press; and between the completion of that operation and the end April, when the poem was out, he must have been more or less busy with it. Th greater part of 'Isabella' was composed at Teignmouth, whence he wrote of it to Re nolds towards the end of his stay, as about to be copied out. These circumstanc would account for the limited extent of the series of poems special to Devonshir These, although inferior in interest to the Scottish series of the Summer of 1818, a full of the individuality of Keats. The first piece belongs to the 14th of March 181 It occurs in a letter to Haydon published by Mr. Tom Taylor in Haydon's Aut biography without any date beyond "Teignmouth, Saturday morning"; but th verses form, with the next song, the staple of the letter, and appear from th context to have been written off as a part of it, and not copied into it. The da of the letter is to be fixed thus: Keats says in the prose paragraph of which th verses are the continuation—"the six first days I was here it did nothing b rain; and at that time having to write to a friend I gave Devonshire a go blowing up—it has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bi but to day it rains again—with me the County is yet upon its good behaviour. have enjoyed the most delightful Walks these three fine days beautiful enough make me content..." Now on the 25th of March Keats wrote to Reynolds of t weather as if the county's trial had lasted three weeks: this gives the 4th as t day of his arrival; and the tenth day from that (when he was writing to Haydo would be the 14th, which was a Saturday. Keats describes these verses as "so

5.

There's the Barton rich
With dyke and ditch
And hedge for the thrush to live in
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.

6.

And O, and O
The daisies blow
And the primroses are waken'd,
And violets white
Sit in silver plight,
And the green bud's as long as the spike end.

doggrel." If he had gathered all their local details in the three fine days, he had not been idle; for he had been exploring both sides of the Estuary of the Teign. Starting from Teignmouth along the right-hand bank he would come to Bishop's Teignton about three miles distant, and King's Teignton or Teignton Regis about five miles distant; and crossing the ferry at Teignmouth to get to the left-hand bank he would go through Shaldon and Ringmore to get to the village of Coomb-in-Teign-Head—perhaps three or four miles from his lodgings. He could not have had his cream and barley bread close to the stream in the village proper; but twenty or thirty years later, and onwards, there was certainly every accommodation of that kind in a group of curious old cottages perched up over the mud-banks, and known as Coomb Cellars—a favourite place for pic-nics, not so celebrated for cream as for cockles, raked out of the mud bottom of the Estuary at low tide. He would cross Arch Brook, or Archy Brook, by a single-arch bridge just before he reached Coomb Cellars. Of 'Larch Brook' I know nothing except that it rhymes with 'Arch Brook.' It may be either the brook in Brimley Vale or the brook in Coomb Vale, both on the Teignmouth side of the Estuary. The "Wild wood" of stanza 3 answers to any of the thick plantations of little Haldon on the Exeter road. —a down such as Keats describes—furze and all. Newton Abbot, about six miles from Teignmouth, lies in a marshy situation enough, though the name of "the Marsh" has been appropriated to a spot near the Railway station. The town still has, like most country towns of any consequence, a Market Street. Of the dykes, ditches &c. of "the Barton" I can give no account, as I do not know to what particular manor-house and demesne the term was ever applied at Teignmouth. There is a touch of "local colour" in the white violets of stanza 6; for, though primroses and violets are found in almost all parts of the country, white violets are not quite common about Teignmouth, but are to be found at Bishop's Teignton. It is a pity that this choice little bit of trifling should be disfigured by the false rhyme *critics* and *Prickets*. Keats does not seem to have been quite certain when he despatched his letter whether his "doggerel" had been written seriously or not; for he resumes prose with—"I know not if this rhyming fit has done anything; it will be safe with you, if worthy to put among my Lyrics." We must consider these trifles worthy to go among his lyrics, in virtue of their fine sense of rhythm and their keen relish for out of door life. It is clearly to the present poem, and not to the Epistle to Reynolds, that the title 'Teignmouth' belongs of right; and I have therefore headed it accordingly. The text has been

7.

Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dack'd hair'd critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled Prickets?

THE DEVON MAID:

STANZAS

SENT IN A LETTER TO B. R. HAYDON.

1.

WHERE be ye going, you Devon Maid?
And what have ye there in the Basket?
Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

2.

I love your Meads, and I love your flowers,
And I love your junkets mainly,

very copiously amended from the original letter—quite clearly written; and I nee not detain the reader with the details of the absurd perversion of it by Mr. Taylo But I must mention that "Barton" as a place-name instead of "the Barton" w suspicious on the face of it, as there is no such place there; that the critics a clearly described, not as *dark-hair'd* or as *dank-hair'd*, but as *dack'd hair* (=shock-headed); and that the dappled creatures are certainly not *crickets*, b *Prickets*, or two-year-old deer.

'The Devon Maid' is from the letter of Saturday the 14th of March 1818, embod ing the preceding verses headed "Teignmouth": this song occurs after a pro break consisting merely of the words which Mr. Taylor printed as—"There's a b of doggrel; you would like a bit of botheral." What Keats wrote was no su nonsense, but "Here's some doggrel for you—Perhaps you would like a bit B——hrell"—which is more witty than elegant, and need scarcely be translate The first line of the song is not of the most authentic Devonian diction, thou 'have ye' and 'Will ye' are, essentially; but these forms are always pronounc by the indigenous Devon maid 'have 'e' and 'will 'e'. 'Ye' in the first a third lines is bad Devonian: it should be 'You'; but, as *u* in Devonshire is pr nounced as in *tu* (French) or *übel* (German), Keats may at first have tak 'You' for 'Ye': indeed, in a letter to his brother Tom written from Dumfries July 1818 (see Letters) he says—"In Devonshire they say, 'Well, where be going?'"—an inaccuracy leading almost certainly to this conclusion. The la

But 'hind the door I love kissing more,
O look not so disdainly.

3.

I love your hills, and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating—
But O, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

4.

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook,
Your shawl I hang up on the willow,
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye
And kiss on a grass green pillow.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti pointed out in one of his letters to me that the first verse "is undoubtedly a reminiscence from one of the songs in 'Ælla' beginning

'As Eleanor by the green lessell was sitting'—

which again (as shown by Editors) is a reminiscence from a passage in Tom d'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy.'" The stanza of Chatterton referred to is as follows:—

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

The parallelism lends a strong literary interest to Keats's little *jeu d'esprit*, seeing that within five days of the time when 'The Devon Maid' (as I have ventured to call the song) was written, he was inscribing 'Endymion' "to the memory of the most English of poets except Shakspeare, Thomas Chatterton",—a dedication, by the bye, which Rossetti was very anxious to see retained: it will be found along with the cancelled Preface in Volume I (page 65). Lord Houghton omits stanza 2. The text of the 'The Devon Maid' has been restored, like that of 'Teignmouth,' from the letter: there is no doubt about any one word: and I am at a loss to understand Mr. Taylor's changes, especially 'divinely' for 'disdainly', which makes good sense and good rhyme, though a licentious form.

EPISTLE

TO

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

DEAR Reynolds! as last night I lay in bed,
There came before my eyes that wonted thread
Of shapes, and shadows, and remembrances,
That every other minute vex and please:
Things all disjointed come from north and south,—
Two Witch's eyes above a Cherub's mouth,
Voltaire with casque and shield and habergeon,
And Alexander with his nightcap on;
Old Socrates a-tying his cravat,
And Hazlitt playing with Miss Edgeworth's cat;
And Junius Brutus, pretty well so so,
Making the best of's way towards Soho.

Few are there who escape these visitings,—
Perhaps one or two whose lives have patent wings,
And thro' whose curtains peeps no hellish nose,
No wild-boar tushes, and no Mermaid's toes;
But flowers bursting out with lusty pride,
And young Æolian harps personify'd;
Some Titian colours touch'd into real life,—
The sacrifice goes on; the pontiff knife
Gleams in the Sun, the milk-white heifer lows,

The epistle to Reynolds with a few lines of introduction in prose was written a Teignmouth, and is dated the 25th of March 1818 in the 'Life, Letters' &c. where it first appeared. Keats says to his friend—"In hopes of cheering yo through a Minute or two, I was determined will he nill he to send you some lines so you will excuse the unconnected subject and careless verse. You know, I an sure, Claude's Enchanted Castle, and I wish you may be pleased with my re membrance of it." About the middle of the century this picture emerged fro Lord Overstone's collection at Wickham Park, Bromley, and was exhibited at th British Institution; and Lady Wantage exhibited it at Burlington House in 188 Keats probably knew it through Woollett's engraving. It was a favourite i Keats's circle: Hunt, in 'Imagination and Fancy,' says of the "perilous seas i faery lands forlorn" passage in the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' "This beats Claude' Enchanted Castle, and the story of King Beder in the Arabian Nights."

11. The term 'pretty well so so' was used by Keats's set to signify 'prett well tipsy'; and this sense is destroyed by the comma which formerly stoo between 'pretty well' and 'so so'.

14. The metre here probably implies the colloquial pronunciation 'praps' fo 'perhaps'.

The pipes go shrilly, the libation flows:
A white sail shows above the green-head cliff,
Moves round the point, and throws her anchor stiff;
The mariners join hymn with those on land.

You know the Enchanted Castle,—it doth stand
Upon a rock, on the border of a Lake,
Nested in trees, which all do seem to shake
From some old magic-like Urganda's Sword.
O Phœbus! that I had thy sacred word
To show this Castle, in fair dreaming wise,
Unto my friend, while sick and ill he lies!

You know it well enough, where it doth seem
A mossy place, a Merlin's Hall, a dream;
You know the clear Lake, and the little Isles,
The mountains blue, and cold near neighbour rills,
All which elsewhere are but half animate;
There do they look alive to love and hate,
To smiles and frowns; they seem a lifted mound
Above some giant, pulsing underground.

Part of the Building was a chosen See,
Built by a banish'd Santon of Chaldee;
The other part, two thousand years from him,
Was built by Cuthbert de Saint Aldebrim,
Then there's a little wing, far from the Sun,
Built by a Lapland Witch turn'd maudlin Nun;
And many other juts of aged stone
Founded with many a mason-devil's groan.

The doors all look as if they op'd themselves,
The windows as if latch'd by Fays and Elves,
And from them comes a silver flash of light,
As from the westward of a Summer's night;
Or like a beauteous woman's large blue eyes
Gone mad thro' olden songs and poesies.

See! what is coming from the distance dim!
A golden Galley all in silken trim!

54. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me that he thought this line was a repetition of something elsewhere in Keats. Perhaps he had in his mind the lines from the poem on seeing Milton's hair—

Will I, grey gone in passion,

and

And mad with glimpses of futurity!

Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles,
Into the verd'rous bosoms of those isles ;
Towards the shade, under the Castle wall,
It comes in silence,—now 'tis hidden all.
The Clarion sounds, and from a Postern-gate
An echo of sweet music doth create
A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring
His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring,—
He tells of the sweet music, and the spot,
To all his friends, and they believe him not.

O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colours from the sunset take :
From something of material sublime,
Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time
In the dark void of night. For in the world
We jostle,—but my flag is not unfurl'd
On the Admiral-staff,—and so philosophize
I dare not yet! Oh, never will the prize,
High reason, and the love of good and ill,
Be my award ! Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought ;
Or is it that imagination brought
Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd,
Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,
Cannot refer to any standard law
Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

Dear Reynolds ! I have a mysterious tale,
And cannot speak it : the first page I read
Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed
Among the breakers ; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand ; I was at home
And sl ould have been most happy,—but I saw
Too far into the sea, where every maw

73. In the Aldine edition we read 'to' for 'so'.
77. Rossetti also notes that this line "is anticipative of the Grecian U
ode",—
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought...
The same may be said of "the milk-white heifer lows," in line 21.
90. The Aldine edition reads 'weave'; but the 1848 version has 'wave'.

The greater on the less feeds evermore.—
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal fierce destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it, and tho', to-day,
I've gather'd young spring-leaves, and flowers gay
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,—
The Shark at savage prey,—the Hawk at pounce,—
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,
Ravening a worm,—Away, ye horrid moods!
Moods of one's mind! You know I hate them well.
You know I'd sooner be a clapping Bell
To some Kamtschatcan Missionary Church,
Than with these horrid moods be left i' the lurch.

DAWLISH FAIR.

OVER the Hill and over the Dale,
And over the Bourne to Dawlish,
Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale,
And ginger-bread nuts are smallish.

Fragment of an Ode to Maia, written on May Day 1818.

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ?
Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,

105. I do not know whether a line has been lost, or whether Keats is himself responsible for the want of a rhyme to this line.

The scrap headed 'Dawlish Fair' occurs in a letter to James Rice, written from Teignmouth on the 25th of March 1818, and published by Lord Houghton in the first volume of the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). Keats closes his letter with "I went yesterday to Dawlish fair", and this quatrain. The hilly walk to Dawlish is recorded with topographical accuracy. Whether the rest is observation or (as is more probable) mere rhyme, I cannot say.

The Maia fragment was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) in a letter to Reynolds from Teignmouth, dated the 3rd of May 1818, wherein Keats says—"it is impossible to know how far knowledge will console us for the death of a friend, and the ill 'that flesh is heir to.' With respect to the affections and Poetry you

By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears.
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

ACROSTIC:

Georgiana Augusta Keats.

GIVE me your patience Sister while I frame
Exact in Capitals your golden name
Or sue the fair Apollo and he will
Rouse from his heavy slumber and instil
Great love in me for thee and Poesy.
Imagine not that greatest mastery
And kingdom over all the Realms of verse
Nears more to Heaven in aught than when we nurse
And surety give to love and Brotherhood.

Anthropophagi in Othello's mood;
Ulysses stormed, and his enchanted belt
Glow with the Muse, but they are never felt

must know by a sympathy my thoughts that way, and I dare say these few lin
will be but a ratification: I wrote them on May-day—and intend to finish the o
all in good time." Lord Houghton very aptly observes—"It is much to be regrett
he did not finish this Ode; this commencement is in his best manner: the sen
ment and expression perfect, as every traveller in modern Greece will recognize
An Ode so propitiously begun would, if completed, have been a worthy ending f
the Devonshire series, though including 'Isabella.'

The acrostic on the name of Keats's sister-in-law seems to have been written
the foot of Helvellyn on the 27th of June 1818; for, although it is in the Wi
chester journal-letter of September 1819, it purports to be copied from an o
letter which reached Liverpool after the George Keatses had sailed for Americ
and which was therefore returned to the poet. It first appeared in a New Yo
newspaper, 'The World,' on the 25th of June 1877. When it was written, Kea
(with his friend Charles Armitage Brown) was on the way to Carlisle, to tak
coach there for Dumfries and begin the walking tour in Scotland on which t
first serious breakdown of his health occurred. Leaving London about the midd
of June, they had seen the George Keatses off from Liverpool for America, a
had then started walking from Lancaster; so that, by the time Keats was writi
the acrostic, he had already been walking several days; and four days later t
friends reached Carlisle, ending there the English portion of their walk.

Unbosom'd so and so eternal made,
Such tender incense in their Laurel shade,
To all the regent sisters of the Nine
As this poor offering to you sister mine.

Kind sister! aye, this third name says you are;
Enchanted has it been the Lord knows where.
And may it taste to you like good old wine,
Take you to real happiness and give
Sons, daughters and a home like honied hive.

SONNET.

On visiting the Tomb of Burns.

THE town, the churchyard, and the setting sun,
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
Though beautiful, cold—strange—as in a dream,
I dreamed long ago, now new begun.
The short-liv'd, paly Summer is but won
From Winter's ague, for one hour's gleam;
Though sapphire-warm, their stars do never beam:

21. In 'M'Clure's Magazine' for October 1895 is a fac-simile reproduction of this acrostic from the holograph, said to be then in the hands of Mr. J. G. Speed, George Keats's grandson. The manuscript shows no variation of any consequence from the printed text; but line 3 reads 'apollo' with a small *a*, line 10 'Othelo's' with one *l*, and line 14 'insence' for 'incense'; and the commas are wanting after 'wine' in line 19 and 'sons' in line 21.

The Sonnet on Burns's Tomb, with which the Scotch series begins, was not a very "prosperous opening". It seems to have been written on the 2nd of July 1818, and was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters,' &c. in 1848, as part of a letter to Tom Keats, wherein the poet sufficiently explains the comparative poverty of the production, thus:—

"You will see by this sonnet that I am at Dumfries. We have dined in Scotland. Burns's tomb is in the Churchyard corner, not very much to my taste, though on a scale large enough to show they wanted to honour him. Mrs. Burns lives in this place; most likely we shall see her to-morrow. This sonnet I have written in a strange mood, half-asleep. I know not how it is, the Clouds, the Sky, the Houses, all seem anti-Grecian and anti-Charlemagnish. I will endeavour to get rid of my prejudices and tell you fairly about the Scotch."

It is well to say at once that the precise dates assigned to this series of poems are not absolutely certain; for Keats himself was notoriously inexact about dates, and, according to his own confession, "never knew". Thus the next published letter, containing the Meg Merrilies poem, is dated "Auchtercairn, 3rd July"; and in it we read "yesterday was passed in Kirkcudbright", without any fresh date, though probably this statement belongs to the day on which Keats and Brown were at Newton Stewart. In his letter to his sister, beginning at Dumfries on the

All is cold Beauty ; pain is never done :
For who has mind to relish, Minos-wise,
The Real of Beauty, free from that dead hue
Sickly imagination and sick pride
Cast wan upon it ! Burns ! with honour due
I oft have honour'd thee. Great shadow, hide
Thy face ; I sin against thy native skies.

MEG MERRILIES.

1.

OLD MEG she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors :
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

2.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

2nd, he says he shall be at Kirkcudbright the next day ; speaks of visiting Burns' tomb "yesterday"; and says he has so many interruptions he cannot fill a lette in one day. Unfortunately these interruptions sometimes occurred in the middl of a paragraph, and one cannot always be sure at what point the date changes.

Keats and Brown seem to have started from Dumfries again on the 2nd of July "through Galloway—all very pleasant and pretty with no fatigue when one used to it", as he writes to his sister, adding "We are in the midst of Me Merrilies' country of whom I suppose you have heard", and giving her forthwith copy of the poem. Lord Houghton says of this stage—

"The pedestrians passed by Solway Frith through that delightful part of Kirk cudbrightshire, the scene of 'Guy Mannering.' Keats had never read the nove but was much struck with the character of Meg Merrilies as delineated to him b Brown. He seemed at once to realise the creation of the novelist, and, suddenl stopping in the pathway, at a point where a profusion of honeysuckles, wild ros and fox-glove, mingled with the bramble and broom that filled up the spac between the shattered rocks, he cried out, 'Without a shadow of doubt on th spot has old Meg Merrilies often boiled her kettle.'"

On the 3rd of July he writes to Tom from "Auchtercairn" (meaning, I presum Auchencairn, some six miles east of Kirkcudbright)—"We are now in Meg Mer lies' country, and have, this morning, passed through some parts exactly suited her. Kirkcudbright County is very beautiful, very wild, with craggy hills, som what in the Westmoreland fashion. We have come down from Dumfries to th sea-coast part of it. The following song you will have from Dilke, but perha you would like it here".

3.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

4.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

5.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

6.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,

I should judge that the scene given by Brown to Lord Houghton belonged rather to the morning of the 3rd than to the evening of the 2nd; and that Keats took out his current letter to his sister at Auchencairn on pausing there to breakfast, and wrote the poem into it when he began a fresh letter to Tom with it. Thus, besides a rough draft, there would be three fair copies of the poem, one for Tom, one for Fanny, and one for Mr. Dilke. The only copy I have seen is that for his sister, from which I have revised the text. It is written in stanzas of four lines,—not eight as formerly given,—the final stanza having thus two extra lines instead of being unfinished as it appears in previous editions. In this manuscript very few variations of consequence occur. Stanza 4 shows a cancelled reading, 'day' for 'morn', in line 1; and stanza 6 affords a rejected variant of the first line—

And sometimes with her fingers old...

The head-gear of stanza 7 is clearly 'a chip hat', and not 'a ship-hat' as in the older texts: this confirms a suggestion of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who wrote to me that he considered 'chip' made better sense (as it obviously does), and that he believed it stood so in 'Hood's Magazine,' where the poem first appeared,—a belief which reference to the magazine for 1844 shows to be correct. Rossetti thought it "a pity to tack the poem on to the novel", and cited 'Hood's Magazine' in support of the title "'Old Meg,' which answers much better." This is one of the very few points on which I find myself in disagreement with Rossetti. It is true that the poem is headed 'Old Meg' in the magazine, and has no title at all in the letter in which Lord Houghton gave it in the 'Life, Letters' &c., or in that to Fanny Keats; but I think the extracts given above so distinctly connect it with the novel as to render 'Meg Merrilies' the most proper title.

And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

7.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone!

A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

1.

THERE was a naughty Boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be—
He took
In his Knapsack
A Book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap—
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New Stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This Knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivetted close

'A Song about Myself,' first published in the Library edition, is from the lett to Keats's sister mentioned in the note to 'Meg Merrilies.' He makes a fres start with—"since I scribbled the Song we have walked through a beautif country to Kirkcudbright—at which place I will write you a song about myself' He then proceeds with this very curious piece of doggerel, and excuses himself o the plea of fatigue. The variety of the pieces of this class addressed to differe correspondents is worth noting. Compare this with the Devon pieces sent Haydon, and more particularly with 'The Gadfly', sent to Tom a little lat than this. I presume this piece should be dated the 3rd of July 1818.

And followéd his Nose
To the North,
To the North,
And follow'd his nose
To the North.

2.

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An ink stand
In his hand
And a Pen
Big as ten
In the other,
And away
In a Pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghostes
And Postes
And witches
And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the weather
Was warm—
Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north,
To the north,
To follow one's nose
To the north!

3.

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,

3. This is a genuine autobiographic reminiscence of the time when the young Keatses lived with their grandmother after the death of their parents.

He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the Maid
Nor afraid
Of his Granny-good—
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook
And bring home
Miller's thumb,
Tittlebat
Not over fat,
Minnows small
As the stall
Of a glove,
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little Baby's
Little fingers—
O he made
'Twas his trade
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle—
A Kettle
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle!

4.

There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty Boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
Then he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard

4. There is an under-current of dissatisfaction with things Caledonian in th fourth stanza; and indeed I do not think Keats ever got entirely rid of this durin the whole of the tour, albeit he enjoyed many transient visitations of tr enthusiasm inspired both by fine scenery and by associations.

Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red—
That lead
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd,
He wonder'd,
He stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd.

A GALLOWAY SONG.

Ah! ken ye what I met the day
Out oure the Mountains
A coming down by craggi[e]s grey
An mossie fountains—
A[h] goud hair'd Marie yeve I pray
Ane minute's guessing—
For that I met upon the way
Is past expressing.
As I stood where a rocky brig
A torrent crosses
I spied upon a misty rig
A troup o' Horses—
And as they trotted down the glen
I sped to meet them
To see if I might know the Men
To stop and greet them.
First Willie on his sleek mare came
At canting gallop
His long hair rustled like a flame
On board a shallop.

The Galloway song is the opening of a letter to Tom Keats begun at Ballantrae on the 10th of July 1818. "The reason," he says, "for my writing these lines was that Brown wanted to impose a Galloway song upon Dilke—but it won't do. The subject I got from meeting a wedding just as we came down into this place." The letter and song first appeared in my Library edition.

Then came his brother Rab and then
Young Peggy's Mither
And Peggy too—adown the glen
They went togither—
I saw her wrappit in her hood
Fra wind and raining—
Her cheek was flush wi' timid blood
Twixt growth and waning—
She turn'd her dazed head full oft
For there her Brithers
Came riding with her Bridegroom soft
And mony ithers.
Young Tam came up an' eyed me quick
With reddened cheek—
Braw Tam was daffed like a chick—
He coud na speak—
Ah Marie they are all gane hame
Through blustering weather
An' every heart is full on flame
An' light as feather.
Ah! Marie they are all gone hame
Fra happy wedding,
Whilst I—Ah is it not a shame?
Sad tears am shedding.

SONNET.

TO AILSA ROCK.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?

From Kirkcudbright the tourists went to Newton Stewart and thence throug
Wigtonshire to Port Patrick, visiting Glenluce and Stranraer on the way. Fro
Port Patrick they crossed in the mail packet to Ireland, reaching Donaghadee o
the 5th of July. They walked from Donaghadee to Belfast and back, havin
abandoned the idea of seeing the Giant's Causeway on account of the expense,—
crossed again so as to sleep at Port Patrick on the 8th, and then resumed the
Scotch walk. Lord Houghton says—

"Returning from Ireland, the travellers proceeded northwards by the coas
Ailsa Rock constantly in their view. That fine object first appeared to them, i
the full sunlight, like a transparent tortoise asleep upon the calm water, then, a
they advanced, displaying its lofty shoulders, and, as they still went on, losing it

How long is't since the mighty power bid
  Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
  Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid.
Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead asleep;
  Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
  First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
  Another cannot wake thy giant size.

SONNET.

Written in the Cottage where Burns was born.

THIS mortal body of a thousand days
  Now fills, O Burns, a space in thine own room,
Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays,
  Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom!
My pulse is warm with thine own Barley-bree,
  My head is light with pledging a great soul,
My eyes are wandering, and I cannot see,
  Fancy is dead and drunken at its goal;

distinctness in the mountains of Arran and the extent of Cantire that rose behind." The biographer records that the sonnet to Ailsa Rock was written in the inn at Girvan; and, as Keats was at Maybole on the 11th, and Girvan is more than three quarters of the way from Port Patrick to Maybole, the sonnet should be dated the 10th or 11th of July 1818. It appeared in Leigh Hunt's 'Literary Pocket-book' for 1819, from which I give the text, and the title—with the preposition 'to,' not 'on' as in other editions.

In giving the sonnet on the Burns Cottage in the 'Life, Letters' &c. next to that on Visiting the Tomb of Burns, Lord Houghton recorded that it was written "in the whisky-shop into which the cottage where Burns was born was converted". The date however is not the same as that of the other, as the travellers made the détour to the coast and across to Ireland already described, before coming to Burns's birthplace. The following extract from a letter of Keats's accompanies the sonnet in the 'Life':—"The 'bonnie Doon' is the sweetest river I ever saw—overhung with fine trees as far as we could see. We stood some time on the 'brig' o'er which Tam o' Shanter fled—we took a pinch of snuff on the key stone—then we proceeded to the auld Kirk of Alloway. Then we went to the cottage in which Burns was born; there was a board to that effect by the door's side; it had the same effect as the same sort of memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. We drank some toddy to Burns's memory with an old man who knew him. There was something good in his description of Burns's melancholy the last time he saw him. I was determined to write a sonnet in the cottage: I did, but it was so bad I cannot venture it here." Lord Houghton gave this as from a letter to Haydon: it is really an edited extract from a letter to Tom Keats which happens to have been pasted into Haydon's journal.

On the 11th of July, at Maybole, Keats began a letter to Reynolds, the whole

Yet can I stamp my foot upon thy floor,
Yet can I ope thy window-sash to find
The meadow thou hast tramped o'er and o'er,—
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind,—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame!

Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns's Country.

THERE is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought, where glory had the gain;
There is a pleasure on the heath where Druids old have been,
Where mantles grey have rustled by and swept the nettle green;
There is a joy in every spot made known by times of old,
New to the feet, although each tale a hundred times be told;

of which is very interesting (see Letters); but the following passage is, in thi connexion, peculiarly so:—

"I begin a letter to you because I am approaching Burns's cottage very fas We have made continual enquiries from the time we saw his tomb at Dumfries— his name of course is known all about—his great reputation among the ploddin people is 'that he wrote a good *mony* sensible things.' One of the pleasantes ways of annulling self is approaching such a shrine as the Cottage of Burns—w need not think of his misery—that is all gone, bad luck to it—I shall look upo it hereafter with unmixed pleasure, as I do on my Stratford-on-Avon day wit Bailey. I shall fill this sheet for you in the bardie's country, going no furthe than this till I get to the town of Ayr which will be a nine miles' walk to Tea.

Probably the proceedings related to Tom Keats took place on the 12th: th travellers must have passed no great way from Burns's cottage on the road to Ay seeing that the cottage is some two miles south of the town; but they may hav wished to start with renewed vigour after a night's rest on this quasi-religiou part of their pilgrimage. To Reynolds also Keats spoke disparagingly of th sonnet, as too bad for transcription; and to Bailey he wrote that it was "s wretched" that he destroyed it. Nevertheless it fortunately survived; and heartily concur in the opinion of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who observes i a letter to me that this sonnet, "for all Keats says about it himself, is a fine thing. Lord Houghton comments thus—"The 'local colour' is strong in it: it migh have been written where 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' and its geniality woul have delighted the object of its admiration".

After leaving Ayr Keats and Brown appear to have been detained by rain some place twelve miles along the road, when Keats took the opportunity of goi on with his letter to Reynolds begun at Maybole. They were en route for Glasgo (casually mentioned in a letter to Bailey begun at Inverary on the 18th of July which they took on their way from Ayr to Loch Lomond and Inverary. The poe given above is mentioned to Bailey as having been written within a few days the sonnet in Burns's cottage, so that, although Keats is responsible for the tit

There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn in the heart,
More parching to the tongue than all, of more divine a smart,
When weary steps forget themselves upon a pleasant turf,
Upon hot sand, or flinty road, or sea-shore iron scurf,
Toward the castle or the cot, where long ago was born
One who was great through mortal days, and died of fame unshorn.
Light heather-bells may tremble then, but they are far away;
Wood-lark may sing from sandy fern,—the Sun may hear his lay;
Runnels may kiss the grass on shelves and shallows clear,
But their low voices are not heard, though come on travels drear;
Blood-red the Sun may set behind black mountain peaks;
Blue tides may sluice and drench their time in caves and weedy creeks;
Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air;
Ring-doves may fly convuls'd across to some high-cedar'd lair;

as given above, it seems more probable that the term *Highlands* was used in a lax popular sense than that the poem was composed after the visit to Staffa. Indeed in the letter to Bailey he speaks of the whole tour as in the Highlands. Keats expected to be by Loch Lomond about the 15th of July, and may have written this poem on high ground anywhere about the Loch, with the scenery of which he was very much impressed. They did not ascend Ben Lomond as intended, being deterred by expense and need of rest.

In the Houghton collection is a holograph manuscript of the poem, at the end of which Keats has written the title as given in this edition; and another copy was "cross-scribed," as Keats says, on his letter to Bailey of the 18th of July 1818. There is a manuscript among those at the end of Sir Charles Dilke's 'Endymion'; and a transcript headed 'Lines Written in the Scotch Highlands,' in which each line is divided into two, was found on a loose paper in the British Museum book of Keats manuscripts. In 'The Examiner' for the 14th of July 1822 is a complete text of the poem, headed 'Lines Written in the Scotch Highlands.' The Editor states that portions of the poem had appeared in "a late Number of the 'New Monthly Magazine,'" and that it was forwarded to the editor of that magazine entire. The 'Examiner' text corresponds throughout with that which I have given, save in line 5, and in the matter of punctuation: the 'Examiner' version is full of notes of exclamation. The first line in the Houghton holograph shows a rejected reading, thus:

There is a charm in footing slow across a { silent plain / grand camp...

I suppose the cancelled *grand camp* would have been *grand campaign* if Keats had not thought better of it before finishing the line. Line 2 ends in the holograph with 'when glory had the gain', not 'where'. Line 5 was originally written

In every spot there is a joy made known by times of old

but the words 'In every spot' and 'there is a joy' are marked for transposition. The Museum transcript and 'The Examiner' also read 'in days of old' for 'by times of old' in line 5.

13. The Houghton holograph shows the cancelled reading 'Blue heather bells' for 'Light heather bells'.

14. The Museum transcript reads 'Wood-larks' for 'Wood-lark'.

16. The Houghton holograph reads 'from' for 'on'.

But the forgotten eye is still fast lidded to the ground,
As Palmer's, that with weariness, mid-desert shrine hath found.
At such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain ;
Forgotten is the worldly heart—alone, it beats in vain.—
Aye, if a madman could have leave to pass a healthful day
To tell his forehead's swoon and faint when first began decay,
He might make tremble many a one whose spirit had gone forth
To find a Bard's low cradle-place about the silent North !
Scanty the hour and few the steps beyond the bourn of care,
Beyond the sweet and bitter world,—beyond it unaware !
Scanty the hour and few the steps, because a longer stay
Would bar return, and make a man forget his mortal way :
O horrible ! to lose the sight of well remember'd face,
Of Brother's eyes, of Sister's brow—constant to every place ;
Filling the air, as on we move, with portraiture intense ;
More warm than those heroic tints that pain a painter's sense,
When shapes of old come striding by, and visages of old,
Locks shining black, hair scanty grey, and passions manifold.
No, no, that horror cannot be, for at the cable's length
Man feels the gentle anchor pull and gladdens in its strength :—
One hour, half-idiot, he stands by mossy waterfall,
But in the very next he reads his soul's memorial :—
He reads it on the mountain's height, where chance he may sit down
Upon rough marble diadem—that hill's eternal crown.
Yet be his anchor e'er so fast, room is there for a prayer
That man may never lose his mind on mountains black and bare ;
That he may stray league after league some great birth-place to find
And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight unblind.

21. Rejected reading of the holograph, 'keeps' for 'is'.

23. The Dilke manuscript reads 'world's a child'—the Houghton, 'soul's a child' : *world's* is doubtless an error of transcription induced by the presence of *worldly* in the next line.

25-9. In the Houghton manuscript 'a' is substituted for 'the' before 'Madman'; and in line 27 'many a Man' is rejected for 'many a one'. Line 29 originally began with 'Short is the hour' instead of 'Scanty the hour'.

35. In the holograph 'one' is written by mistake for 'on'.

38. The first word of line 38 was originally 'Hair', but was altered to 'Locks'.

44-5. In the Houghton holograph line 44 originally opened with 'Upon its marble diadem',—'its' being struck out for 'rough'. In line 45 'the anchor' and 'our anchor' are rejected in favour of 'his anchor'. The above text follows generally the Dilke manuscript.

THE GADFLY.

1.

ALL gentle folks who owe a grudge
To any living thing
Open your ears and stay your t[r]udge
Whilst I in dudgeon sing.

2.

The Gadfly he hath stung me sore—
O may he ne'er sting you!
But we have many a horrid bore
He may sting black and blue.

3.

Has any here an old grey Mare
With three legs all her store,
O put it to her Buttocks bare
And straight she'll run on four.

4.

Has any here a Lawyer suit
Of 1743,
Take Lawyer's nose and put it to't
And you the end will see.

5.

Is there a Man in Parliament
Dum[b-]founder'd in his speech,
O let his neighbour make a rent
And put one in his breech.

'The Gadfly' is from a letter to Tom Keats—first published in the Library edition. On the 17th of July 1818 the travellers were approaching Inverary, and Keats began the letter at "Cairn-something", having walked fifteen miles to breakfast through "two tremendous Glens". One of these was Glencroe and the other perhaps a smaller glen at the southern extremity of Glenfyne: Glencroe is mentioned later on in the letter and is also identifiable by a place called "Rest and be thankful" which the poet names; and at the end of the smaller glen is Cairndow not far from the northern extremity of Loch Fyne, a bathe in which was the occasion of the ballad given above—a bathe to which the gadflies were the only drawback (see Letters). The ballad may be assigned to the 17th of July 1818.

4. Line 2 is of course to be read "Of seventeen forty three", not "Of seventeen hundred and forty three."

6.

O Lowther how much better thou
Hadst figur'd t'other day
When to the folks thou mad'st a bow
And hadst no more to say

7.

If lucky Gadfly had but ta'en
His seat * * *
And put thee to a little pain
To save thee from a worse.

8.

Better than Southey it had been,
Better than Mr. D——,
Better than Wordsworth too, I ween,
Better than Mr. V——.

9.

Forgive me pray good people all
For deviating so—
In spirit sure I had a call—
And now I on will go.

10

Has any here a daughter fair
Too fond of reading novels,
Too apt to fall in love with care
And charming Mister Lovels,

6-8. I have not met with any account of the particular circumstances in which one of the members for Westmoreland figured in the manner described in stanza 6; but probably the contemporary newspaper press might show what episode Keats was contemplating in the memorable campaign in which the whigs tried to upset the then time-honoured influence of the House of Lowther, which had nominated the two county members, undisputedly, for a long time. The particular Lowther of stanza 6 was probably the Treasury Lord who was afterwards second Earl of Lonsdale. Wordsworth's 'Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland' are probably glanced at in stanza 8; "Mr. V——" would doubtless be the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nicholas Vansittart; and "Mr. D——" may perhaps have been Mr. Dundas, who had held office in a previous ministry; but this last name rests upon mere conjecture.

10. The reference is doubtless to the hero of Scott's novel 'The Antiquary,' properly the Honourable William Geraldin, heir to the Earl of Glenallan, but known throughout the book as Mr. Lovel.

11.

O put a Gadfly to that thing
She keeps so white and pert—
I mean the finger for the ring,
And it will breed a wort.

12.

Has any here a pious spouse
Who seven times a day
Scolds as King David pray'd, to chouse
And have her holy way—

13.

O let a Gadfly's little sting
Persuade her sacred tongue
That noises are a common thing,
But that her bell has rung.

14.

And as this is the summum bonum of all conquering,
I leave "withouten wordes mo"
The Gadfly's little sting.

SONNET.

On hearing the Bag-pipe and seeing "The Stranger" played at Inverary.

Of late two dainties were before me plac'd
Sweet, holy, pure, sacred and innocent,
From the ninth sphere to me benignly sent
That Gods might know my own particular taste:

12. Perhaps the reference is to Psalm cix, verse 164, "Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments"; but there is certainly no intentional disrespect to David, the word 'chouse' being the exclusive property of the pious scold.

The Bag-pipe sonnet, first given in the Library edition, is from the same letter as 'The Gadfly.' It would seem to have been still the 17th of July when Keats and Brown "came round the end of Loch Fyne to Inverary", as the poet tells his brother Tom in continuing the letter begun at Cairndow; for he makes a fresh

First the soft Bag-pipe mourn'd with zealous haste,
The Stranger next with head on bosom bent
Sigh'd ; rueful again the piteous Bag-pipe went,
Again the Stranger sighings fresh did waste.
O Bag-pipe thou didst steal my heart away—
O Stranger thou my nerves from Pipe didst charm—
O Bag-pipe thou didst re-assert thy sway—
Again thou Stranger gav'st me fresh alarm—
Alas ! I could not choose. Ah ! my poor heart
Mum chance art thou with both oblig'd to part.

STAFFA.

NOT Aladdin magian
Ever such a work began ;

start with "last evening," and lower down another fresh start dated July 20th i
which he speaks of the lapse of two days. The letter to Bailey already mentione
is also dated "Inverary, July 18"; and that was doubtless the day on which h
recounted to Tom the arrival at Inverary. Keats had been excruciated by a sol
on the bag-pipe on the way, "I thought," he says "the brute would never hav
done—yet was I doomed to hear another. On entering Inverary we saw a Play
Bill—Brown was knock'd up from new shoes—so I went to the Barn alone wher
I saw the Stranger accompanied by a Bag-pipe. There they went on abou
'interesting creaters' and 'human nater'—till the curtain fell and then came th
Bag-pipe. When Mrs. Haller fainted down went the curtain and out came th
Bag-pipe—at the heartrending, shoemending reconciliation the Piper blew amain
I never read or saw this play before ; not the Bag-pipe nor the wretched player
themselves were little in comparison with it—thank heaven it has been scoffe
at lately almost to a fashion". The sonnet given above follows this passag
without a break ; and I presume we may safely assign it to the 18th of July 1818
It was published in 'The Athenæum' of the 7th of June 1873. Without being i
any sense a good sonnet, it is highly interesting as the record of a mood, and c
Keats's attitude towards the wretched but once renowned work of August vo
Kotzebue, translated into English and performed at Drury Lane as long ago a
1798. The part of Mrs. Haller has been graced by no less a player tha
Mrs. Siddons. The manuscript of the sonnet shows a cancelled reading i
line 8, 'sighed in discontent', rejected of course as upsetting the metr
After a detention of a few hours at Inverary owing to Brown's suffering from sor
feet, the travellers started again on the 19th of January, walked along "20 miles b
the side of Loch Awe"—southward, I suppose, for they next paused "betwee
Craignish and the sea just opposite Long Island," where Keats gives a ver
minute account to Tom of the *locale* (see Letters). They then pushed on to Oba
"15 miles in a soaking rain"—due north again. At Oban Keats finished the lett
to Tom containing 'The Gadfly' and the 'Stranger' sonnet, and posted i
announcing that the travellers had given up the idea of Mull and Staffa on accou
of the expense. This was probably on the 22nd of July.

'Staffa,' first published by Lord Houghton in 1848, is by far the most characterist
of the Scotch series of poems. On the 23rd of July Keats began a fresh lett
to Tom, stating that just after he had posted the other the guide to Mull came i

Not the wizard of the Dee
Ever such a dream could see;
Not St. John, in Patmos' Isle,
In the passion of his toil,
When he saw the churches seven,
Golden aisl'd, built up in heaven,
Gaz'd at such a rugged wonder.
As I stood its roofing under,
Lo! I saw one sleeping there,
On the marble cold and bare.
While the surges wash'd his feet,
And his garments white did beat
Drench'd about the sombre rocks,
On his neck his well-grown locks,
Lifted dry above the main,
Were upon the curl again.
"What is this? and what art thou?"
Whisper'd I, and touch'd his brow;
"What art thou? and what is this?"
Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss
The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes;
Up he started in a trice:
"I am Lycidas," said he,
"Fam'd in funeral ministrelsy!

and made a bargain with them. This latter letter is headed "Dun an cullen"; but probably the place indicated is Derrynaculen, which is at a situation on the walk through the southern part of the Isle of Mull corresponding with Keats's narrative. This narrative seems to show that on the 23rd of July they crossed from Oban to Kerrera by one ferry and from Kerrera to Mull by another, and walked across the south of the Island to the western extremity to cross to Iona by boat. By the 26th, Keats resumed his letter to Tom at Oban, and narrated that the thirty-seven miles of walking had been very miserable, and that he and Brown had taken a boat at a bargain to carry them from Iona to Staffa, and land them finally at the head of Loch Nakeal, whence they could return to Oban by a better route. There is good reason to think that the Staffa poem was in the main written on the spot in the enthusiasm of the moment; for a copy of it down to the end of the present line 46, in a less mature state, exists in the writing of Brown, who sent it to Severn: this Mr. William Sharp gives in a note at page 35 of 'The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn' (1892). On resuming his letter to Tom, Keats vividly described Staffa, including Fingal's Cave, and, after saying "But it is impossible to describe it," inserted a matured version of the poem, with the following lines added to what Brown had copied for Severn:

'Tis now free to stupid face,
To cutters, and to Fashion boats,
To cravats and to petticoats:—
The great sea shall war it down,
For its fame shall not be blown
At each farthing Quadrille dance.
So saying with a spirit's glance
He dived.

This was architectur'd thus
By the great Oceanus!—
Here his mighty waters play
Hollow organs all the day;
Here by turns his dolphins all,
Finny palmers great and small,
Come to pay devotion due—
Each a mouth of pearls must strew.
Many a mortal of these days,
Dares to pass our sacred ways,
Dares to touch audaciously
This Cathedral of the Sea!
I have been the pontiff-priest
Where the waters never rest,
Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
Soars for ever; holy fire
I have hid from mortal man;
Proteus is my Sacristan.
But the dulled eye of mortal
Hath pass'd beyond the rocky portal;
So for ever will I leave
Such a taint, and soon unweave
All the magic of the place."

* * * *

So saying, with a Spirit's glance
He dived!

SONNET.

Written upon the Top of Ben Nevis.

READ me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud
Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist!

He resumed prose with "I am sorry I am so indolent as to write such stuff as thi
meaning, probably, the six lines of doggerel added there and then in a who
different mood from that of the poem. Woodhouse transcribed 'Staffa' in
Common-place book to line 49, adding the rest in pencil. The holograph letter
Tom reads (by a slip) in line 45 'stupid' for 'dulled', and by another in line
'architected'. The circumstances do not warrant the restoration of the dogge
lines to the text. The Brown transcript though not, I think, wholly authentic
to punctuation, has some trifling textual variations. In line 9 it reads 'on'
'at', for line 31

Here his dolphins, one and all,

in line 41 'Here' for 'Where' (lines 39 and 40 not being there), and for line

Has dar'd to pass the rocky portal.

The Sonnet on Ben Nevis belongs to the 2nd of August 1818. At Ob
apparently on the 26th of July, the decision was taken to rest "a day or tw

I look into the chasms, and a shroud
  Vapourous doth hide them,—just so much I wist
Mankind do know of hell ; I look o'erhead,
  And there is sullen mist,—even so much
Mankind can tell of heaven ; mist is spread
  Before the earth, beneath me,—even such,
Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
  Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
  I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mental might!

BEN NEVIS:

A Dialogue.

[Persons: Mrs. Cameron and Ben Nevis.]

MRS. C

Upon my Life Sir Nevis I am pique'd
That I have so far panted tugg'd and reek'd
To do an honor to your old bald pate
And now am sitting on you just to bate,

before pushing on to Fort William and Inverness. The ascent of Ben Nevis was made on the 2nd of August. Lord Houghton says in the 'Life, Letters' &c., where this sonnet first appeared,—"From Fort William Keats mounted Ben Nevis. When on the summit a cloud enveloped him, and sitting on the stones, as it slowly wafted away, showing a tremendous precipice into the valley below, he wrote these lines."

The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me of this sonnet as "perhaps the most thoughtful of Keats, and greatly superior in execution to the draft on Ailsa Craig". I must confess to finding a little want of spontaneity—not to be wondered at when we consider that Keats, though writing so bravely to his friends, had undertaken a task far beyond his physical strength, and probably one which laid the foundations of his mortal illness. He speaks to Tom lightly enough of "a slight sore throat"; but in a letter which Brown wrote from Inverness on the 7th of August, he says "Mr. Keats will leave me, and I am full of sorrow about it; . . . a violent cold and an ulcerated throat make it a matter of prudence that he should go to London in the Packet: he has been unwell for some time, and the Physician here is of opinion he will not recover if he journeys on foot thro' all weathers and under so many privations". So Brown went on to walk another 1200 miles alone, and Keats having accomplished 600 and odd, "went on board the smack from Cromarty", as he says in the letter to his sister dated "Hampstead, August 18th" (see Letters), and "after a nine days passage . . . landed at London Bridge" on the 17th of August 1818. In a letter to Tom Keats, begun at Letterfinlay on the 3rd of August 1818, preserved in Haydon's manuscript journal, is a holograph of this sonnet, showing no variation of consequence from the received text. In line 4 'Vaprous' occurs for 'Vapourous', and in line 5 'doth' for 'do'.

The Ben Nevis dialogue, first published in the Library edition, occurs in Keats's holograph letter to his brother Tom, just mentioned. He describes the ascent

Without your paying me one compliment.
Alas 'tis so with all, when our intent
Is plain, and in the eye of all Mankind
We fair ones show a preference, too blind!
You Gentle man immediately turn tail—
O let me then my hapless fate bewail!
Ungrateful Baldpate have I not disdain'd
The pleasant Valleys—have I not madbrain'd
Deserted all my Pickles and preserves
My China closet too—with wretched Nerves
To boot—say wretched ingrate have I not
Le[f]t my soft cushion chair and caudle pot.
'Tis true I had no corns—no! thank the fates
My Shoemaker was always Mr. Bates.
And if not Mr. Bates why I'm not old!
Still dumb ungrateful Nevis—still so cold!

Here the Lady took some more w[h]iskey and was putting eve
more to her lips when she dashed [it] to the Ground for th
Mountain began to grumble—which continued for a few minute
before he thus began,

BEN NEVIS.

What whining bit of tongue and Mouth thus dares
Disturb my slumber of a thousand years?
Even so long my sleep has been secure—
And to be so awaked I'll not endure.
Oh pain—for since the Eagle's earliest scream
I've had a dam[n]'d confounded ugly dream,
A Nightmare sure. What Madam was it you?
It cannot be! My old eyes are not true!
Red-Crag, my Spectacles! Now let me see!
Good Heavens Lady how the gemini
Did you get here? O I shall split my sides!
I shall earthquake————

MRS. C.

Sweet Nevis do not quake, for though I love
You[r] honest Countenance all things above

graphically for his young brother's edification, and adds—"After all there was o
Mrs. Cameron of 50 years of age and the fattest woman in all Invernessshire w
got up this Mountain some few years ago—true she had her servants—but th
she had herself... 'Tis said a little conversation took place between the mounta
and the Lady. After taking a glass of W[h]iskey as she was tolerably seated
ease she thus began."

22. The manuscript reads 'distur'd' for 'disturb'.
26. It is not quite clear whether the word in the letter is 'dam'd' or 'darn'd
29. As regards 'Red-Crag', Keats explains "A domestic of Ben's".

Truly I should not like to be convey'd
So far into your Bosom—gentle Maid
Loves not too rough a treatment gentle Sir—
Pray thee be calm and do not quake nor stir
No not a Stone or I shall go in fits—

BEN NEVIS.

I must—I shall—I meet not such tit bits—
I meet not such sweet creatures every day—
By my old night cap night cap night and day
I must have one sweet Buss—I must and shall!
Red Crag!—What Madam can you then repent
Of all the toil and vigour you have spent
To see Ben Nevis and to touch his nose?
Red Crag I say! O I must have them close!
Red Crag, there lies beneath my farthest toe
A vein of Sulphur—go dear Red Crag, go—
And rub your flinty back against it—budge!
Dear Madam I must kiss you, faith I must!
I must Embrace you with my dearest gust!
Block-head, d'ye hear—Block-head I'll make her feel
There lies beneath my east leg's northern heel
A cave of young earth dragons—well my boy
Go thither quick and so complete my joy
Take you a bundle of the largest pines
And when the sun on fiercest Phosphor shines
Fire them and ram them in the Dragon's nest
Then will the dragons fry and fizz their best
Until ten thousand now no bigger than
Poor Al[l]igators—poor things of one span—
Will each one swell to twice ten times the size
Of northern whale—then for the tender prize—
The moment then—for then will Red Crab rub
His flinty back—and I shall kiss and snub
And press my dainty morsel to my breast.
Block-head make haste!
O Muses weep the rest—
The Lady fainted and he thought her dead
So pulled the clouds again about his head
And went to sleep again—soon she was rous'd
By her affrighted servants—next day hous'd
Safe on the lowly ground she bless'd her fate
That fainting fit was not delayed too late.

53. Keats explains that Block-head is "Another domestic of Ben's".
74. He adds here in plain prose: "But what surprises me above all is how this Lady got down again. I felt it horribly. 'Twas the most vile descent—shook me all to pieces."

Translation from a Sonnet of Ronsard.

NATURE withheld Cassandra in the skies,
For more adornment, a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes,
And shap'd and tinted her above all Peers:
Meanwhile Love kept her dearly with his wings,
And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes

The translation from Ronsard seems to have been made about September 181
It was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) in a lett
to Reynolds, undated, but belonging to that time. The sonnet follows the wor
"Here is a free translation of a Sonnet of Ronsard, which I think will please y
—I have the loan of his works—they have great Beauties". Lord Houghton su
plied the couplet thus:—

So that her image in my soul upgrew,
The only thing adorable and true.

In the copy of Shakespeare's Poetical Works given to Keats by Reynolds, a
containing the manuscript of Keats's last sonnet, there is also a manuscript
these three quatrains, wanting, like the version adopted by Lord Houghton, t
last two lines. The readings of this manuscript are greatly inferior to those
the other version, which I have adopted above, merely substituting ''d' for 'e
in some few words, and 'dyes' for 'dies' in line 3; but to show the variatio
fully I here transcribe the manuscript:

Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies
For meet adornment a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty, fairest dies
And shaped and tinted her above all peers.
Love meanwhile held her dearly with his wings
And underneath their shadow charm'd her eyes
To such a richness, that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus uttered slavish sighs—
When I beheld her on the Earth descend
My heart began to burn—and only pains
They were my pleasures—they my sad Life's end—
Love pour'd her Beauty into my warm veins...

This manuscript, which shows a cancelled reading of line 10—

My heart began to burn—my head to daze—

is something of a curiosity. Keats wrote it with a pencil; and the pencilling h
been gone over with a pen and ink. After a very careful examination I am c
fident that Keats did not ink over his pencil draft himself, and almost equa
confident that this was done by Woodhouse—perhaps at the request of Severn,
whom the book passed from Keats. Beneath the unfinished sonnet is a pencil
memorandum in Woodhouse's writing, signed "R. W.", as follows:

"This is a translation from one of Ronsard's sonnets (a book I lent Keats)—
begins

'Nature ornant Cassandre qui devoit
De ses forcer les plus rebelles.'

I believe I have the translation complete at home." It must, however, be bo
in mind that, after writing it down for Reynolds, Keats himself said "I had
the original by me when I wrote it, and did not recollect the purport of the l

With such a richness that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs.
When from the Heavens I saw her first descend,
My heart took fire, and only burning pains,
They were my pleasures—they my Life's sad end;
Love pour'd her beauty into my warm veins...
* * * * *
* * * * *

A PROPHECY: TO GEORGE KEATS IN AMERICA.

'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
For a song and for a charm,
See they glisten in alarm,
And the moon is waxing warm
To hear what I shall say.
Moon! keep wide thy golden ears—
Hearken, stars! and hearken, spheres!—

lines." The original sonnet is the second sonnet in 'Les Amours de Cassandre', and is as follows:

Nature, ornant Cassandre, qui deuoit
De sa douceur forcer les plus rebelles,
La composa de cent beautez nouuelles,
Que dès mille ans en espargne elle auoit:—
De tous les biens qu' Amour au Ciel couuoit
Comme un trésor cherement sous ses ailes,
Elle enrichit les graces immortelles
De son bel oeil qui les Dieux esmouuoit.—
Du Ciel à peine elle estoit descenduë
Quand ie la vey, quand mon asme esperduë
En deuint folle, et d'un si poignant trait,
Amour coula ses beautez en mes veines,
Qu' autres plaisirs ie ne sens que mes peines
Ny autre bien qu' adorer son portrait.

Cassandre, it should be explained, was, as Lord Houghton records in the 'Life, Letters' &c., "a damosel of Blois," beloved of Master Peter Ronsard.

'A Prophecy' is from the letter to George and Georgiana Keats finished on the 29th of October 1818, and was first given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters' &c. The lines follow immediately upon this passage:—

"If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your Children should be the first American Poet. I have a great mind to make a prophecy, and they say prophecies work out their own fulfilment."

Hearken, thou eternal sky!
I sing an infant's lullaby,
A pretty lullaby.
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
Though the rushes that will make
Its cradle still are in the lake—
Though the linen that will be
Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—
Though the woollen that will keep
It warm, is on the silly sheep—
Listen, starlight, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
Child, I see thee! Child, I've found thee
Midst of the quiet all around thee!
Child, I see thee! Child, I spy thee!
And thy mother sweet is nigh thee!
Child, I know thee! Child no more,
But a Poet evermore!
See, see, the lyre, the lyre,
In a flame of fire,
Upon the little cradle's top
Flaring, flaring, flaring,
Past the eyesight's bearing.
Awake it from its sleep,
And see if it can keep
Its eyes upon the blaze—
Amaze, amaze!
It stares, it stares, it stares,
It dares what no one dares!
It lifts its little hand into the flame
Unharm'd, and on the strings
Paddles a little tune, and sings,
With dumb endeavour sweetly—
Bard art thou completely!
Little child
O' th' western wild,
Bard art thou completely!
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,
A Poet now or never,
Little child
O' th' western wild,
A Poet now or never!

42-3. This couplet recalls curiously one in the Daisy's Song in 'Extracts fr
an Opera,' page 202 of this volume.

STANZAS.

1.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

2.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

3.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!

Of the stanzas 'In a drear-nighted December', I have not found an earlier print
an that in Galignani's edition of Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge (1829). In 1830 it
peared in 'The Gem, a Literary Annual.' A holograph manuscript varying slightly
om the received text came under the hammer at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, &
odge's rooms on the 13th of June 1876, and was purchased by Mr. Charles Law
r his autograph collection. Mr. Law lent it to me at the time; and examination
owed that each stanza began with 'In drear-nighted December'; the second
appy' in line 2 of stanza 1 was at first omitted and had been inserted afterwards;
stanza 3, line 2, 'happy' stood cancelled in favour of 'gentle', and line 5 was
eatly inferior to the perfected version of the text: it stood thus —

The feel of not to feel it.

his holograph was signed "I. Keats", but not dated. Woodhouse's Common-place
ok contains a transcript, either from this manuscript or from another not further
lvanced. In the last line but two Woodhouse has an accidental error, 'not' for
one', and in the last but two a valuable revision,—'steal' carefully altered to
teel', which is doubtless what Keats meant, though 'steal' has hitherto been
inted. In 'The Gem' we read 'told' for 'said' in the last line. Woodhouse
signs the composition to "about October or December 1818."

But were there ever any
Writh'd not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

SPENSERIAN STANZA.

Written at the close of Canto II, Book V, of "The Faerie Queene.'

In after-time, a sage of mickle lore
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took,
And did refit his limbs as heretofore,
And made him read in many a learned book,
And into many a lively legend look;
Thereby in goodly themes so training him,
That all his brutishness he quite forsook,
When, meeting Artegall and Talus grim,
The one he struck stone-blind, the other's eyes wox dim.

The Spenserian stanza on the beneficence of typography, given by Lord Houghton in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), Volume I, page 281, was preceded by the following note:—

"The copy of Spenser which Keats had in daily use, contains the following stanza, inserted at the close of Canto II, Book V. His sympathies were very much on the side of the revolutionary 'Gyant,' who 'undertook for to repair' the 'realms and nations run awry,' and to suppress 'tyrants that make men subject to their law,' 'and lordings curbe that commons over-aw,' while he grudged the legitimate victory, as he rejected the conservative philosophy, of the 'righteous Artegall' and his comrade, the fierce defender of privilege and order. And he expressed, in this *ex post facto* prophecy, his conviction of the ultimate triumph of freedom and equality by the power of transmitted knowledge."

I have no data whereby to fix the period of this commentary of Keats on the political attitude of Spenser; but I should judge it to belong to the end of 1818 or thereabouts. The copy of Spenser in which the stanza was written is not now forthcoming: it passed into the hands of Miss Brawne, and was lost, with other books, many years after Keats's death.

LIST OF WORDS IN THE 1820 VOLUME ALTERED SO AS TO CONSIST WITH KEATS'S RULE OR PRACTICE.

Lamia		
	Part	Line
lily	I	24
fairily	,,	200
Fairies	,,	329
ay	II	45
Ay	,,	55
honour	,,	127
gray	,,	287

Isabella		
	St.	Line
lilies	XIX	5
ay	XXIV	1
lily	XLVI	6
Eve of St. Agnes		
	St.	
fairily	V	3
lily	VI	7

Eve of St. Agnes		
	St.	Line
fairies	XIX	6
ay	XLII	1
Fancy		
lilies		49
Hyperion		
	Bk.	
lilies	III	35
gray	,,	114

WORDS ENDING IN *ed*.

Lamia		
	Part	Line
Striped	I	49
Eyed	,,	50
penanced	,,	55
robed	,,	76
Cried	,,	163
Flared	,,	358
corniced	,,	360
robed	,,	365
replied	,,	374
arrived	,,	378
unsullied	,,	383
mused	II	38
subdued	,,	82
canopied	,,	132
paced	,,	134
insphered	,,	183
placed	,,	196

Lamia		
	Part	Line
cried	II	261-271
soft-toned	,,	261
fair-spaced	,,	273
Isabella		
	St.	
rich-ored	XIV	8
Paled	XVII	4
pined	LXIII	1
Eve of St. Agnes		
	St.	
eager-eyed	IV	7
unespied	XIX	4
sleepy-eyed	,,	7
gazed	XXVIII	2
ceased	XXXIII	7
dyed	XXXVIII	3
saved	,,	6

Nightingale		
	St.	Line
leaden-eyed	3	8
Psyche		
inspired	—	43
Fancy		
Dulcet-eyed	—	81
"Bards of Passion"		
Double-lived		4
,,		40
Hyperion		
	Book	Line
unpractised	I	62
lank-eared	,,	230
keen-eyed	,,	278
cried	II	293
,,	,,	295

End of Volume II.